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E D. W A R D. ✓

VARIOUS VIEWS

OF

HUMAN NATURE,

TAKEN

**From LIFE and MANNERS,
Chiefly in ENGLAND.**

——— *Dicimus autem*
Hos quoque felices, qui ferre incommoda vitæ,
Nec jactare jugum, vitâ didicere magistrâ. **Juv.**

By the AUTHOR of ZELUCO.

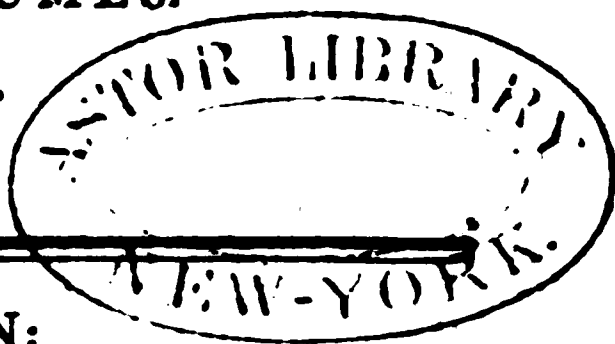
IN TWO VOLUMES.

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MDCXCVI.



1778

E D W A R D.

C H A P. L.

Virtutum enim amicitia adiutrix a natura data est,
non vitiorum comes. CICERO.

IT is necessary to account for the unexpected appearance of Edward, as mentioned in the last Chapter. His suspicions of Clifton's designs on Miss Barnet had been in some measure lulled ; but they had never been extinguished : certain observations that he made about this time roused them with more strength than ever, and prompted him to a measure which he had often thought of before, but hitherto had always shrunk from. His great anxiety for the young Lady at last overcame his reluctance, and he determined to speak to her on this very delicate subject. He was actually on his way to Mrs. Easy's for that purpose,

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pose, when he met that Lady's butler, who informed him, "that his mistress and her daughter had gone to the city, where they were to pass all the forenoon; that Miss Barnet, having letters to write, had staid at home, and had given orders to admit no visitors, until the Ladies should return from the city?" but the butler added, "that probably he would be admitted notwithstanding."

Edward rejoiced at the opportunity, and was proceeding to Mrs. Easy's house, when he was stopped by Mr. Carnaby Shadow. Edward tried to disengage himself, saying, "He had pressing business, and was in a hurry."

Carnaby. If your business is with Clifton, you will not find him at home.

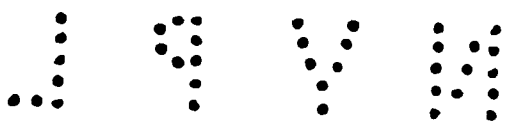
Edward. You have just parted from him, perhaps?

Carnaby. No; but I know that he is at present at Mrs. Easy's.

Edward. Mrs. Easy's! impossible!

Carnaby. I shall not dispute with you, whether it is possible or not: all I take upon me to affirm is, that it is true.

Edward.



Edward. That Mr. Clifton is now at Mrs. Easy's!

Carnaby. Precisely; and what do you find wonderful in that?

Edward. The only thing wonderful is, that you should be so positive in asserting what you have had no opportunity of knowing.

Carnaby. Why he is always there.

Edward. And on that general idea you assert, that he is there now; you ought to remember how dearly you paid for something of the same kind lately.

Carnaby. I know not to what you allude.

Edward. Don't you remember your insisting upon it, that the seal ring which Mr. Shuffle wears weighed more than a guinea; and that he drew you on to bet fifty, in support of your assertion, which you lost?

Carnaby. Who the devil could have thought otherwise, it is so large and clumsy; but I have been assured since, that he caused it to be made so, on purpose to bet; and that he had previously weighed the
B 2 ring;

ring; but what has this to do with Clifton's being at Mrs. Easy's?

Edward. He is not there at present, surely!

Carnaby. Then he has made a shorter stay than usual; for a very few minutes ago, as I turned the corner into the square, I saw him go in; and what is a little singular, the door was opened by a woman, who, from the glance I had of her, had much the appearance of that knowing jade, who formerly attended Lady Hornbury.

Edward. Who! Mrs. Commode?

Carnaby. The same—she is a deep one.

Edward. But, if it was really Clifton you saw—

Carnaby. If! I am *certain* it was him.

Edward. Very well; he has stepped in for a moment to speak to his old acquaintance Mrs. Commode, and finding the Ladies were abroad, he has afterwards retired; for, depend upon it, he is not there now.

Carnaby. I can only say that I saw him go in, and the door was shut after him; he may have gone out since, undoubtedly; though, if you have not just parted with him,

him, I will bet you fifty pounds he is there still.

Edward. I do not wish to win your money, like Mr. Shuffle.

Carnaby. I'll bet you fifty to twenty he is there now.

Although the positive manner in which Carnaby continued his assertion, made Edward afraid that it was not without foundation, he wished to conceal from him the impression he had made; and therefore, assuming an air of pleasantry, he laid hold of a cane which Carnaby had in his hand, and said, "By the way, what do you mean by carrying a stick of this length? no man of high *ton* carries one longer than a drumstick; but with this you may actually touch the ground without stooping."

Carnaby. I acknowledge this does look a little quizical; what I usually carry, you know, is a twisted cane just a foot and a half long, with a ball of lead at each end; but Tom Trinket took it from me yesterday, and I was just going to purchase another when you met me.

Edward. For heaven's sake lose no time, for this one seems exceedingly formal, and of a scandalous length.

Having said this in a serious tone, Edward bade Carnaby adieu, turned down a different street, and having made a circuit, he came to Mrs. Easy's house.

After knocking oftener than once, he was a good deal surprised to see the door opened by the very person mentioned by Carnaby.

Edward. You will let Miss Barnet know that I am here, and wish to speak with her.

Mrs. Commode. All the Ladies are out, Sir; to be sure, they will be so sorry for missing you;—but they are gone to the city, and my mistress said, as she was setting out, that she did not expect to be at home before four.

Edward. I know that Mrs. and Miss Easy are gone to the city; but it is Miss Barnet I wish to see.—She did not go with them.

Mrs. Commode. Miss Barnet!—No, Sir; Miss Barnet did not go with them, Sir;
7 but,

but,—but she went out after they were gone, Sir.

Edward. Who went with her?—the footmen are with Mrs. Easy; she would not go alone.

Mrs. Commode. No, to be sure she did not go alone, and the footmen, as you say, are with my mistress; but, Sir, she went—yes, Sir, she went;—no, Sir, she did not go alone, for she took the butler with her.

Edward. I do not know what is the meaning of all these lies, Mrs. Commode; I have just seen the butler;—I know that Miss Barnett is within, and I desire you will go to her directly, and let her know that I am here, and wish to speak with her.

Mrs. Commode. Lord, Sir, do not speak so loud;—well, my dear Sir, since you have seen the butler, I will tell you the real truth; Miss Barnett is within, but she desired me to deny her to every body, even to you, if you should call.—I beg you will not let her know that I told you this, for she would never forgive me.

Edward. Is no body with her?

Mrs. Commode. Good heavens, Sir!—who should be with her?—she is not very well, Sir; she is trying to get a little sleep, Sir, and if you make such a noise you will disturb her.

Edward. Is Mr. Clifton here?

Mrs. Commode. Mr. Clifton!—Good gracious, Sir, you quite astonish me. Perhaps the butler has told you *that* also—but—no, he could not, for he was not here himself when—Upon my word, Sir, you put me in such a flutter, that I hardly know what I am saying—No, Sir, Mr. Clifton is not here,—I have not seen Mr. Clifton this day.

Edward. No!

Mrs. Commode. No, Sir, upon my soul and conscience; and that is what I would not say, if it were not true, for all the riches and jewels of this world.

Edward. Wretch! you opened the door to him yourself.

Driven from all her subterfuges, the woman was unable for two seconds to utter a syllable, and burst into tears; but on seeing Edward determined to pass her, and

go up stairs, she laid hold of his arm, saying, "O, dear Sir, I could not help it, indeed I could not, for Mr. Clifton assured me, that he had something of importance to communicate to Miss Barnet; and so, altho' she had desired me to deny her to every body——"

Edward. Miss Barnet did not know of his coming?—

Mrs. Commode. Indeed, Sir, no more than the child unborn.

Edward. I don't know what to believe—well, go up stairs, and let her know that I wish to see her,---go up, I say, directly, or I go without you.

As Edward was going, the woman ran before, and when she came to the door of the room in which Clifton and Miss Barnet were, she stood for some time shuffling with her feet, and making a noise upon the floor, a ceremony she had learnt at Lady Hornbury's, where it was established as a matter of etiquette, before the door of any room was opened, in which two persons of different sexes were known to be.

As

As Edward stood at a little distance, without interrupting her, Mrs. Commode imagined that he began to hesitate, and had some dread of entering the room, on which it struck her to make another attempt to prevent his going in; she stepped back, saying in a low voice, "I beg, my dear Sir, that you will not persist, you know what a furious man Mr. Clifton sometimes is; he has pistols with him, and he swore to me that he would shoot the first man through the head who——"

Before she had finished this remonstrance, Edward seizing her by the arm, swung her with violence from him, and entered the room, where he found Miss Barnet and Clifton, as was mentioned above.

When Mr. Clifton left the Ladies, and was retiring, Mrs. Commode met him at the bottom of the stairs, begg'd to speak to him in her own room, and there she affirmed, "that Edward had certainly dog'd him to the house; that as soon as he entered, he declared that he knew of Mr. Clifton's being with Miss Barnet; that
he

he had forced his way up stairs, in spite of all she could urge to prevent him; that he had spoken in very disrespectful terms of Miss Barnet, and had even gone the length of threatening Mr. Clifton."

The rage in which Clifton was, prevented him from perceiving fully the improbability of this statement, altho' he did not believe literally all she said; he suspected, however, that the foundation was true, which increased his anger to such a degree, that as soon as he returned to his own house, he wrote the following note, and sent it to Edward's chambers:

"You have behaved to me in a manner not to be born; as you must know to what I allude, I enter into no detail, nor will I listen to the maxims of pedants, or any kind of reasoning that does not accord with the sentiments of a Gentleman, who feels himself injured. I shall expect you to-morrow morning at seven in Hyde-park."

A short time after Mr. Clifton had left Mrs. Easy's, Edward had withdrawn, absorbed in reflection on the incidents that had

had just passed; he walked slowly to the Temple. He was convinced that the sources of Clifton's and of Miss Barnet's conduct were directly opposite; that *he* had acted from premeditation, and *she* from want of reflection. He rejoiced in the thought of having extricated her from a situation of some danger; the danger he apprehended proceeded from her having no suspicion of Clifton's designs; the moment that she should have any idea of them, he believed her danger would be at an end; he came to the resolution therefore of giving her such a hint as would rouse her suspicion, with which he knew pride and indignation would also arise for her protection. He determined likewise to set out that very evening for Barnet-hall, and to lay open his thoughts to Mrs. Barnet: on his way he ordered a post-chaise to the Temple-gate, and then proceeded to his chambers. He found Clifton's note on the table; the perusal vexed him exceedingly, he threw it down, walked with hasty steps through the room, took it up, perused it again and again, and after some minutes of

of calmer meditation, he pronounced with strong emphasis, "No,---no consideration shall drive me to meet him to-morrow. This shall not turn me from my purpose of visiting Mrs. Barnet,---he shall have a little time at least for reflection."

Edward then wrote what follows :

" You must be sensible that all you can accuse me of is, that I endeavoured to prevent the perpetration of a piece of treachery. I am as averse to any attack on your life, as I am unwilling to subject you to endless remorse. Without regarding whether these are the maxims of pedants, or not, I avow them to be mine; and therefore it is more on your account than my own, that I decline meeting you to-morrow. I am going to the country, and shall not return for a few days."

Having folded up and directed this, he wrote what follows, in a disguised hand to Miss Barnet :

" Without pretending to know whether Miss Barnet would at any rate favour the addresses of Mr. Clifton, the friend, who
sends

sends her this note, submits it to her own good sense to decide, whether or not it is prudent to permit him to continue his assiduities, in case he never has mentioned, what alone ought to be their object.

“Miss B. ought to beware of the woman Mrs. Easy lately took into her service.”

In writing this last note Edward had disguised his hand, because he thought the admonition would be less offensive to the young Lady, and would have a better effect if she believed it to come from some other person than him.

Having sent both letters, he stepped into the post-chaise, and proceeded towards Barnet-hall.

C H A P. LI.

Non ille pro caris amicis,

Aut patria timidus perire.

HORAT.

IT was between one and two o'clock in the morning, when Edward arrived at the gate of Mr. Barnet's house. As the last post-house was at the distance of only four miles ; the postillion had been ordered to return without unharnessing ; Edward did not allow him to enter, lest Mr. and Mrs. Barnet should be disturbed by the chaise driving thro' the court.—The moon at that moment shone very bright, though the preceding part of the night had been dark and cloudy. As soon as the postillion had driven away, Edward was going to ring the bell at the outer gate, when he perceived a man hastening towards him ; he had taken nothing into the chaise with him, except his pistols, and those he had in his hands. When the man came nearer, he called, “ Who comes ?—stop and answer.”

“ If

“If I am not mistaken, I hear Mr. Edward’s voice,” cried the man.

“What is this you, Nick?” replied Edward; “what business can my old friend have out of his bed at this unseasonable hour?”

“Ah! Sir, poor Margery was seized suddenly with a violent pain in her stomach two hours ago; I have given her every thing I could devise, to afford her relief, without effect;—but I remembered, that she was taken in the same way about eight months since, and Madam Barnet, who, you well know, has no kind of pride, called to see her, and immediately after sent her some drops which removed the pain, and so I was going to try to get a word of the housekeeper, who perhaps can give me the same drops, or if she cannot, I know that Madam herself will not grudge being waked, to give relief to a fellow Christian.

Edward now perceiving that the gate was open, “This is horridly careless,” said he, as he entered the court; “but let us turn round to the back door, and try to raise the
house-

housekeeper, by knocking at her window."

At that moment they heard a kind of bustle in the rooms above.

"My life for it," said the soldier, "there are thieves in the house; this door is open also."

"Hush, Nick," said Edward, "take this pistol and follow me, but make no noise."

As they ascended a private stair, the noise of the bustle increased; when they came to the top, they perceived light in Mr. Barnett's room, and then heard his voice begging pitiously for his life.

"If the mask had not dropt, that might have done," cried a fellow, as he raised a hanger to strike at Barnett's throat; "but since you know me, damn me if I——"

Before he could finish the sentence, his hand was shattered by a brace of bullets; the hanger dropt guiltless on the floor, and the fellow ran off by another door.

On entering the room, and seeing Barnett's danger, Edward had fired his pistol thus fortunately.

He then eagerly asked, What was become of Mrs. Barnet. Her husband, all shaking with terror, could give no answer.

A voice was heard, exclaiming, "Spare his life, you shall have more money, you shall never be prosecuted;"—and Mrs. Barnet herself rushed into the room. Her surprize and joy were unspeakable at the sight of Edward and her husband unhurt. "Be composed, Madam," said the former, "the villain is fled."

"Oh! Sir," cried she recollecting herself, and turning with a look of terror to the door, "have a care, there are more."

"Where?" exclaimed Edward.

"In my dressing-room," she answered.

He then seized the hanger, which lay on the floor, but as he attempted to go, Mrs. Barnet held him, crying, "You shall not leave us, you will make them desperate, they will murder you."

"Do you stay and guard Mr. and Mrs. Barnet, and trust this piece of duty to me, Mr. Edward," said the soldier, holding up his pistol, as he moved out of the room.

Edward

Edward however, bolting the door, at which he had entered, immediately followed the soldier.

As he entered the dressing-room, he heard two pistols fired, and saw the soldier with his head and arms out of the window.

“The rascal was too nimble for me,” said the soldier, turning round to Edward, “he dropt from the window, as I entered the room, but he did not get off shot free, for by the light of the moon, I saw him stagger after I fired; he was helped to the gate by another, who ran out of the house; I believe I winged that rascal also, for he gave a confounded bounce, when I fired the second pistol.”

“How came you by a second pistol?” said Edward.

“I saw it lying on the floor, I fired it at random, it happened luckily to be charged, and so, please your honour, whether the villains have got any gold I cannot tell, but I am certain they have carried off a little lead with them, and I heartily wish it were twice as much for their sakes.”

Having acquainted Mrs. Barnet with what had just passed, and after speaking words of comfort and encouragement to her husband, who was still in some degree of stupor, Edward, followed by the soldier, went down stairs; they found the house-keeper gagged, in such manner that the woman was almost choaked, and her hands tied so tight, that the blood was ready to burst from her fingers. They found a footman bound and gagged also, but so slightly, as to put him to very little pain or inconveniency.

Here it will be proper to account for the state in which Edward found the family.

C H A P. LII.

Si tibi simplicitas uxoriam, deditus uni

Est animus: submitte caput cervicem paratam

Ferre jugum:—

Nihil unquam invitam donabis conjuge.

JUVEN.

THE Mulatto, who bought Mr. Barnet's fine house, lived at it more than ever; besides the two sphinxes, the canal, and the Belvidere, this villa could now boast of a variety of other ornaments, derived from the taste of three Ladies, who had successively been mistresses of it and of the Mulatto. As the ideas of these Ladies, respecting the beautiful in gardening and rural scenery, were very different, the villa itself, if not the most magnificent, was one of the most curious in England.

The Mulatto's first mistress, who was a native of Kew, had a great partiality for Chinese ornaments, and soon after his purchasing the house, she had prevailed on her lover to rear a pagoda contiguous to

the room in the beech-tree. To the excessive fondness which she shewed for this fabric, the Mulatto made no objection; but he could not bear with equal indifference a partiality which she afterwards betrayed for Pompey the footman, formerly mentioned; on which account the Lady was dismissed, notwithstanding her being in a state of pregnancy. She had before obtained a settlement for herself and for the child, of which she was safely delivered a few months after.—The Mulatto, with all the warmth of a father, sent for the infant, which proved to be a very promising girl, though of a complexion a shade darker than he expected.

The Lady who came in her place, though born in a different part of the country, had been educated at the *same school* with her predecessor. During her reign the pagoda was neglected. This Lady having read the *Castle of Otranto*, became as enamoured of Gothic, as the other had been of Chinese, buildings. Under her auspices a *fac simile* of that celebrated fabric was erected opposite to the pagoda.

The

The Lady was fond of doing the honours of this little castle to the Mulatto's acquaintance, when they visited his villa, particularly to a handsome young West-Indian who came oftener than any, and who in return for so much attention carried her with him some time after to the Continent. *Prima avulsa non deficit alter.* The Mulatto in a very short time brought another Lady to supply the place of her, who had been so unexpectedly torn from his arms.—Of her we shall speak presently; but it will be first necessary to make the reader acquainted with the valet-de-chambre.

The Mulatto, who was exceedingly fond of whatever was glittering and shewy, had engaged this fellow chiefly on account of the gaudiness of his dress, and brisk ease of his manners: he would have preferred a Frenchman, if he himself had understood French; but as he loved to converse with his valet, while his hair was dressing, he was under the necessity of contenting himself with an Englishman, and thought himself fortunate in having found one who in

dress and manners resembled a Frenchman, more than any servant out of livery in London.

This man's appointments were more lucrative than those of four Welch curates, or than the pay of a captain in the army; yet he never could lay up a six-pence; what renders this more remarkable is, that he spent none of his money in gaming. Frocks, waistcoats, and silk stockings cost him nothing; on the contrary, besides a large wardrobe for his personal use, he had always some to sell; his great expence was in rings, buckles, snuff-boxes, switches, seals, watch-chains, smelling-bottles, shirt-pins, and other articles equally indispensable; no black prince on the coast of Guinea ever had a greater passion for toys, bawbles, and trinkets of all sorts, than this same English valet.

All his wages, perquisites, and petty larcenies were no more than sufficient to supply him in the necessaries above mentioned. The Mulatto's new mistress grudged him the last article; she was of opinion that the whole *robbing* department in

in the Mulatto's establishment belonged exclusively to herself, and she watched him so closely, that, in spite of all his industry, the poor man, unable to make his revenue square with his expences, ran into debt.

Nature seemed to have intended this fellow for nothing worse than a coxcomb; had he been permitted to avail himself of all those little advantages, which he considered as the lawful perquisites of office, he might have continued to pass for an honest man, at least as honest as many in superior, as well as equal situations, who are suffered to take the same advantages unmolested. Finding himself thus cramped, he began to meditate on ways and means of relieving himself, that he had not before been driven to exercise. But before he had had time to put any of these in execution, an incident occurred which gave the man hopes of getting free of this everlasting spy upon his actions, and being restored to his former emoluments.

The Mulatto's constitution was a good deal broken by his manner of living; he

was

was subject to low spirits, and sometimes to the most violent excesses of rage, particularly when he had drank too much wine, which was frequently the case : on one of these occasions a quarrel arose, between him and his mistress. In the bitterness of his wrath, and being animated to unusual courage by the pernicious cordial, in which he had indulged ; he abused her in the grossest terms, and threatened to turn her out of doors. Although the following day he was as tame and dejected as he had before been fierce and boisterous, yet the Lady was not only piqued, but also alarmed by his threats, and from that moment she resolved to carry a point she had not hitherto been solicitous about.

In one of these fits of despondency, to which he was subject, she found means to raise scruples in his mind respecting the criminal state in which they both lived, and the dreadful consequences in case of death, of which he was in continual terror. The effect of this manœuvre was, that one morning after a frightful dream, she insinuated those scruples with
such

such art, that she brought him to propose that they should expiate the guilt of their past commerce, and consecrate their future union, by marriage. The ceremony was performed accordingly, to the infinite mortification of the valet, who now saw his reviving hopes blasted, and being driven to desperate measures, from a coxcomical pilfering knave, he became a villain of greater magnitude.

The Lady had turned away one of the footmen, merely because she thought him on too confidential a footing with the valet. Mr. Barnet needing a servant at this time, took the discarded footman into his service. This man occasionally met with his old fellow-servants at an alehouse, situated between the Mulatto's house and that of Mr. Barnet; he happened to have a dispute with one of them over a pot of ale, at the door of this very ale-house. The question in agitation was, which of their masters was the most honourable man? on the decision of which they thought their own comparative dignity depended.

The

The Mulatto's footman began the attack, by asserting, that the other was now under petticoat government, because Mr. Barnet was governed by his wife. To this it was retorted, that as it was in the order of nature that men should be governed by women, it was better to be governed by a virtuous woman than by a wh—; that Mr. Barnet lived honourably with his lawful wife; whereas the Mulatto had lived scandalously with one mistress after another.

“Well,” replied the Mulatto's servant, “but my master is now married, and my mistress is just as much his lawful wife as your mistress is Mr. Barnet's,”

“Don't offer to compare them together; for if twenty men were to marry her she would not be on a footing with Mrs. Barnet,” said the other; “and let me tell you,” added he, “that you will always have the disgrace of being the servant of a man who kept a mistress instead of a wife.”

“That is not so bad a way as you think,” resumed the Mulatto's servant; “for as I
once

once heard young Mr. Clifton say, when I waited at table, If a man happens to become tired of his mistress, (says he,) he can change her into his wife, if he pleases; but although a man should be ever so tired of his wife, (says he,) it will be very difficult to make her his mistress."

This last argument appeared to Mr. Barnet's servant quite unanswerable, he therefore attempted no reply.

The town has tipped the country; and the stain
 Appears a spot upon a vestal's robe.

C. H. A. R. CHIL
 COWPER.

THE contest between the two footmen would have ended with the last Chapter, had not the Mulatto's servant provoked the other with a new attack--"What signifies talking of our mistresses?" said he, "only look at the rich livery I wear;--compare it with your own plain frock, and then lay your hand on your conscience, and say which of our two masters is the most honourable man."

This roused the spirit of Mr. Barnet's servant, and recollecting the name of a bawd, whose footman had richer liveries than even the Mulatto's, he instantly adduced that as a proof that magnificent liveries were not quite decisive of the question.

"Well," said the Mulatto's footman, "we shall let liveries go for nothing; yet you

E D W A R D.

31

you cannot deny but that my master keeps much finer horses than your's ; he would be ashamed to see any of his servants mounted on such an old jade as you ride, when you attend your mistress to church. My master has not only better horses than your's, but double the number—Is not that more honourable both for him and his servants ? answer me that."

This was more than Mr. Barnet's footman could bear ; he lost his patience entirely ; but having no argument to oppose to the force of his adversary's reasoning, he had recourse, as is often the case in similar circumstances, to personal reflections.

"Your master," said he, "may keep as many horses as he pleases ; but as for himself, he is only a mule for all that."

"A mule !" cried the other ; "I don't know what you mean by that ; but I believe he is just as good a Christian as yourself."

"I'll be damned if he is," retorted the first ; "for he can, at the very utmost, be considered only as half a Christian."

“Why I am sure I once saw him in church,” resumed the first; “and he regularly eats cross-buns every Good-Friday, and minced pies at Christmas.”

“He may eat what he likes,” said Mr. Barnet’s servant; “but he is no full Christian, being between a Christian and a Blackamoor, which is clear from his complexion; and although you and all his family were to swear to the contrary, his face would condemn him before any court in Christendom.

This last argument overpowered the Mulatto’s advocate; after remaining for some moments silent, he thought it would be best to endeavour to accommodate matters; he said, therefore, in a milder tone, “Well, well, Tom, if my master happens to have a little Pagan blood in his veins, that is what he cannot help; neither could you if your mother had been a Negro; but this you must allow, that my master has a prodigious large estate in the West Indies, which produces sugar and rum, instead of wheat and oats like your landed estates here in England; and therefore he can afford to live

more honourably than Mr. Barnet, by the means of having much more ready money."

"I am not clear on that point," replied Mr. Barnet's footman; "West India estates are not always ready money; whereas Mr. Barnet never wants it altogether, and sometimes has a great deal by him. I had a glance into his room the other day, when he was settling with his steward, and hang me if the whole table was not quite covered with guineas; I never saw such a sight in my whole life; I was ready to fall into a trance, with my eyes open; and I have dreamed of it ever since."

In passing the alchouse the Mulatto's valet overheard the latter part of this controversy; it made an impression on him similar to what the sight of the gold had made on the footman. He could think of nothing but that a great number of guineas were in Mr. Barnet's escritoir; that, perhaps, one-half of them would be sufficient to clear him of debt, and make him easy; that it would be much easier to get at them by means of the footman, than

to cheat the Mulatto out of an equal sum ; that there would be no great harm in it, because Mr. Barnet was rich, and could bear the loss. By such meditations the design of robbing Mr. Barnet took root in his mind ; he found means privately to meet with the footman ; he opened his mind at first very cautiously, regretting his new master's imprudence, in keeping large sums of money in his desk, because he said it would be an *easy matter*, especially for *those who lived in his house*, to rob him, if they should have the wickedness to attempt such a thing. He soon perceived that half his business was done ; that the footman had been meditating on the same subject, and that the danger, small as it seemed, formed a greater obstacle than the wickedness ; they soon came to an understanding, and spoke their minds freely ; they encouraged each other, by the recollection, that there was no man at that time in the house but Mr. Barnet, and he was quite helpless, having lately relapsed into the gout ; they agreed to admit into the conspiracy a footman out of place, with whom the valet had some acquaintance, and a Jew, to whom he was in the use of selling whatever

whatever he could pillage from his master. The plan of operation was contrived by the Jew, and the execution was fixed for a night on which they knew the butler was to be absent, he having obtained leave to visit a relation at some miles distance.

About two in the morning those three villains were admitted by their accomplice into the house ; that *he* might appear innocent, they began by binding him, and then proceeded to the housekeeper's room, whom, having awoke, they threatened with immediate death, if she offered to scream, or to make any resistance, and then bound and gagged her, as was mentioned. It was decided, in the next place, that they should secure Mrs. Barnet, whose bed-chamber was adjoining to her husband's. She had sat up with him until near one o'clock, when he had fallen asleep. She then retired to her own apartment, and was reading in her dressing-room when the villains entered the house ; about an hour before they entered she had dismissed her maid, who, with other female servants, slept in a room above.

The rogues rushed into her dressing-room by a door which had been indicated to them by their accomplice ; the dressing-room led by another door into her bed-chamber, which communicated with the room in which her husband slept.

Mrs. Barnet having screamed at the sudden appearance of three men, one of them held a pistol to her head, threatening to blow out her brains if she continued to scream, or offered to stir ; two of them had the upper part of their faces covered with black crape ; the valet wore an entire mask. When Mrs. Barnet perceived that their intention was merely to rob, she recovered her composure—to the Jew, who still held the pistol to her breast, she calmly said, “ You shall have my money, Sir ; but as you can have no interest in killing me, you had better raise your pistol, because it may go off without your intending it.”

On a sign made to him by the valet, the Jew turned the mouth of his pistol from her.

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The fellow insisted, however, on her being bound; but Mrs. Barnet declared that she would not submit to it; and if they attempted such a thing, that she would, at any risk, exclaim with all her might, so as to rouse all the servants in the house.

The valet whispered the Jew to give up that point; and then, in an audible voice, recommended to the footman, who was left in the dressing-room, to keep a watchful eye upon her, and to be sure to shoot her through the head, in case she should make a noise, or offer to stir.

The valet and Jew then went through Mrs. Barnet's bed-chamber into that of her husband; he was already awake, and suspected that the bustle he heard proceeded from thieves; but he lay silent and motionless, through fear. The Jew ordered him to deliver his keys, and inform them where his money was. Barnet immediately complied, and they found a considerable sum in his escritoir: having counted this, the Jew went down stairs to seize on the plate; but soon after he had left the room, the valet's

- mask accidentally dropped, and Barnet, recognizing his face, said, inconsiderately "My God, Mr. Henry! is it you?" On which, the valet raising his voice for the first time since he entered, exclaimed, "C—d—n your soul! do you know me? then by the Lord, I'll put it out of your power ever to appear against me."

Barnet begged for his life.

Mrs. Barnet, indistinctly hearing her husband's voice, betrayed great emotion.

The footman presented the pistol again to her breast, and said, "Don't you offer to stir you b——, or I'll shoot you through the head." But at the same instant hearing her husband exclaim for mercy, she lost all thought of her own danger; struck the pistol out of the villain's hand, and rushed into her husband's chamber, as has been mentioned.

The thieves, having run away, Edward and the soldier left Mrs. Barnet with her husband, and went to see the situation of things below stairs; they traced the way by which the valet had escaped by the blood

blood on the steps of the stairs and the floor of the passage to the door. They relieved the housekeeper from torture, and entirely freed the accomplice.

The servants who slept at the stables, as well as those in the garrets, having been alarmed by the report of the pistols, were now assembled in the court.

In their hurry to escape, the thieves had left the money and plate behind them. Mrs. Barnet, fearing that the groom and coachman, who proposed to follow them, might be killed or wounded, directed that no pursuit should be made. The old soldier then informed her what had been his errand. Mrs. Barnet immediately dispatched a message to the apothecary to visit Margery; and in the mean time sent her, by her husband, a few drops of laudanum, in a little peppermint water, which cured the poor woman some hours before the apothecary came.

CHAP. LIV.

And C! be sure to fear the Lord alway!
 And mind *your duty*, duly, morn and night!
 Left in temptation's path, ye gang astray,
 Implore his counsel and assisting might;
 They never fought in vain that fought the Lord aright.
BURNS.

THE old soldier returned to Mr. Barnet's house, as soon as his wife was easy and had fallen asleep; he was carried directly into the parlour, where Mr. and Mrs. Barnet were, and expressed his thankfulness for the cure she had performed.

"It is Mr. Barnet's duty and mine, my good friend," said she, "to express our gratitude to you, for so readily risking your own life in defence of our's."

Soldier. That is but a small obligation, my good Lady; by risking what remains of my life, I could meet with no great loss; but I thank God, I never shrunk from my duty, when my life was of more value.

Mrs. Barnet. No, that I'll be bound thou didst not.

Soldier;

Soldier. If I ever had, I should have been ashamed to receive the pension I now enjoy.

Mrs. Barnet. All who enjoy sinecure offices and pensions, it is said, are not quite so modest.

Soldier. I hope that is a calumny raised against them, my good Lady; for I am sure all of them whom I know would be ashamed of taking the money of their country, if they had not a wound or two to shew for it.

Mrs. Barnet (smiling). Well, you should know best, Nick: perhaps I have been misinformed.

Soldier. Depend upon it, my good Lady, you have had your information from some of their enemies; for I am certain you are not one of those who grudge seven pounds ten shillings a year to a set of brave fellows, who have suffered in the cause of their country.

Mrs. Barnet. Indeed, Nick, I am not.

Soldier. I could have sworn it, my Lady, though, considering what a list of pensioners there is, it amazes me how his Majesty is able to pay us all.

Mrs. Barnet. Especially after an expensive or unnecessary war.

Soldier. Every war must be expensive, please your honour ; because, although soldiers do contrive to live upon less than other men, yet they cannot live on downright nothing ; and as for an unnecessary war, I hope in God I shall never live to see it. People sit down at their ease and read in a newspaper of two or three thousand men killed and wounded as if it was nothing ; but your honour can hardly have a notion of the miseries of a single campaign ; for, not to mention the sufferings of the poor wounded soldiers in the field and in the hospitals, you must take into the account the calamities endured by the inhabitants of besieged towns, and by the men, women, and children of the countries that are the seat of war.—If I were only to narrate one-half of what I have seen with my own eyes, Lord have mercy ! my Lady here would be ready to expire with downright commiseration ; and your honour would hardly be able to eat your dinner ; and therefore, nothing but their being absolutely

lutely necessary for the defence of our country and our religion, can make wars excuseable, and it is then only that they can be prosperous according to the decrees of Providence.

Mrs. Barnet. I am glad to find that notwithstanding the long time you were a soldier, you have still retained your religious sentiments. The first time I saw you, I recollect that I was pleased with the trust which you seemed to have in Providence. You assured me that every bullet had its commission.

Soldier. Undoubtedly every bullet has ; for what can be more clear than that nothing can happen on this world but by the permission of Him, who is the Lord and Commander in Chief of all the hosts of heaven and earth ?

Mrs. Barnet. Where were you instructed in your religion, Nicholas ?

Soldier. In my native country, Madam, by my father, who was a good pious man, that regularly performed religious service, and bred up his children in the fear of God.

Mrs. Barnet. How came you to enlist ? You told me you was bred a gardener.

Soldier.

Soldier. I was so; but it was then the time of war; the nation had been dejected with ill success at the beginning; a new Minister revived its courage, and inspired such a spirit all over the kingdom, that every body became desirous of serving his country. Nothing was ever equal to the change that took place; in the part of the country where I lived, every man seemed to look on the loss of Minorca as a personal affront; and so I and several other young fellows in the village listed with a recruiting serjeant, on purpose to retake it; but instead of it, we took Louisbourg and Quebec, and other places of more value. But as for my trusting in Providence, I was not only instructed in that by my father, but also by the minister of our parish, who was one of the best men that ever lived, and a blessing to all that country-side. I never shall forget the words he spoke to me the very day on which I left home with our party; and if it were not for tiring your honours, I could repeat part of it.

Mrs. Barnet. Pray do; I should like to hear it.

Soldier.

Soldier. "Nicholas," says he, "you are going to fight in the cause of your country; and I hope you will behave so as never to bring sorrow and disgrace on the honest people from whom you are sprung, or a stain on this parish in which you were born. Never forget that you are in the presence of Almighty God, and that will prevent you from being overawed by mortal men, for those who fear God most, fear men least; and you may depend on it, that nothing can happen in the heaven above, or the earth beneath, except by his permission who created both." Now, Madam, {continued the soldier,} I take this to be one reason, among others, why cowards never get to heaven; and so the words of this worthy clergyman, and the instructions I received from my father, made a deep impression on my mind, and they have proved a cordial to my heart in all the distresses of life; for I have observed, that what we consider as unfortunate, sometimes turns out quite the contrary, of which I have had a strong proof this blessed day; for I thought it a great misfortune when Margery was seized

seized with that pain in her stomach; yet now it appears, that this very pain had its *commission* just like the bullets in the day of battle; for it was the occasion of my coming hither this morning and assisting Mr. Edward in saving his worship's life, and, perhaps, your Ladyship's. And now Margery herself blesses the pain which has been the cause of so much good; and I am sure I never can be thankful enough to Providence for making me the instrument of defence to my benefactors before I leave the world. I ask pardon of both your honours for talking so much; old men, they say, are given to talk, so it is not surprising that I should do as others; but why I should be ready to cry I cannot understand; for I never, never—never, added he sobbing and wiping his eyes, was so hap—hap—happy in my life.

Mrs. Barnet was much affected at the old man's harangue, and pleased to see that her husband was moved also; but while she wished that his emotion might terminate in some deed of beneficence, she was also desirous that he should have the whole honour
of

of it; she therefore avoided prompting him in direct terms; she spoke of the service the soldier had rendered them with warmth, hinting that Mr. Barnet would find a way to shew his gratitude; and while she dwelt on this theme, she looked in the most expressive manner to her husband.

Mr. Barnet at last understood her meaning; and taking the soldier by the hand, he said, "I am sensible, friend, how much my wife and I are indebted to you, and am resolved to settle forty pounds a-year upon you for life."

"God bless your honour," cried the soldier; "but, indeed it is too much, a great deal too much."

"If you think so," said Barnet, whose innate narrowness of soul began to operate, "it shall be only thirty."

"It is not what *he* thinks, but what *you* think, that should fix this point," said Mrs. Barnet, addressing her husband; "and I thank you from my heart, my dear, for the annuity of forty pounds you mean to settle
on

on this poor man ; I consider it as an obligation to myself, for he was the means of preserving my life as well as yours ; and as honest Margery was the cause of his being in the way to help us both, you intend, no doubt, that the annuity should extend to her, in case she should survive her husband ?”

Barnet seeming to hesitate, she added, “ Indeed, it is most probable that Margery will die first ; this addition, therefore, will cost nothing.” Barnet then nodded assent, and she continued, “ Here, Nicholas, is the first year’s payment,” taking forty guineas of what the rogues had left on the table, and forcing them into the soldier’s hand ; “ here is the first year’s payment of the annuity which Mr. Barnet has been so generous as to settle on your wife and you. Go your ways, and comfort Margery with the news.” So saying, she thrust the soldier out of the room, clapping her hand on his mouth once or twice as he attempted to remonstrate against taking the money. Having shut the door, she turned gaily round, and wishing her husband joy of an act which, she said,

said did him honour, and would afford him pleasure all the rest of his life.

Although Mr. Barnet did not approve of every circumstance of what had passed, he could not easily object to any of them, and it was supposed he approved of the whole.

C H A P. LV.

——— Rumour is a pipe
 Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures ;
 And of so easy and so plain a stop
 That the blunt monster with uncounted heads
 Can play upon it. SHAKESPEARE.

AFTER the violent agitation which Mrs. Barnet had undergone, Edward felt more reluctance than ever against acquainting her with the real object of his journey to the country ;—being obliged however to give some reason for his arrival at such an unseasonable hour, he mentioned his having heard of Mr. Barnet's relapse, and that he himself had been detained in town to a later hour than he had counted on, when he formed the resolution of going to see him. His reluctance to touch on a subject painful to Mrs. Barnet increasing, his mind, of course, laid hold of every circumstance which favoured, and every pretext which tended to justify, the silence he was inclined to keep.

“The note I wrote to Miss Barnet,” said he to himself, “will be sufficient to put her on her guard, and renders it as unnecessary as it would be cruel, to mention a subject which would give Mrs. Barnet pain, and impress her with an ill opinion of Mr. Clifton, whose natural candour in all probability has already convinced him of the errors of his conduct.”

—Edward was determined however to return to town after remaining two days with Mr. and Mrs. Barnet, and he had already mentioned his intention to the latter, when Miss Barnet suddenly entered the room, and threw herself with ecstasy into her mother’s arms. For some moments the young Lady was unable to speak;—at length raising her head from Mrs. Barnet’s neck, she exclaimed, “My dearest mother, how happy am I to find you in safety!—what a blessed moment is this!”

To account for Miss Barnet’s unexpected appearance in her father’s house, it is necessary to inform the reader of certain transactions which took place in London, after Edward left it. Previous to Miss Barnet’s

receiving the note above-mentioned, which he had written to her, she had reflected with coolness, and in a more serious manner than was usual to her, upon her own conduct; she had become sensible of the critical situation in which she had been, and began to have suspicions of Mr. Clifton's designs, which had never occurred to her before;—the note fully opened her eyes to the imprudence of her own behaviour, added strength to her suspicions of him, and made her form the resolution of being more circumspect in future.

Vanity, a slight pique against Lady Hornbury, with something of a coquetish disposition, had been the motives of her inviting Mr. Clifton's advances; but she had heard of his free and dissipated manners, and although pleased with his gaiety, she had good sense enough to think he would make an improper husband for her; and as she had no thought of matrimony herself, she was neither surprised nor vexed at his never having hinted any thing to her on that subject;---and she

she imagined that Clifton's calling, and being admitted at Mrs. Easy's, had been entirely accidental;—but she soon received a piece of information, which created strong suspicions that in this last point she was mistaken. One of Mrs. Easy's chamber-maids had overheard the account Mrs. Commode gave to Clifton, as he was going from Mrs. Easy's; the chamber-maid communicated this to Miss Barnet a few minutes after she received Edward's note, and while she was reflecting on its import.

Miss Barnet immediately took Mrs. Commode apart, questioned her very strictly, how she came to admit Clifton, notwithstanding the orders she had received, and then accused her of having given a false account of what had passed between herself and Edward, previous to his being introduced. Mrs. Commode endeavoured in vain to justify herself; her falsehoods and prevarications were made manifest; Miss Barnet detected, and placed them in such a light that the woman was obliged to acknowledge, that all she had said regarding

Edward's having threatened Clifton, or having spoken disrespectfully of Miss Barnett, was false; and finally to confess, that she had been in correspondence with the latter, had acquainted him with Mrs. and Miss Easy's having gone to the city, and of Miss Barnett's being at home and alone.

Being now sensible of Clifton's treacherous intentions, Miss Barnett recollected various circumstances in his conduct, as well as in that of the woman, which she was now surprised had not roused her suspicions earlier. While these recollections excited her indignation against Clifton, and gratitude to Edward, she was willing to believe that his intrusion, however kindly meant, was not absolutely necessary for her safety;—but in spite of every suggestion in favour of her own strength of mind, she still had candour enough to feel a strong sense of obligation towards him. As this feeling however was a little offensive to self-love, it is not surprising that Miss Barnett was somewhat embarrassed in the presence of Edward.

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This kind of feeling is apt in many to degenerate into hatred, however unjustly, of those who are the cause of it; Miss Barnet had too strong a sense of justice for this; she could not help the embarrassment which she felt at the sight of Edward, but she now esteemed him more than ever, and the warmest wish of her heart was to have an opportunity of rendering him an essential service. She reflected with horror on the consequences which might follow the false representation that Mrs. Commode had made to Mr. Clifton, at a time when he was inflamed with anger against Edward. This reflection made Miss Barnet insist that Mrs. Commode should wait on Mr. Clifton, acknowledge the falsehood of her first statement, and inform him of the truth. The woman shewed reluctance to this; on which Miss Barnet threatened to make the whole of her conduct public, and render her so odious, that she could never more be engaged in any family of credit, and that Lady Hornbury herself would be afraid to countenance her.—This terrified the

woman into compliance; she did as she had been directed, and Clifton was made sensible, that one cause of his resentment was unfounded: the information however was perplexing, because it removed the sole pretence, which in his own partial judgment he could allege in justification of the resentment he still felt against Edward. In spite of his resentment he had frequent admonitions from his conscience, that the sources of his wrath against his friend were criminal. All the sophistry of self-love could not make them appear, even in his own eyes, in another light. Clifton's friendship for Edward had been built on truth, and on an admiration of spirited qualities; his resentment derived its source from falsehood, and from a conduct in his friend, which, although in opposition to the passion of the moment, Clifton's heart could not disapprove. The foundation was permanent, the source transitory; the probability therefore was, that Clifton's friendship for Edward would partake of the nature of the first, and his resentment against him, of the second.

—But

—But time was necessary to render him capable of cool and candid reflection. Clifton's mind had been disturbed through the night with contending passions; the same agitated it so much in the morning, that he had quite forgot the squabble he had been engaged in at the play-house, and the consequence to be naturally expected from it. He was just dressed, when one of his acquaintance entered, and informed him, that the wound, which the person he had struck had received in his fall, was more serious than was at first imagined; that some threatening symptoms had occurred in the night, and that in a consultation which had taken place that morning, the patient had been declared in imminent danger, in consequence of which an application was to be made for a warrant to arrest Clifton.

Although this information gave him uneasiness, yet he at first refused to abscond, saying, "That such a measure created a presumption of guilt; and as he had nothing to accuse himself of in that transaction, he had nothing to fear;"—but on
its

its being afterwards represented to him, that the wounded man might remain in danger a long time, although he should recover at last; that if Clifton surrendered immediately, he must remain all that time in prison, whereas if he should pass over to the Continent, and there wait the event, he would have it in his power to surrender when he pleased for his trial, in case a trial should prove necessary; to this representation Clifton gave way; he set out for Dover that very night, and slept the night following in France.

Before Miss Barnet had heard of these incidents, an account of Mr. Barnet's house having been broken into by robbers had reached London by the means of a person who had posted through that part of the country:—the truth was much altered, as is usual on such occasions; a footman of Mrs. Easy, having been sent a message by his mistress, heard the story from the postillion, who drove that person to London. Instead of proceeding to deliver the message with which he had been sent, being afraid that somebody might

might get the start of him, and carry this news to Miss Barnet, he returned with all possible speed, and meeting that young Lady in the lobby—"Ah ! Madam," cried he, "I am exceedingly sorry"—here the man continued gasping, without being able to articulate more.

"Good God !" said she, "Samuel, what is the matter ? You seem quite out of breath."

"No wonder, Madam," answered he at last ; "I have ran so fast, for I am exceedingly sorry to be the messenger of bad news."

"What is it ?" repeated she.

"Oh ! Madam, your father's house has been robbed."

"Thank God it is nothing worse," cried Miss Barnet ; "you frightened me very much."

"All the plate is carried quite away," said Samuel.

"Well, there is no help for it," rejoined Miss Barnet.

"And a great deal of money besides," added Samuel.

"It

"It is a great mercy, however," said Miss Barnet, "that nobody is hurt; I suppose the robbers have got away without being heard by any body in the house."

"The house-keeper was a little hurt," said Samuel.

"How so?"

"Because they ravished her, to prevent her from crying out," said Samuel.

Miss Barnet appearing shocked and confused, "You need not be in the least uneasy, Madam," said the footman; "for your father and mother were still alive, when the postillion, who gave me the information, past through."

Mrs. Easy coming into the lobby, endeavoured to persuade Miss Barnet that the story was certainly much exaggerated, and probably entirely without foundation.

The young Lady, however, immediately ordered a post-chaise, and in spite of all that Mrs. and Miss Easy could urge, to induce her to wait until they received more authentic intelligence, she set out; as soon as the chaise arrived, for Barnet-

hall, accompanied by her maid and a servant on horseback; and without stopping longer than was necessary for the change of horses, she arrived as has been mentioned.

The news of this daring attempt to rob Mr. Barnet's house being spread over the country, all the families of Mr. and Mrs. Barnet's acquaintance either visited them in person, or sent messages of congratulation on the fortunate escape they had made.

Edward, as was mentioned, had resolved to go to town, about the time of Miss Barnet's arrival at her father's; but on receiving a letter informing him of Mr. Clifton's having left the kingdom, he yielded to the entreaties that he had before withstood, and remained in the country.

Miss Barnet suspected that the note she had received respecting Clifton had been sent by Edward;—she supposed that his sudden jaunt to the country had the same object with the note, and never doubted but that he had spoken to her mother on that subject. Although the young
Lady

Lady could not greatly blame Edward on this account, because she was sensible that his motive was good, yet her pride was somewhat hurt. She thought that after writing the note, he ought to have stopped there, and trusted to the effect of those reflections which he had excited by it; that to hurry afterwards to inform her mother, was supposing that his letter would produce no effect; and if he supposed so, it was unnecessary to write it. She was surprised, however, that her mother delayed speaking to her on the subject; and when Clifton's withdrawing from the kingdom, and the cause of it, came to be the topic of general conversation, she plainly perceived, from the unlimited praise her mother bestowed on him, and her regret for his absence, that she knew nothing of that part of his conduct, which Miss Barnet had suspected Edward of having come expressly to inform her of. This removed from Louisa's mind that degree of blame she had imputed to Edward, but it did not entirely remove that embarrassment which she felt in his company.

C H A P. LVI.

Faults in the life breed errors in the brain,
And these, reciprocally, those again
The mind and conduct mutually imprint,
And stamp their image on each other's mint.
Each Sire and Dam of an infernal race,
Begetting and conceiving all that's base.

COWPER.

MR. and Mrs. Temple hastened to their friends as soon as they heard of the danger they had been in ; and for several weeks Barnet-house was more crowded with visitors than it had ever been ; several were detained to dinner every day during that time.

The important part Edward had acted on the night of the robbery drew compliments on him in such profusion as would have distressed a youth of far less modesty than he possessed. On pretence of a new and pressing reason for his returning to London he prevailed on Mr. and Mrs. Barnet to consent to his going a considerable
time

time before the expiration of the period he had at first agreed to stay.

A little after his departure Sir Mathew Maukish thought it incumbent on him to give an entertainment, on account of the fortunate escape of his *good friends and neighbours the Barnets*. Sir Mathew had called so frequently, Lady Maukish had made such obliging inquiries, and Lady Virginia had written so many kind letters on this occasion, that there was no refusing the invitation, in which Mr. and Mrs. Temple and Mr. Wormwood, who were all at this time at Barnet-house, were included. Lady Virginia founded the great value she put on herself on a variety of accomplishments, but on none more than her talent for letter-writing, which she exercised always to her own satisfaction, but sometimes to the annoyance of her acquaintance, and of none more than Louisa Barnet, to whom she addressed all her letters on this and other occasions, because she still retained hope of bringing about a match between her and Carnaby.

The

The day before this entertainment Colonel Snug, the gentleman formerly mentioned as having so great an aversion against pulling off his gloves, arrived at Sir Mathew's. It may be of use to the reader, perhaps, to be a little better acquainted with the character of this gentleman.

Colonel Snug was the son of a brewer, who intended him for his own profession, but wished, in the first place, that he should understand Latin and Greek; because, he said, that although they did not enable a man to brew better porter, yet they gave him a superiority over those who brewed the best. At school, however, and afterwards at the University, he formed an intimacy with some youths of family, and very soon after became ashamed of his father and all his own relations.

The well-meaning man discovered, after a certain number of years, that his son was not likely to acquire the superiority he intended over those who should brew better porter; but still he was vain of the high connections which he understood his son had formed, and allowed him abundance of

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money, that he might be on a footing with them, at least in the article of expence.

As the youth made frequent trips to Newmarket, and studied horse-racing with great assiduity, he made very considerable progress in that science, while he was at the University of Cambridge. But when he returned to the capital, he found himself much less disposed to attempt the increasing of his father's fortune, by residing with him in the city, than to the spending it at the court end of the town. The sudden death of his father prevented any dispute between them on that point; but it was then discovered that the father's fortune could be much easier spent than had been imagined; it amounted to a very moderate sum, which, according to the will of the deceased, was equally divided between young Snug and his sister, their mother having died some years before.

Notwithstanding his assiduity in the study above mentioned, he was, in other respects, of an indolent disposition, and fond to excess of every bodily indulgence. He lived a good deal, on his first coming from the University,

sity, with some young officers of fortune, which inspired him with a fancy to go into the army, as the genteelst profession he could be of; and that in which, judging from their temper and manner of life, he would have the best opportunity of indulging his natural indolence and aversion to bodily hardships or fatigue. He procured a commission accordingly.

For some time after his father's death he had seen very little of his sister, who lived with a relation in Westminster; finding, however, that she was thought handsome, and began to be admired by some of the most fashionable of his acquaintance, he condescended to take some notice of her.

Of all Mr. Snug's acquaintance the person whom he cultivated with the greatest attention was one youth, eminently distinguished for his fortune, his rank, and his simplicity; the last was so great, that it suggested the idea, that he might, by a little management, be led into a marriage with Miss Snug; and as the brother saw various advantages which might result to himself from the connection, he was tempted to

take some pains to bring it about. His hopes of success in this attempt were a good deal depressed, when he observed that the young Lady's beauty and accomplishments made little impression on his Lordship; but they were revived on his perceiving that the beauty and accomplishments of every other woman made less; he was on the whole, therefore, encouraged to proceed; and having represented to his sister how extremely advantageous this marriage would be to her, they formed a conjunct plan of operations. The sister displayed all the attractions and beauty she decently could, but Mr. Snug's address in bringing them frequently together, promoted the success of his scheme more than any thing; for habit, which has considerable influence on most people, is all-powerful over the indolent. His Lordship having been often induced by the brother to visit the young Lady, went afterwards of his own accord;---he at last went daily, and nearly at the same hour, merely because he found nothing else to do; and one day he proposed marriage, merely because

cause he had nothing else to say. Although the proposition came a little unexpectedly, the young Lady had presence of mind enough to agree to it. They were married with all convenient speed ; but the ceremony took place two days before the consummation, on account of his Lordship being seized with the toothach.

At the time that Mr. Snug entered into the army, and for several years after, the nation enjoyed peace ; of course the only military service he had to perform was that of mounting guard once a fortnight, and being present at a review once a year : yet he complained of those, as restraints intolerable to a Gentleman. He had the resolution to support those hardships, however, until by the judicious application of some money, and the influence of his noble brother-in-law, he obtained the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel ; soon after which the rumour of an approaching war gaining ground, and an idea at the same time beginning to prevail, that the regiment to which he belonged would be sent on foreign service, he thought it most prudent to sell his commission,

commission, retaining nothing of the soldier, except the title of Colonel, and the cockade which he continued to wear. The money he received for his commission proved a new fund of credit at the gaming-houses, the old being pretty near exhausted. With this he was for a long time remarkably successful at all kind of play, and had his hands so full of money, that he despised economy, and lived in the most careless extravagance. During this period the Colonel became, in some degree, acquainted with every person of rank in the nation, had access to the genteelst assemblies, and was invited to the most splendid tables ; but to many, who are accustomed to the freedom and luxury of a tavern-life in London, the attentions observed in private families, and the decorum of behaviour which the presence of modest women exacts, become intolerable. This happened to Colonel Snug, who, although it had at one time been his highest ambition to be permitted to visit in certain families, now, when accustomed to deeper play at the clubs, and to the licentious repasts of taverns, he considered a
dinner

dinner in a private family as a grievance, and inveighed against every invitation as violently as he had formerly done against field-days and reviews.

The number of people of rank with whom Colonel Snug seemed to be intimate, rendered his acquaintance an object of ambition to Mr. Carnaby Shadow ; but as it did not occur to the Colonel, that he could derive any advantage from an acquaintance with Carnaby, all the advances of the latter were very coldly received.

A considerable time before Sir Mathew Maukish gave the entertainment to Mr. Barner's family, Colonel Snug's good fortune had forsaken him ; he had suffered severe losses, and was a good deal distressed for money.

In this state of affairs, the Colonel having heard that a certain person who owed him a considerable game-debt, and who on that account kept out of London, was at the house of a Noble Lord in the country, he thought proper, under pretence of making a visit to the Peer, to post to his seat, in the hopes of meeting his debtor and recovering his money. On his arrival, he was in-

formed that his Lordship had just set out to a distant part of the country, and that the person the Colonel was in quest of had gone away the day before. Chagrined at this disappointment, Colonel Snug, instead of returning, drove across the country, intending to pass the night at the house of another acquaintance, and had the additional mortification of finding that he also was from home. The Colonel, having expressed his ill-humour in a volley of oaths, recollected that there was a very good inn on the London road, and there he resolved to pass the night ; but this inn was at a considerable distance, and it was necessary that he should change horses at a small inn on the cross-road, in the way to the former. The horses in the chaise had already suffered greatly from his impatience and ill-humour, for he was calling every moment to the postillions to whip and spur, without any regard to the deepness of the roads, or the exhausted strength of the animals. The four unhappy panting creatures arrived at length, with bleeding sides, all in a foam, at the small inn. Having ordered four

four

four fresh horses, he was told that there were none in the stables ; and that it would be at least a couple of hours before any could return. After a new round of oaths, the Colonel ordered the old horses to be again put to the chaise, that he might drive to the post-house, where he wished to pass the night. The Landlord told him that the horses were in no condition to move that night. The Colonel stormed, cursed the horses and his own hard fate, in the most emphatic terms that the English language affords. After passing an hour in this amusing manner, he called again for the Landlord, and, asked, in an imperious tone, if he had a bed in his house fit for a Gentleman to sleep in.

“ I don't know,” replied the man, whom the Colonel's behaviour rendered a little sulky ; “ I don't know what is fit for you to sleep in ; but many honest men have slept in my beds.”

“ Don't be impertinent,” said the Colonel, “ but shew me the best bed-chamber in your house ; ” — which the man did, exerting all his prudence to restrain his tongue.

“ This ! ”

"This!" cried the Colonel as soon as he saw the bed—"Why this sty is only fit for hogs."

"Hogs!" repeated the man.

"Yes, hogs, and hogs only," cried the Colonel; "for my part I would rather lie on the common."

This was too much for the Landlord's patience.

"It is lucky for you that you are of that way of thinking," answered he; "for I'll be hang'd if you shall lie in my house."

The Colonel returned to the parlour, and after inquiring again whether any horses could be had, and another course of fuming and swearing on being answered in the negative, he suddenly recollected that Carnaby Shadow's father-in-law lived near the place; and calling for his valet-de-chambre, he said, "I have a great notion, La Plume, that Sir Mathew Maukith lives somewhere hereabouts."

"Monsieur has raison," replied the valet; "the Chevalier Maukith lives within one half league."

"Tant"

"I wonder

“ I wonder if that puppy Shadow is with him at present,” added the Colonel.

“ I believe that yes,” said La Plume ; “ for I know he counted to go there before Monsieur has parted from London.”

“ I hope the coxcomb is still there,” said the Colonel ; “ for even his folly, with the tiresome formality of Sir Mathew and his hideous wife, are more tolerable than this horrid place ;---bring paper, pen, and ink. He then wrote the following note, and desired La Plume to send it by the footman :

“ My dear Shadow,

“ Eager to make you a short visit, on my return to town, and to have the honour of paying my respects to Sir Mathew and Lady Bab----I quitted the great road, and crossed to this place, where I expected to find horses to carry me to you ;---but unfortunately all the horses are out, and those which brought me here so tired, that they cannot crawl. ---I beg therefore, my dear fellow, that you will extricate me from this dismal hole, and give me the pleasure of paying my
my

my duty to her Ladyship as soon as possible.
—I am with the most sincere esteem,

“Yours,

“B. SNUG.”

Carnaby was extremely flattered with this letter, which he immediately shewed to Sir Mathew and Lady Bab. They ordered their coach to be got ready; Carnaby went in it, and returned with the Colonel.

Lady Bab and Lady Virginia had little acquaintance with Colonel Snug; they neither of them possessed the qualities which attracted his regard, but they well knew that he was a man of fashion, and highly connected; they therefore vied with each other in their attentions to him; they expected perhaps that this would soften him into a little more attention to them, when he met them at any assembly or public place.

Sir Mathew's politeness to Snug was founded on similar motives, for he hated the man,---and as a magnificent dinner was at any rate preparing for the Barnet family,

family, he entreated the Colonel, after supper, that he would not think of leaving them in the morning, but do him the honour of passing next day, at least, with him. Sir Mathew was so warmly joined by the Ladies, that Snug, though he shuddered at the thoughts, was at last obliged to assent.

Carnaby attended the Colonel to his bed-chamber, who asked how he intended to spend the time next day before dinner? Carnaby answered, that "he usually went a coursing with a couple of grey-hounds; but as the Colonel probably had no taste for that diversion, and he knew that Lady Bab and Lady Virginia expected the Colonel's company in the coach, when they should take their forenoon's drive, he would accompany them also."

"I beg, my dear Sir," said the Colonel, "that I may make no alteration in your usual way of passing the morning; I shall gladly accompany you."

"I did not know," said Carnaby, "that you had loved coursing with grey-hounds."

“I prefer it, however,” replied the Colonel, “to courting with grey cats.”

The reader, it is probable, will think that the wit of this reply by no means compensates for its unpoliteness;---Mr. Shadow was of a different opinion, he was too fond of fashionable manners to be offended—he laughed exceedingly, and attempted some jokes of his own, at the expence of his mother and aunt.

C H A P. LVII.

—At vos

Præsentēs, Austri, coquite horum opsonia. Hor.

NEXT day the company at dinner consisted of Sir Mathew's family, including Lady Virginia, Colonel Snug, and Mr. Shadow, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Barnet, Mr. and Mrs. Temple, Mr. Wormwood, and a Mr. Grinder, the son of an overseer of a large estate in the West Indies, who on the death of his father, having succeeded to the same office, had in the course of a few years accumulated a considerable fortune, with which he came to England. Mr. Grinder had been recommended to the Mulatto, who having persuaded him to settle in that part of the country, Mr. Grinder was actually in treaty with Sir Mathew Maukish, for the lease of a house and some lands belonging to him, which was the reason of his being invited on the present occasion.

"Shall I help you to some salmon?" said Lady Bab to Mr. Temple.

"If

80

EDWARD

“If your Ladyship pleases,” replied he.

“You will find it very good,” added she, “it was brought in quite alive, and I ordered it to be crimp’d directly.”

“I ask pardon, Madam, I will take some of this dish next me rather.”

“You had much better try the salmon,” resumed she, “for I assure you it was all alive, when I ordered it to be cut across.”

“Forgive me, Madam,” said Mr. Temple, shrinking.

“To let your Ladyship into a secret,” said Mr. Barnet, “my brother Temple, although he is fond of fish, never will taste any thing that has been crimp’d alive; he insists upon it, that all animals that are killed for our use, ought to be killed with the least pain possible, and for the same reason he will allow no eels at his table, but such as have not been skinn’d till they were dead.”

“That seems very strange,” resumed Lady Bab, “for they are much the better of being skinn’d alive.”

“I once thought so myself,” said Barnet; “but my wife happens to have the
same

same fancy with Mr. Temple, and always shewed such an aversion to those methods of improving the taste of animals, that I began to think it gave her as much pain as it did them; and although I am not one of those husbands who yield to the whims of their wives, yet in mere compassion to Mrs. Barnet, I gave up that point, and now that I am accustomed to eat my salmon and eels and pigs in her way, I love them just as well as if they had been crimp'd, or flea'd alive, or whip'd to death."

"As animals were created for no other purpose, than for being food for us," said Sir Mathew Maukish, "I should think it of no importance in what manner they are put to death."

"Now, in my opinion," replied Mr. Temple, "the difference between a painful or an easy death, must be of more importance to them, than the difference made in their taste by torturing them can be to us."

Here Sir Mathew Maukish, who was apt, when the company was larger than usual, to harangue on the most trifling subject,

subject, in the same pompous verbose style he did in the House of Commons, spoke as follows :

“ I ask ten thousand pardons for differing in opinion from the reverend Gentleman *who spoke last*. Lest my meaning should be mistaken, *I beg leave to explain* :—I do not pretend to say, that others may not be of the same sentiments with him, but only that I myself, *for one*, am not, being, as an individual, *free to confess*, that I prefer salmon and cod that have been crimp'd to any kind of fish, or *I might be bold to say*, to any animal whatever; but I prefer several other dishes to both salmon and cod that have not been so treated the moment they are drawn out of the water; and I *pledge myself* to prove that crimping is a very great improvement of both those fish, and might be extended with utility to others; from which it clearly follows, that brutes ought to be killed in that manner, or according to that mode, which does them most good, in the *existing circumstances*; in other words, they ought to be treated when alive, and dressed
dead

dead or alive, in the manner that renders them the most delicate eating. *I ask pardon for taking up the time* of the company so long, but on a question so interesting to the brute creation, I could not be silent."

"The question, as you justly observe, Sir Mathew," said Mr. Wormwood, "seems to interest the brute creation very much; ---but ought we not to be cautious of extending our severity to all brutes without exception, lest it should occasion the crimping or whipping of some brutes who little dream of it?"

Mrs. Barnet addressed Sir Mathew at that instant, on purpose to divert his attention from the import of Wormwood's remark, and Lady Virginia immediately after observed, "that some people were of opinion that there was no necessity for killing any animal whatever, for the food of mankind, as they might be nourished on grain, roots, and other productions of the earth."

"That would be carrying the joke a great deal too far," said Mr. Barnet, "and
G 2 reducing

reducing us all to a state of barbarism, like the Gentoos, and other savage nations, unacquainted with the liberal arts."

"Although this custom of sparing the lives of animals were adopted, my dear brother," said Mr. Temple, "I do not clearly perceive how it should render us more barbarous, or prove at all detrimental to the liberal arts."

Mr. Barnet seeming a little at a loss how to make good his assertion, Colonel Snug helped him out, by observing that abstaining from animal food would certainly prove detrimental to the art of cookery.

"That it would," cried Barnet, "and very materially too:" and observing that Mr. Temple smiled, he added, "You may smile as much as you please, brother, but the Christian religion says nothing against good cookery."

"If it did, how could it be so much admired by so many dignified men of the Church?" said Colonel Snug.

"I know few clergymen," cried Sir Mathew, delighted with the quibble he had conceived,

conceived, "who do not give an example of *good living*."

To all this wit, Mr. Temple did not condescend to make any reply.

"I have often thought it a great pity," resumed Mr. Barnet, "that the flesh of carnivorous animals is not as sweet and delicate as mutton or venison, for if it were, it would furnish a greater variety to the table, and would be a comfort to tender-hearted people like my wife, who feel some compunction in killing lamb and chicken, but would eat carnivorous animals, if they were agreeable to the taste, without any remorse."

"But, take care," said Mr. Temple, "for if all carnivorous animals were good eating, might we not be in danger of eating one another?"

"How so?" cried Mr. Barnet a little alarmed.

"Because man is the most carnivorous of all animals," answered Mr. Temple; "and if your proposal were adopted, you yourself, my dear brother, would be in danger of being the first devoured."

The company having laughed a little at this fally, Colonel Snug said, that in Swift's works, there was a proposal for bringing the children of poor people in Ireland to market in times of scarcity.

"I have perused that treatise myself," said Mr. Grinder, who hitherto had taken no part in the conversation, "and indeed it is the only part of Dean Swift's works that ever much engaged my attention."

"I can readily believe," said Wormwood, "that the treatise in question is most to *your* taste, but pray what objection have you to the rest?"

"Some of the rest consists of your idle kind of poetry, that teaches nothing useful in life," replied Grinder.

"Nothing useful!" cried Wormwood; "to be sure it neither teaches us how to make breeches, nor plumb-puddings."

"I never could bear poetry," rejoined Grinder.

"May I be permitted to ask why?" said Wormwood.

"Because,

“Because, in the first place, all poetry consists of rhyme: you must allow that,” answered Grinder.

“I am not quite of that opinion,” said Wormwood, “but I shall admit it at present. What is your next reason for disliking it?”

“In the next place,” resumed Grinder, “all rhyme is disagreeable to my ear, and perfect nonsense.”

“That is going too far,” said Mr. Barnett, “since David wrote the Psalms in rhyme, as we find in the Bible.”

“But, Mr. Grinder,” said Mr. Temple, who did not like to leave the Bible in such hands, “what do you object to Swift’s other prose works?”

“A great part,” replied Grinder, “consists of filly romances, more childish, if possible, than his poetry, all about fairies, and giants, and horses that speak, and tales of a tub—”

“Yes, and about *yabbers*. Do you know nobody who resembles them?” said Wormwood.

“No,” replied Grinder, “I think them as bad as the others, and without any meaning, and all for mere amusement.—Now for my own part, I never could read any book of that nature, though I was always curious to peruse whatever instructs us in our real interest, as how the very utmost is to be made of an estate or plantation, and therefore the treatise mentioned by the Colonel drew my attention, as soon as I saw it, being intitled, ‘*A modest Proposal for preventing the Children of Poor People from being a Burden to their Parents, and rendering them useful to the Public;*’ but after a serious perusal, I could not help suspecting that the author meant it in jest.”

“Do you really *suspect* so?” said Colonel Snug, with an ironical look.

“I do, indeed, Colonel,” replied Grinder.

“I fear, Mr. Grinder,” rejoined Wormwood, “you are rather of a *suspicious* temper, for that treatise is written with an air of great seriousness.”

“Why, it is so,” said Grinder, “which, indeed, made me often hesitate, before I formed

formed my opinion : but whether Dean Swift was in jest or earnest, I confess I am not clear that a scarcity of provisions could justify the supplying the market in the manner he proposes."

"What!" cried Wormwood, "not in case of a famine?"

"I question much," replied Grinder, "whether it could be legally adopted in Great Britain or Ireland, even during a famine."

"But in case of a famine in the West Indies?" rejoined Mr. Wormwood.

"Why, why, even there," answered Mr. Grinder, after a little demur, "I think the scheme should be permitted to extend only to a man's indisputed property, which he has honestly bought with his money, or bred on his estate, and which he has a right, by the laws of God and man, to dispose of as he pleases, and as is most for his advantage."

"In what you call a man's indisputed property, which he has bought with his money, or bred on his estate, do you comprehend

prehend the children of his negro slaves?" said Wormwood.

"I unquestionably do," replied Grinder.

"I expected there would be a clause in their favour," said Wormwood.

"For my part," cried Barnet, "hang me if I would not rather starve than eat a morsel of either a white child or a black."

"If all the world were as squeamish as you, brother," said Mr. Temple, "the black children would reap no benefit from the clause which Mr. Grinder would leave in their favour."

"In their favour!" repeated Grinder.

"Yes, Sir," rejoined Mr. Temple, "I should think it a favour to slaughter them during their infancy, rather than rear them to pass the miserable lives the generality of them do."

"It is a great mistake to imagine that the slaves pass miserable lives," said Mr. Grinder: "I dare swear you never was in the West Indies, Sir."

"I never was," answered Mr. Temple, "but I have conversed with men of veracity, who, after residing there several years,

years, acknowledged that the slaves of men of cool tempers and mild dispositions are treated with humanity, and even kindness, but at the same time related such stories of the cruelty exercised upon slaves by men of avaricious or unfeeling characters, as cannot be heard without indignation and horror."

"It is all a mistake, I assure you, Sir," replied Grinder; "many men of honour, both of the army and navy, who have been witnesses to it, have declared that the slaves are well used."

"I am convinced, Sir," resumed Mr. Temple, "that when the gentlemen of the navy or army are invited to dine in the West Indies, the punishment of slaves forms no part of the entertainment. That is an exhibition which the landlord will naturally keep out of the sight or hearing of his guests; of course those gentlemen will not declare what they have neither seen nor heard."

"I do assure you, Sir," repeated Mr. Grinder, "that the negro slaves in the West Indies are the happiest class of people

ple on the face of the earth ;---they are, indeed, Sir."

" Pray, Sir, if it is not too much trouble," said Mr. Temple, " will you be so obliging as to explain this matter ? I am sure it will afford me, and I dare say the whole company, a great deal of pleasure to know that so many of our fellow-creatures, whom we thought in a very wretched condition, are, on the contrary, the happiest of mankind. Pray, Mr. Grinder, in what does this happiness of theirs consist ?

" Consist ! Consist, Sir !" answered Mr. Grinder ; " why it consists in this, that they have nothing to care for."

" A man who is robbed or cheated of all he has, or who never had any thing, enjoys that kind of happiness," said Mr. Temple.

" Do you not know," resumed Grinder, " that the slaves in the West Indies have every thing provided for them ?"

" They have whips in abundance provided for them," replied Mr. Temple.

" And there is no scarcity of drivers," added Wormwood.

" It

“It is easy for those who have no West-India estates to speak against the slave-trade,” said Grinder; “but if you ever come to have that kind of property, you will then be sensible of the propriety of what you now condemn.”

“That is a retort which is very often made,” answered Mr. Temple; “yet it amounts to no more than this, that some who now condemn cruelty, might themselves act cruelly, if they had an interest in so doing; and for that very reason, in my opinion, a wise and humane government should take care that none of its subjects should have any interest in being cruel; and lest some should have so strong a propensity to it as to act with cruelty even against their interest, such a government will put it out of their power, by banishing slavery from every country subject to its laws.”

Lady Maukish interrupted this discussion, by asking Mr. Wormwood, if he chose to be helped to some larks, which he refused; and then said to the person next him, “That dish is furnished at too great an expence of lives for me.”

“I never

“ I never see a dish of larks,” said Wormwood aloud, “ without their bringing my young friend Edward to my remembrance.”

“ I am curious to know how a dish of larks can put you in mind of him,” said Lady Virginia.

“ I will inform your Ladyship,” replied Wormwood. “ I happened to be staying with my friend Mr. Barnet during the vacation ; Edward, who was then about twelve years of age, met a man in a field near the house with four or five dozen of larks : the boy having amused himself by looking at them fluttering about in the basket, asked the man what he intended to do with them ? and being told that he was going to sell them, ‘ What will become of them then ? ’ said the boy. ‘ They will be roasted and eaten, to be sure,’ said the fellow. On which the boy began to bargain for the birds, merely for the pleasure of saving their lives, and giving them their liberty.

“ That was very childish,” said Mr. Grinder, “ because larks are of no manner of use ; when they are at liberty they do

nothing but sing from morning till night, like so many free Negroes."

"Perhaps he had more pleasure," said Lady Virginia, who was fond of music, "in hearing them sing, than in eating them."

"There is no disputing of tastes," said Barnet.

Mr. Wormwood continued his narrative.

"Edward produced all the money he had, and offered it for the birds; but the man refused, saying he was sure of getting more from a gentleman who was very fond of roasted larks. 'Roasted! Poor little pretty creatures!' cried the boy, looking compassionately at the birds through the basket. 'Pray, good friend, let me have them; I will bring you more money, when I receive my next month's allowance.'—'I'll be hanged, if I trust you,' said the fellow; 'get along,' giving the boy a rude push: but as he had hold of the cover of the basket, it was raised by the push so much, as to allow one-half of the birds to fly away; and when the man endeavoured to force down the cover, Edward kept his arm between
tween

tween it and the edge of the basket, until all the remainder escaped. The boy's arm was severely squeezed, and his face much bruised, for the man continued to beat him after the struggle ; and he would have suffered more, had not a servant maid of Mr. Barnet's, who had been witness to the whole scene, interfered. His face and eyes were so much swelled and inflamed, and he was so feverish next day, that the man absconded ; but Edward getting well in a few days, stopped the prosecution that was intended, and went and paid to the man's wife, out of his allowance, the full price her husband had demanded for the birds.

“ Ay, that,” said Mr. Barnet, “ was the most foolish part of the story ; for I, as a Justice of the Peace, told him that the man having taken revenge without applying to the laws of the land, had no right to any other indemnification : but as women are always a little absurd and whimsical--I ask your Ladyship's pardon,” continued he, bowing to Lady Maukish ; “ I only speak of my own wife ; for she approved of what Edward had done from first to last, and she insists
upon

upon it, that the voice of the lark will now sound more agreeable in his ears than ever."

"I am of Mrs. Barnet's opinion," said Mr. Temple, with emphasis, and in something of an elevated voice; "for the singing of the lark will now not only please the youth's ear, but also convey delightful sensations to a benevolent heart like his. Some may think me enthusiastic on this subject; for there are people, I know, who consider *that* benevolence as frivolous and beneath the dignity of a manly mind, which extends to such inconsiderable animals. But how can any person think so, who believes that the benevolence of the Supreme Being extends to man, a creature infinitely more beneath him, than birds are beneath men? Birds seem to me the happiest of animals, and larks among the happiest of birds; they rise on exulting wings the earliest in the morning; and they sing in cheerful notes from morning to night. Who can say there is more enjoyment in the life of man than in that of the lark? And Edward has the pleasure to reflect, that he saved the lives and prolonged the

VOL. II. H enjoyments

enjoyments of three or four dozen of creatures, each of whom has, perhaps, a happier existence than the generality of mankind. Can there be any comparison between the pleasure Edward will have in hearing such creatures rejoicing in the sky, with that which an epicure feels when he sees them in a dish? Gracious Heaven!"

C H A P. LVIII.

To all mankind a constant friend,
Provided they had cash to lend.

SWIFT.

IN the evening, all the company from Barnet-house took their leave. Mr. Grinder went soon after; and the Ladies had the pleasure of entertaining Colonel Snug at supper, and for two hours after, notwithstanding several attempts on his part to retire. The conversation chiefly consisted of entreaties from the Ladies, that he would not think of taking his leave next morning as he threatened, but favour them with his company some time longer. The Colonel's part of the conversation was repeated expressions of gratitude for the honour they did him, and of sorrow that it was not in his power to avail himself of their politeness, declaring with what eagerness he would seize the first opportunity of paying them another visit, &c. &c. &c.

“Heaven and earth ! Mr. Shadow,” exclaimed Colonel Snug; as soon as Carnaby had conducted him to his bed-chamber, “how can you bear all this ? I am sure one week of it would finish me.”

“Why I detest being here,” replied Carnaby, “as much as you ; but what can I do ? One of the Ladies, you know, is my mother.”

“If she were your *grandmother*, my dear Sir, you must allow that she is a dreadful bore.”

Carnaby, being anxious to stand well in the opinion of a man of Colonel Snug’s importance in the world of fashion, and a little afraid that the Colonel might think meanly of him for the attention he seemed to pay to his mother and aunt, assumed a look of sagacity, and said, “You may trust to me, my dear Colonel, that I have my own reasons for being here at present, and for staying so long.”

“They had need to be very strong ones,” replied the Colonel.

“They are pretty solid ones,” rejoined Carnaby, nodding and winking, “as I fancy

fancy you yourself will allow. To tell you the truth then, I could not well go on without an occasional supply from Lady Virginia; yesterday I received this bill for five hundred pounds from her, which is payable in a month; and I am in hopes that I shall be able to persuade her into a plan extremely advantageous and convenient for me."

"Well, since you have got the money," said Snug, "why do you not resolve to accompany me to-morrow morning to London to spend it?"

"Why, when Lady Virginia presented me with the bill," answered Castnaby, "she took my word, that I should keep her company until it became due at least; which request I could not possibly refuse—but I perceive you are drowsy, and I heartily wish you good night."

"Adieu, my dear fellow," replied the Colonel, shaking him by the hand with every mark of cordiality; "but pray, although I shall certainly start to-morrow before the Ladies or Sir Mathew get up, may I not flatter myself with the pleasure of seeing you before I set out?"

"Most undoubtedly," said Carnaby, as he retired quite delighted with the familiar and friendly footing on which he now thought himself with the Colonel.

What Mr. Shadow had mistaken for a sign of drowsiness was only a sudden reverie into which the Colonel had fallen at the mention of the five hundred pounds. Hitherto he had considered Carnaby as an extravagant young fellow, involved in debt, and more likely to borrow than to lend money, and had therefore eluded all Carnaby's advances. But on his entering the Colonel's bed-chamber, after he was dressed in the morning, Carnaby was received with every mark of friendly attachment. The valet being ordered to withdraw, "It is in your power, my dear friend, to render me a service," said the Colonel, "without trouble or inconvenience to yourself."

Carnaby readily replied, "That he would be happy to serve a person he so much respected, at the expence of any trouble or inconvenience."

"I am

"I am convinced of it," said the Colonel ;
"but fortunately it so happens that you have
it in your power to accommodate me at the
expence of neither ; in short, my dear Car-
naby, by a very singular incident, not worth
mentioning more circumstantially, I shall
have occasion for five hundred pounds im-
mediately on my arrival in town ; if you will
let me have your aunt's note it will serve my
purpose, save me some trouble, and put you
to none, because I am absolutely certain of
repaying you at least a fortnight before the
note is due. Pray, who is your banker,
that I may pay the money into his hands
within ten days ? I think that must be the
latest from this moment."

Carnaby delivered it to him without he-
sitation, only observing, that if the money
were paid to the banker, when the note be-
came due, *that* would be early enough.

"Very possibly," replied the Colonel,
"that might suit you every bit as well ;
but it would make a great difference to me ;
I cannot bear the idea of not being punc-
tual in money matters. So you may rely

upon it, that it will be placed in your banker's hands on Thursday se'nnight."

The Colonel's post-chaise being now ready, the two gentlemen separated with mutual expressions of regard, and equally satisfied with each other.

C H A P. LIX.

When fortune favour'd he was nice ;
He never once could cog the dice ;
But if she turn'd against his play,
He knew to stop a *quatre trois*.

SWIFT.

THE very day after the departure of Colonel Snug, Lady Virginia informed her nephew that she had received a letter, by which she was advised that her immediate presence in town was necessary ; that she should be obliged to remain there for some time, and expected he would accompany her.

Besides the five hundred pounds from Lady Virginia, Carnaby had received, unknown to her, much about the same time, an unexpected remittance of three hundred. This rendered his stay in the country still more irksome than otherwise it would have been. He was as impatient to get to town as an English sailor, with a purse full of doubloons, is to be on shore.

Soon

Soon after Carnaby had arrived in the capital, leaving his aunt with the lawyer, he went to the Theatre at the Haymarket. The house being crowded, and the second act over, he despaired of getting a place, till observing Colonel Snug in a box, in which there was abundance of room, because two ladies of intrepid countenance, in whose name it had been taken, sat in the second row, leaving the front vacant for the accommodation of such gentlemen as they might choose to admit. Several had attempted to enter, who being told by the ladies that the places were all engaged, and not inclining to have a dispute with women, left the house. Carnaby, however, ventured to present himself; and when he was about to receive the usual negative, he was recognised by the Colonel, and introduced to the ladies by the envied title of one of his particular friends. This procured him the attention of those ladies, one of whom stepping into the front seat, invited Carnaby to the place she had left; by which manœuvre, this particular box

was

was kept tolerably cool, while all the others were crowded and over-heated.

After the play the Colonel proposed to Carnaby that they should sup *tête-à-tête* at a tavern. While supper was preparing they played a few games at picquet; the Colonel won fifteen guineas, which Mr. Shadow paid with alacrity, being in high spirits from the idea of his having made so valuable an acquaintance, and from the honours that had been conferred on him in the course of the night. After supper the Colonel proposed hazard, only, as he said, to preclude drinking, and to kill another half-hour before they went to bed. The dice run in favour of Carnaby. The Colonel was at this time what is called tied up; that is, he had engaged to forfeit a thousand pounds, in case he should at any time within twelve months, lose above fifty pounds in a night. "I owe you sixty-five pounds," said he.

"Precisely," replied Carnaby.

"Be so good then as to give me thirty-five pounds," said the Colonel, taking out his pocket-book, "and here is a note of a hundred."

Carnaby

Carnaby counted out five guineas, with a thirty pound note, which the Colonel took and put in his purse, and then, examining the papers in his pocket-book, "You are in high luck to-night, my friend; here is your hundred pounds—What! how is this? Upon my soul, I believe I have left the note in my *escritoir*—even so—Well, it does not signify, I shall send it to you, the very first thing I do in the morning.—Here, waiter, take your money, and call my carriage. Good night, my dear Shadow—*au plaisir*——"

Carnaby was a little confounded at an arrangement he neither expected nor relished, yet he could not help admiring the easy manner in which the Colonel conducted himself in circumstances which would have been embarrassing to most people; and he recollected with complacency the kind manner in which he had been treated by a person who had it in his power, as well as inclination, to introduce him to the intimacy of some of the highest names in point of fashion, that this island can boast. He heard nothing of any message from

from the Colonel the following morning; this surprised him a little; but what surprised him more was in the evening to hear that the Colonel had gone with Lord ——— to the country.

This intelligence certainly chagrined Mr. Shadow as much as it surprised him; and both impressions were augmented when at the end of a month he found that the Colonel was not yet returned to town, and understood from his banker that he had heard nothing of the five hundred pounds.

The Colonel, however, came to town at last; he had, indeed, been eight days in it before Carnaby knew any thing of the matter; and there is no knowing how long he might have remained ignorant had he not seen the Colonel in his chariot one forenoon, as he sauntered along Piccadilly. Carnaby endeavoured to catch the Colonel's eye, and thought he had succeeded, but unfortunately at that instant he turned his head and looked the opposite way. Carnaby even had some suspicion that the Colonel had actually seen him; but this suspicion was entirely removed from Mr. Shadow's mind soon

soon after, when having met the Colonel unexpectedly as he turned the corner of St. James's-street into Pall-Mall, their eyes met so directly that there was no possibility of evasion; the Colonel, therefore, with admirable presence of mind, seized his hand in the most cordial manner, exclaiming, "My dear Shadow! the very man I was looking for; where have you been? Lord—I was called so unexpectedly into the country—" but seeing a Noble Duke passing, he suddenly said, "Good God! here is the Duke of ——! Allow me to introduce my friend Mr. Shadow to your Grace. Well, excuse me, my dear Carnaby; I have some business with his Grace—Adieu; depend on hearing from me soon." So saying, the Colonel walked away with the Duke, and left Carnaby delighted with what had passed, and fully convinced of the sincerity of the Colonel's professions, and that the debt would be paid with expedition and gratitude. He imputed the delays that had hitherto occurred to that careless disposition to which men of rank and fashion are peculiarly subject. He was also aware that

nothing was more vulgar, or had more the air of a tradesman, than a dun ; and he so much dreaded the idea of appearing to the Colonel in that point of view, that although he met him frequently after this rencounter, he avoided giving him the least hint respecting the debt ; he carried his delicacy even the length of sometimes affecting not to see him ; and although he was truly melancholy at heart for the want of his money, yet as often he was brought so near the Colonel that he could not pretend not to see him, he assumed a gay countenance, and endeavoured to imitate that easy air of indifference which he admired in that Gentleman.

After waiting a considerable time in expectation that his patience would be rewarded by a thankful payment, and being himself very much pressed for money, Carnaby formed the resolution to give the Colonel a hint concerning the debt, and for that purpose he followed him into a fruit-shop, which the Colonel had entered to avoid meeting him. After the first salutation, Colonel Snug plainly perceived what

Carnaby

Carnaby was resolved on, from the emotion of his countenance, the embarrassment of his manner, and his indistinct pronunciation, interrupted by a frequent cough ; to cut the matter short therefore, throwing his arm around Carnaby's shoulder, and with a gay familiar swagger, drawing him out of the shop, the Colonel said, " I don't know how the devil it has happened, my dear friend, that I have so long delayed paying the money I owe you—six or seven hundred pounds I believe it is."

" Only ~~six~~, Colonel," interrupted Carnaby.

" Are you sure it is only six ? I had a notion that it was seven, and intended to have sent you seven the day after to-morrow, when I am to receive a remittance from the country in a bill payable at sight for that precise sum ; and the moment the post arrives on Thursday I shall send it you ; so that, my dear Shadow, if you will give me just now an order on your banker for an hundred, I shall be much obliged to you, and the whole business will be settled at once, by my sending you seven
13 hundred

hundred the day after to-morrow, when I receive the remittance."

Mr. Shadow being surprised and disappointed at this proposal, answered, "That he had already overdrawn so much that his banker positively refused to advance another sixpence."

"What impudent puppies those bankers are!" replied the Colonel; "but it does not signify, I shall, nevertheless, send you the draught for the whole seven hundred on Thursday, and you will repay ~~me~~ the odd hundred, my good fellow, when we meet. Adieu, *au revoir*."

So saying, he hurried down the street, leaving Carnaby motionless and dumb with astonishment.

C H A P. LX.

Comme si ce n'étoit assez à l'amour-propre d'avoir la vertu de se transformer lui-même, il a encore celle de transformer les objets; ce qu'il fait d'une manière fort étonnante; car non seulement il les déguise si bien qu'il y est lui-même trompé, mais il change aussi l'état et la nature des choses. ROCHEFOUCAULT.

WHEN Carnaby had recovered himself a little, he walked through the Palace Gate into the Mall, and there meeting Mr. Shuffle, he informed him of what had past.

Shuffle had for some time been uneasy at the intimacy between Carnaby and Colonel Snug; and he was now filled with indignation, when he found that it had arrived at the alarming height of borrowing money; this he considered as an encroachment on his property.

“Your money is irretrievably gone,” said Shuffle, as soon as he heard Carnaby’s story.

Carnaby. Gone! how do you mean?

Shuffle.

Shuffle. You will never see a farthing of your cash.

Carnaby. Why the Colonel is certainly rich, and has a very good office, and is in Parliament.

Shuffle. Which renders your case more desperate; before he was in Parliament people had some chance of recovering the money he owed them; but now he makes it a rule to pay nobody.

Carnaby. You speak of tradesmen; you do not mean gentlemen—his own friends.

Shuffle. The Colonel is the most impartial man alive in this point; he puts his friends and foes on a footing.

Carnaby. This was money lent to relieve him when in distress.

Shuffle. So much the worse, it is less a debt of honour; had it been won at play, you would have had a better chance.

Carnaby. Do you not consider money lent to oblige a friend as much a debt of honour as if it had been won at play?

Shuffle. By no means, there is a great difference; I am surprised you do not see it.

Carnaby. I do see some difference ; but I do not distinctly perceive why the game debt should have the preference.

Shuffle. Well, I do confess, my dear Shadow, that I am astonished at your blindness. You allow, do you not, that a game debt is a debt of honour, and ought to be paid in preference to a tradesman's bill?

Carnaby. In preference to a tradesman's bill, I grant you.

Shuffle. And why? I would be glad to know upon what principle has a game debt this preference over tradesman's accounts?

Carnaby. Upon my soul, I cannot tell ; because it is the fashion, I should suppose.

Shuffle. No, no, my friend ; what has continued so long must depend upon something more durable than fashion.

Carnaby. Well, upon my soul, I cannot guess on what it depends ; but I must own that I am inclined to think that money lent to oblige a friend in distress has as good a title to be considered a debt of honour as any game debt whatever.

Shuffle.

Shuffle. How can you allow yourself to talk so? you may just as well say that your baker's account has a title to be considered as a debt of honour. Now mark the difference—Why does your baker send you bread? do you imagine he does it to feed you? Not a bit; he does not care if you were starved; the scoundrel sends you your daily bread on purpose to feed himself and his own squalling children. Why does he allow you to run a long account? is it to accommodate you? Not in the least; he would insist on payment at the end of every week, if he did not by delay find opportunities for inserting in his bill much more bread than he ever sends; and besides, has he not the law on his side, and be damned to him? which is by much too partial to such fellows, and too hostile to gentlemen, particularly gentlemen distressed for money. Now when a man looks to law for relief, honour is entirely out of the question. You are lawyer enough, I dare swear, to be sensible of that.

Carnaby. You are still harping on a tradesman; come to the case of a gentleman,

man, who lends money to oblige his friend.

Shuffle. The cases are similar. The man who lends his money to oblige his friend has the law upon his side likewise; and besides, in lending the money, he probably imagines he does a friendly generous act; he takes credit in his own mind for it as such; he has the approbation of the world for what he has done, and his friend perhaps is grateful; having received something like value in these various ways, he has the less reason to expect it in cash also:—but when a man wins money from his friend at play, he does not meet with the world's approbation, ---some people even condemn him; he excites no sentiment of gratitude in the breast of his friend; he can receive value for his trouble in no way, but by being paid the money; the law affords him no assistance, and he relies entirely on the loser's honour; and therefore it is clear that he who pays money borrowed from a friend in the hour of distress, as well as he who pays his tradesmen's bills in preference

preference to a game debt, behaves like a low-minded dirty fellow, and not like a man of honour.

Carnaby. I must acknowledge there is a great deal in what you say; I wish I had conversed with you before I advanced the money—but part of this, it is but a small part indeed, is a game debt.

Shuffle. That may make little difference in the present case, for the Colonel does not always pay even his game debts.

Carnaby. Not his game debts!

Shuffle. Not always, I can assure you, unless when the money is actually staked on the table.

Carnaby. That is dreadful indeed—but are you certain of this?

Shuffle. I'll give you a pretty strong instance, which consists with my own knowledge: In the course of several successive nights the Colonel won from a certain Captain in the army a very considerable sum of money, I do not exactly remember how much; the Captain always paid before they separated; at length fortune turning in the officer's favour, he

won at one sitting nearly the whole of what he had lost to the Colonel the preceding fortnight. He promised to pay him the next day, or at farthest in the course of the week, and fulfilled his promise to him exactly as he did to you. Many pressing debts from tradesmen and others came on the Captain, who at last told the Colonel that if he did not pay what he owed him, he himself should be driven to the necessity of selling his commission. ---The Colonel expressed great sorrow, declared he could not immediately raise the money, having paid away all he had formerly won from him; but he gave such assurances of payment in a short time, that the Captain found means to pacify his own creditors a little longer: ----at last however he happened to be present when the Colonel won, and directly received a larger sum than he owed him.—Thinking himself now certain of being paid, he took the Colonel aside and desired immediate payment. “I should be happy were it in my power,” replied the Colonel; “but unfortunately

fortunately it is not.”—“Why, I saw you this instant pocket more than you owe me,” said the Captain.—“More than I owe you, undoubtedly,” rejoined the Colonel; “but I unfortunately owe much more to others than to you, even at play; what I have now won could not near pay the whole. What would my other creditors say, if they heard I had paid a particular friend, in preference to them whose debts are of older date?—how would you like to be so served in their situation, would you not consider it as unjust and partial? All I can say,” continued the Colonel, “is, that as soon as I can do equal justice to all my creditors, you shall receive your money.” The officer was under the necessity of selling his commission, before those hopes were fulfilled. He intended to have called Snug out for this behaviour, but a friend of the Captain suggested to him, that killing the Colonel would do no good, whereas his interest properly exerted might procure something equivalent to the commission he had sold;----this prudent hint was taken, and the Captain at last obtained, through the

the Colonel's interest, a civil office which he now enjoys.

This account of the Colonel's method of paying his debts afforded Carnaby no flattering expectation.

The carelessness and indolence of his disposition were in one respect however of service to him; because they prevented him from taking the trouble of enquiring after those commodious persons, whose business it is to furnish young gentlemen of fortune with money upon the most exorbitant terms. Besides his land estate, his father had left him some money in the funds, which Carnaby had already spent; he dissipated, as soon as he received them, the rents of that part of his estate which was not appropriated for the payment of his mother's jointure; but when his money was gone, he never thought of any other resource, except that of retiring to the country, and living with his mother, his aunt, or some other relation, until more became due to him.

His friend Mr. Shuffle was the first who informed him that it would not be difficult
to

to obtain money upon bond; and he recommended a certain Jew, who, he said, would advance him a very considerable sum on reasonable terms.

Edward happened to call on Carnaby, just as the Jew went out; Carnaby acquainted him with the Jew's business, and his terms; Edward pointed out their enormity, and added every argument he could think of to dissuade him from accepting them; for without esteem for his character, Edward had much good will to Carnaby; he was wonderfully solicitous to prevent his beginning this kind of commerce with the money-lenders, which he thought could not fail of ending in his ruin.

After having exhausted his rhetoric, he still feared that Carnaby would accept of the money on any terms; he went therefore and informed Clifton, who was Carnaby's relation, of the whole business. He saw it in the same light with Edward; they returned to Carnaby together; Clifton assured him that he would be looked on as a dupe if he accepted of the Jew's terms, and at the same time offered

offered to lend him the money, on condition that he would pledge his word of honour in the presence of Edward, to borrow no more money on any pretence whatever, until the sum now to be advanced was paid. Carnaby joyfully agreed to this proposal, and received the money the day after.

This transaction took place some time previous to Clifton's leaving England---to whom Carnaby often applied to be relieved from his engagement, and wrote the most pressing letters to him, after he went to the Continent, on the same subject, but to no purpose. Clifton was inexorable, and Carnaby being too poor to live in town,—in the only way he thought living in town preferable to living anywhere else,—he had no resource but that of returning with his aunt to the house of Sir Mathew Maukiss.

C H A P. LXI.

L'intérêt qui aveugle les uns fait la lumière des autres. ROCHEFOUCAULT.

It has been already mentioned that Lady Virginia was unmarried ; to enumerate every reason she had for remaining in a state of celibacy might be thought invidious ; but in justice to her Ladyship it is proper to declare, that whatever her reasons were for avoiding matrimony in her own person, she always shewed a fondness for linking others in the gentle yoke. There was something in this employment so pleasing to her imagination, that even when she had little or no connection with the parties, she hardly ever was without some project of this nature ; it cannot be wondered at, therefore, that she should be to an extraordinary degree set upon her scheme of uniting a young woman so rich and handsome as Louisa Barnet with her beloved nephew.

As he lived now with her Ladyship more than ever, and had frequent opportunities of seeing Miss Barnet, Lady Virginia took every occasion of enumerating to him the good qualities of which that young Lady was in actual possession, without omitting the great fortune she had in reversion.

It was with great satisfaction that she at length perceived that her eloquence had the desired effect on the mind of Carnaby; who, notwithstanding his recollection of the arguments of Sir Charles Royston against marriage, and in favour of *keeping*, determined to take his aunt's advice, and to pay his court to Louisa; for although what Sir Charles had urged respecting Mr. Barnet's chance for long life had alarmed him at the time, and there was no reason to hope that he would shorten it merely to oblige his son-in-law; yet Carnaby expected that Mr. Barnet would immediately on the marriage advance such a sum, as would be extremely convenient to himself in his present deplorable circumstances. With all the assiduity he was capable

capable of, therefore, he endeavoured to gain the favour of Miss Barnet, who was so entertained by his new airs and affectations, and appeared in such high spirits in his company, that Carnaby and his aunt were equally persuaded that he had succeeded. Lady Virginia informed her sister, who was also delighted with the conquest her son had made; they both warned Carnaby however against a secret marriage, or carrying the young Lady to Scotland, or any engagement whatever without the approbation of Mr. Barnet. They had heard so much of the obstinacy of his disposition, that they thought him capable of disinheriting his daughter, if she married without his consent. As for Carnaby, he was so inattentive, so much occupied from morning to night about trifles, particularly about himself, that he never remarked that he was despised by Mrs. Barnet, and never thought of one way or the other by her husband.

In the prosecution of their plan for obtaining the consent of Mr. Barnet, the two sisters thought the surest means was to

render the match agreeable to his wife,—but they had the penetration soon to discover, what Carnaby himself had no suspicion of, that Mrs. Barnet was entirely blind to his merit: the mother and aunt then agreed, that it would be more easy to bring the husband into their scheme than to prevail on the wife.

They had both observed that Sir Mathew, having many points respecting roads and other matters in dependence, had cultivated the friendship of Mr. Barnet with the most obsequious attention, and had acquired a very considerable degree of influence with him: it was therefore settled between the sisters, that Lady Virginia should unfold her plan to Sir Mathew, that he might render it acceptable to Mr. Barnet. Lady Virginia performed this task with great earnestness, concluding with this observation, that “as Sir Mathew must be sensible how very advantageous this match would be to his son-in-law, she was convinced that he would spare no trouble to bring it about, on terms the most
advan-

advantageous to one so nearly allied to himself."

Sir Mathew saw at the first glance, the advantages of the proposed match to Carnaby; but he could not discover the least advantage it could be of to himself; and as for the alliance on which Lady Virginia laid so much stress, it inspired him with no more regard for Carnaby's interest than if, instead of being the son of Lady Maukish, he had been the offspring of her Negro wench.

He heard Lady Virginia with the most courtly indifference, declaring "that her Ladyship did him no more than justice in believing, that he took the most sincere interest in whatever concerned her nephew; that it would afford him infinite delight to do any thing that could be of service to so deserving a young man; but unfortunately he had it not in his power, for he made it a rule never to intermeddle in the concerns of other people, and at all events he could not boast having any kind of influence with his neighbour Mr. Barnet."

Lady Virginia was a good deal shocked at this answer and the cold manner with which it was delivered, and that very evening she complained in bitter terms to her sister of his indifference, which made Lady Maukish speak to her husband on the subject. This produced a pretty long dialogue between them, which it is unnecessary to insert, because the result of it appeared next morning ; when Lady Virginia, having resumed the same subject of complaint to her sister, Lady Maukish replied ; “ I must confess, after all, sister, that you have less reason than any person on earth for being surprised that Sir Matthew does not shew a vast deal of eagerness to comply with a proposal of yours.”

“ And pray, sister, why should not I be as much surprised at this, as any other person ?” said Lady Virginia.

“ For this obvious reason,” answered Lady Maukish ; “ that when he proposed a plan of division of our estate, you positively refused to agree to it, although it was convenient to us, would have suited you,

you, and was highly approved of by your own nephew."

This after a good deal of altercation terminated in a compromise, by which it was settled, that Sir Mathew should use all his influence with Mr. Barner, to make him consent to his daughter's marriage with Carnaby; immediately on the conclusion of which, Lady Virginia agreed that she would adopt the plan of division proposed by Sir Mathew.

"Now, sister," said Lady Maukish, with all the dignity and sincerity of a plenipotentiary, "I do assure you, (now that the convention is ratified,) I should never have desired my husband to interfere in a matter of this kind, if it were not greatly for the benefit of *your* nephew."

"I am much obliged to you, sister," replied Lady Virginia; "although I see no benefit it can be of to *my* nephew, without being equally beneficial to *your* son."

Lady Maukish having informed her husband of what had been stipulated, Sir Mathew the very first time he met Lady Virginia, accosting her in a far more cor-

dial manner than he had during their last conference, said, "that he had been turning her proposal in his head, ever since she had mentioned it, that he had hit at last on a method of breaking it to Mr. Barnet, without appearing an intermeddler, was determined to exert all his influence with that Gentleman; and upon the whole, that he entertained very great hopes of success."

Lady Maukish and Lady Virginia now made it more their business than ever, to gain the affections of Mrs. Barnet; they visited her very frequently, and sometimes contrived to be invited to those houses where they knew Mrs. and Miss Barnet were to be; as Carnaby was their constant attendant, he had many opportunities of paying his court to the latter. On those occasions he sometimes met with a Gentleman of the name of Waller, whom he discovered to be his rival, without feeling the least concern or uneasiness on that account; he had too high an opinion of his own merits, and Miss Barnet's taste, to admit a sentiment of jealousy.

Mr. Waller was about thirty years of age, of a good family, with an ample unincumbered estate, situated in a neighbouring county; he had seen Miss Barnet occasionally at the Circuits, had sometimes danced with her, and was equally pleased with her person and the ingenuity of her conversation.

As this young Lady was fond of increasing the number of her admirers, and loved to keep the whole artillery of her allurements in action, she directed them so successfully at the heart of Mr. Waller, that it was in a short time subdued; but although he wished to surrender it on honourable terms, he had not courage to propose articles of capitulation.

Mrs. Barnet soon observed Mr. Waller's partiality for her daughter, and the very favourable accounts she received of his character, agreeing with the idea she had formed from her own observation, she would have been well pleased with him for her son-in-law.

Mrs. Barnet had long seen with concern her daughter's fondness for universal admiration, and that she delighted in having a number of Gentlemen pressing round her, at every public place, to secure which she endeavoured to make each believe he had a preference in her opinion; though, as she treated them all with equal attention, Mrs. Barnet was sensible that she felt an equal indifference for the whole group. When Mr. Waller came to be of the number, she watched her daughter's behaviour to him with particular attention, hoping that she would treat him either a great deal better, or a great deal worse than any of the others,

This discerning woman was cautious of shewing any mark of partiality to Mr. Waller, in the presence of her daughter, knowing it to be one of her favourite notions, that it was the proof of a groveling mind, for a son or daughter to be directed or influenced by the opinion of their parents, in the important business of marriage, which ought to be entirely under
the

the direction of love, and that none but
sordid minds would

—seek in love for aught but love alone.

Mrs. Barnet soon perceived that her daughter highly esteemed the character of Mr. Waller; yet she was a little uneasy to remark, that Louisa seemed more entertained with Carnaby's absurdities, than with the good sense of Mr. Waller, and that departing from the general tenor of her conduct towards men, she treated the former with a kind of familiarity which she refused to others: there was indeed nothing flattering for Carnaby in the motive of this familiarity, which proceeded wholly from the pleasure she took in laughing at his vanity and affectation; but still it gave Mrs. Barnet pain, because she knew that a man who always amuses, however contemptible in other respects, may sometimes be dangerous to a young woman.

Those considerations probably induced Mrs. Barnet readily to agree to her daughter's going to pass a few days with her old companion Miss Fuller, whose family she

knew Mr. Shadow did not visit; she determined at the same time to caution her daughter, respecting her behaviour to him, but an unexpected incident which took place while Miss Barnet was at Mr. Fuller's, suggested to the mother a different line of conduct.

C H A P. LXII.

La même chose souvent est dans la bouche d'un homme d'esprit, une naïveté, ou un bon mot ; et dans celle d'un sot, une sottise. LA BRUYERE.

HAD Sir Mathew Maukish been Mr. Carnaby Shadow's real father, instead of his father-in-law, he could not have been more earnest than he now was in promoting his suit with Miss Barnet; he determined to take an early opportunity of talking to Mr. Barnet on the subject, and meditated certain arguments and flowers of rhetorick, which he imagined were calculated to dispose Mr. Barnet to the match. As a preparatory step which might secure a favourable reception to his oratory, he was at pains to procure such game, as he knew were most to Mr. Barnet's taste, and at that time very rare, and also a couple of very large carp, which he sent as a present with his and Lady Maukish's respectful compliments to their worthy friends Mr. and Mrs. Barnet; in consequence of this, Sir Mathew, with his whole family, was
invited

invited to dine the following day at Barnet-place. It was thought proper however, on this particular occasion, that the Ladies and Carnaby should send excuses, and Sir Mathew went alone, that he might have an opportunity of speaking, without interruption or restraint, on the subject which he had so much at heart.

Mr. Barnet received him with gratitude and every expression of welcome, and proposed a walk in the Park, to procure an appetite; for he had by some accident been prevented from his usual excursion in the carriage that morning. Sir Mathew congratulated him on his being so much recovered from his late fit of the gout, as to walk in the Park. Mr. Barnet declared that he believed in his conscience the robbers had frightened away the gout, for he had felt little or nothing of it, since their attempt on the house, for which reason he was glad that Edward had only wounded the fellow, and had not shot him quite dead, adding "that he was determined not to prosecute him, if he should be taken up, partly because he would not like to hurt a benefactor,

benefactor, though he had intended an injury, and partly because the prosecution would be attended with expence."

Sir Mathew in pompous terms expressed his admiration of the generosity of the first reason, and of the prudence of the second ; and then, wishing to introduce Carnaby to advantage, he observed that he had been unfortunately detained by a head-ach, to which he was sometimes subject.

" I have known several people subject to head-achs," said Barnet ; " particularly our last butler, whom my wife turned away for drunkenness.

" Mr. Carnaby Shadow is a remarkably sober young Gentleman," replied Sir Mathew.

" I make no doubt of it," rejoined Barnet ; " for I myself have been acquainted in the course of my life, with two or three remarkably sober young Gentlemen."

" But do you know, my good friend," resumed Sir Mathew, " what makes Mr. Shadow so subject to head-achs ?"

" These easterly winds, I should think," said Mr. Barnet ; " for they often bring on
my

my sciatic, and are apt to attack the weakest part."

"Weakest part!" cried Sir Mathew; "I assure you Mr. Shadow has a very strong head."

Sir Mathew had suspected Barnet of a double meaning in the last expression, but so far from a double meaning, he frequently had not even a single one; he replied therefore in the simplicity of his heart, "I make no doubt of Mr. Carnaby's having a strong head, for I myself know people who have very strong heads—there is Joseph Thickness, my groom," continued he, "who received a kick from Louisa's mare, that would have beaten the brains out of any skull of common strength, but it only stunned Joseph for a few minutes, and his brains are as sound as before. I have no notion what should make Mr. Shadow subject to head-achs, since his is so very strong."

"Books, Mr. Barnet, when too closely applied to, will produce an aching in the strongest heads."

"I will not contradict what you assert, Sir Mathew; though I must acknowledge
that

that books have always a salutary effect on me by producing sleep."

"They have quite a contrary effect on my son-in-law; but he, indeed, studies rather too much; however, it is to be hoped, that he will reap the fruits of it *hereafter*."

"There can be no doubt of it, Sir Mathew; particularly if it be the Bible which your son-in-law studies."

"The Bible! Why, you know he was bred to the law."

"I protest I had forgotten that; *that*, indeed, makes a material difference; for I never knew a lawyer who studied the Bible."

"To be sure you never did," said Sir Mathew; "and don't you see the reason why?"

"Because they are not paid for it, perhaps," answered Mr. Barnet with more readiness than usual.

"Precisely; it is from no disrespect for the Bible," rejoined Sir Mathew; "but merely because it is a book out of their line, the law being their profession, and a profession, let me tell you, Mr. Barnet, by which immense fortunes are made. I will be bold to say," continued he, in a pompous

pompous manner, "that very few who have made them, possessed either the talents or advantages of birth and connections that my son-in-law enjoys."

"I make no manner of doubt of it," said Mr. Barnet, who, having lost the thread of Sir Mathew's discourse, was thinking on the carp he was to have for dinner.

"They are of the greatest magnitude," continued Sir Mathew.

"I confess I have seldom seen larger," said Mr. Barnet.

"All possible pains were taken to improve them," resumed Sir Mathew; "parti——"

"It would evidently seem so," said Mr. Barnet.

"Particularly during three years at the University," added Sir Mathew.

"Hum—Where? I beg pardon; I did not hear distinctly what you said—Where were they improved for three years?" resumed Barnet.

"At Oxford," replied Sir Matthew.

"Then I have been under a mistake," said Mr. Barnet; "for I thought, from their
size,

size, that you had got them out of the large pond belonging to your relation in Essex."

"Large pond ! What do you speak of ?"

"I speak of the two fine carp you were so good as to send me, and which I doubt not we will find as good as they appear to be."

"I was speaking of Mr. Carnaby Shadow," said Sir Mathew.

"Then we have both been under a mistake," replied Mr. Barnet ; "but there is no harm done ; for I doubt not of Mr. Shadow's being as good in his way as the carp are in their's."

"I was observing," resumed Sir Mathew, "that he had been three years at the University."

Mr. Barnet. I make no manner of doubt of it ; I myself knew a young man who was four years there, and retained a good deal of what he had learnt at school after all.

Sir Mathew (not attending to the import of Barnet's remark). Now, my worthy friend, you as well as I are, no doubt, acquainted with lawyers, who make several thousand pounds every year by their profession,

profession, though they never were at any University, except those of the North—— which go for nothing.

Mr. Barnet. So they ought ; there is nothing to be learnt there but starvation.

Sir Mathew. Nothing else in the world, my good friend ; yet these very fellows seem as unwilling to practice what they have learnt as their neighbours, who were never taught it ; but there are lawyers who never were at any University, north or south ; and are related to none but low vulgar people, who make great sums of money annually by their profession.

Mr. Barnet. Well, I am sorry for it ; but I cannot help it.

Sir Mathew. Certainly, my dear Sir, you cannot help it ; but this being the case, I leave you to judge what a young man, educated as Mr. Shadow has been, and honourably and nobly connected as he is ; I leave you to imagine, I say, how much he may be supposed to make within a few years ?

As Mr. Barnet made no reply, Sir Mathew repeated. “ I leave you to imagine it, my good friend.”

Mr.

Mr. Barnet. You may leave me to imagine it as long as you please ; but I really know nothing of the matter.

Sir Mathew. Only say what you think.

Mr. Barnet. Upon my word I cannot tell.

Sir Mathew. Only guess how much an accomplished youth in his circumstances may reasonably be supposed to make ; how much do you think now ?

Mr. Barnet. I suppose you mean how much money ?

Sir Mathew. Certainly, I mean how much money.

Mr. Barnet. I thought you meant money. Let me see—how much an accomplished youth may make ?

Sir Mathew. Yes,—as a lawyer.

Mr. Barnet. Why really I should think he would make, as a lawyer, as much as he can squeeze from his clients ; most lawyers do so whether they are accomplished or not ; but I fancy we had better turn here ; I dare say dinner will be ready by the time we reach the parlour.

Sir Mathew. It still wants some time from your usual hour of dining (shewing his watch).

Mr. Barnet. Well, well, there is no remedy but patience ; but I hope the cook will take care that the carp shall not be over done, which was the case with the very last we had.

Although Sir Mathew perceived that Mr. Barnet was more occupied with his own sensations than with the subject of his conversation ; yet being unwilling to allow the present opportunity to slip, he renewed the theme of Mr. Shadow's connections, fortune, and prospects ; and concluded by saying, that the young gentleman was deeply smitten with Miss Barnet's beauty and virtues, wished to be permitted to pay his addresses to her, and earnestly begged that Mr. Barnet would prevent his wife from opposing Mr. Shadow's suit.

Mr. Barnet was hurt at this last insinuation ; he stood too much in need of being governed, not to be in continual dread that it might be suspected he was so ; he answered, therefore, a little dryly, " that if *he* should

should favour Mr. Shadow's addresses to his daughter, there would be no danger of their being opposed by Mrs. Barnet."

Sir Mathew seemed still to wish that he should take some pains to dispose Mrs. Barnet in Carnaby's favour.

"I do assure you," replied Mr. Barnet, "that my wife never has any will but mine."

"It certainly ought to be so," said Sir Mathew.

"Ought to be ; ay, and always shall be so with me," cried Barnet, "whatever may be the case with you ; for I have no notion of a man's being influenced by his wife in any thing of importance ; but more particularly in the disposal of a daughter."

Sir Mathew agreed to the general proposition ; and then, in very diffident terms, hinted, that he did not perfectly see any strong reasons for his being more averse to take Mrs. Barnet's opinion in the disposal of a daughter than in any thing else.

"Am not I her father ?" cried Mr. Barnet.

"Undoubtedly," replied Sir Mathew ;
"but it is at least equally certain that Mrs.

Barnet is her mother; and allow me to say, my worthy friend, that, in the opinion of many people, a daughter is as nearly connected with the woman who bore her, as she can, even on the most favourable supposition, be with that woman's husband."

"All that does not signify," said Barnet; "I am more connected with Louisa than my wife is."

Sir Mathew, with a low bow, said, "It possibly might be so, although he could not clearly comprehend it; that there were secrets in all families, and he had no wish to penetrate into a mystery above his understanding."

"Why there is no mystery in the matter; for I have been often told that Louisa is much liker me than her mother, especially when I smile," replied Barnet, smiling with all his might.

"Now, indeed, I perceive it," said Sir Mathew; "but still it would be of importance that the match were made agreeable to Mrs. Barnet."

"Give yourself no trouble on that head," replied Mr. Barnet; for I repeat it, the moment
ment

ment she finds that the match is agreeable to me, it will become agreeable to her."

Sir Mathew seeing that no more need be said regarding Mrs. Barnet, added, "I have reason to believe that the young Lady herself has a very favourable opinion of Mr. Shadow."

"There can be no harm in that," replied Mr. Barnet; "but I hear the dinner bell; pray let us walk a little faster; there is nobody with us but my relation Mr. Wormwood. Louisa is at present with her friend Miss Fuller; I should have regretted her absence from your game and carp, but I believe it will give her little concern; for girls like her are more taken up about caps and ribands than things of real importance. I might, indeed, say this is the case with women in general; for my wife, though in other respects a sensible woman, makes little difference between venison and mutton, and she prefers a boiled chicken to turtle itself; yet many people think her a woman of taste; but I own I never could perceive it in her eating."

C H A P. LXIII.

Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong ;
He's every thing by starts, and nothing long.

DRYDEN.

WHEN Sir Mathew and Mr. Barnet entered the dining-room, they found a neighbouring gentleman with Mrs. Barnet, besides Mr. Wormwood, which precluded all conversation during dinner respecting the object of Sir Mathew's visit ; but when Mr. Barnet was alone with his wife in the evening, he said, " I must inform you of a piece of news, my dear ; Mr. Carnaby Shadow intends to pay his addresses to Louisa."

" Mr. Carnaby Shadow !" exclaimed Mrs. Barnet.

After the high tone in which Mr. Barnet had talked to Sir Mathew, he would have been particularly mortified by any opposition on this occasion from his wife.

" Yes, Mr. Carnaby Shadow," repeated he, in an accent bordering on anger ; " I hope you have no objection ?"

" You

"You never found me object to any thing, my dear, that you were eager for, and which was for our daughter's happiness."

Mr. Barnet. Well, is not this for our daughter's happiness?

Mrs. Barnet. Indeed, my dear, I cannot tell.

Mr. Barnet. But I can ; for Sir Mathew informs me, that he will soon make several thousand pounds a-year by the law. We know he has a tolerable estate of his own ; though, to be sure, his mother draws a terrible jointure out of it ; but she cannot live for ever. And beside, he will have all Lady Virginia's money ; for you can hardly think she will ever marry *now* ; and whether she does or not, it is ten to one she will never have a child ; so Mr. Carnaby, of course, will inherit her money. So I told Sir Mathew that the young man might make his addresses as soon as he should find it convenient. And I intend, within a day or two, to drive to Mr. Fuller's, and acquaint Louisa on what we have determined."

Mrs. Barnet now saw that all opposition on her part would be superfluous ; being convinced, from the knowledge she had of her daughter's character, that the manner in which her husband intended to proceed would make her reject Mr. Shadow's addresses, even although she had a previous partiality in his favour : instead, therefore, of objecting to what her husband proposed, she only begged that he would not mention to any other person what he had resolved on, until after he should have had an opportunity of acquainting his daughter.

To this he agreed, and two days after he went to Mr. Fuller's ; and being left alone with his daughter, without any idea that what he was about to propose was at all unreasonable in itself, or could be disagreeable to her, he said, " My errand here at present, child, is to acquaint you that Sir Mathew Maukiss called two days ago to desire my permission that his son-in-law, Mr. Carnaby Shadow, should pay his addresses to you ; he came, no doubt, at the request of the young gentleman, who intends in a short
time

time to wait on you for that express purpose, having now obtained my consent."

Miss Barnett stared with astonishment in her father's face during this harangue, and then, bursting into laughter, she said, "You are surely in jest, Sir."

"I am not in jest, my dear," replied Mr. Barnett; "but I am not surprised to see that the news makes you merry, for Mr. Shadow will, first and last, and one way and another, have a great income."

"And one of the ways, no doubt, is by his marrying me," said Miss Barnett.

"If you do not prove an extravagant wife, he will certainly not be the poorer on that account," replied Mr. Barnett: "in the mean while you will receive him in the most obliging manner, when he comes, which will probably be within a few days after you come home."

"Do you really think that I may expect the honour of seeing him within two or three days after my return?" said Miss Barnett, with an ironical accent, which was quite lost on her father.

"I really

“ I really do think you may, my dear,” replied he.

“ Suppose that he may not be able,” resumed she, in the same tone, “ to pay me this delightful visit for four days ?”

“ In that case you need not expect him till the beginning of next week,” replied Mr. Barnet ; “ for I know that on Saturday next he is invited to a turtle feast.”

“ O ! then, I certainly need not look for him on Saturday,” said she.

“ Why there is no absolute certainty, child, but he *may* possibly call to see you before he goes to dinner—my house lies directly in his way.”

“ He had better not,” said Miss Barnet, with indignation ; “ because if he does, the reception he may receive may chance to spoil his appetite.”

This led to a full explanation ; Mr. Barnet became violent, in exacting obedience to his will ; and she in expressing contempt for Mr. Shadow. The father at last swore he would disinherit her, if she did not comply with his request ; and she told him he

might dispose of his trash as he thought proper ; but he should never dispose of her to one she despised ; nor would she submit to be bargained for like a bale of goods. She then left the room with precipitation, and shut herself up in her bed-chamber.

Mr. Barnet, who was a good deal confounded, finding that Mr. and Miss Fuller had walked into the garden while he was with his daughter, ordered his carriage directly, and, leaving a verbal apology to them, drove home.

Long before he reached his own house he began to repent of his violence, and to feel uneasy at the thoughts of being on such terms with his daughter ; for he was not more apt to fall into a rage without reason, than to be appeased without reparation.

On his return Mrs. Barnet was airing in the chariot ; he therefore went to Mr. Wormwood's apartment, and communicated to him the dispute he had had with his daughter.

“ It is all *your* fault,” said Wormwood.

“ I expected

“ I expected you would say so,” replied Barnet ; “ that is always your way of comforting your friends.”

“ After the manner in which you proceeded, you might naturally have expected that Miss Barnet would behave exactly as she has done.”

“ Why you are enough to drive a man mad,” cried Barnet ; “ was I to expect that my daughter would refuse to receive a gentleman’s address, after I promised to his father-in-law that she should, and after she had my positive orders to receive him kindly ?”

“ If you had given positive orders that she should never see him more, she would probably have received him very kindly ; for the old fashion of daughters receiving suitors at the recommendation of their parents is now exploded ; there is no such thing known, I do assure you, in these days,” replied Wormwood.

“ Why, in that case,” said Mr. Barnet, “ perhaps Louisa has a kindness for the young man after all !”

Wormwood. No, I'll be bound for it she has no such thing; and I am very much surprised that you yourself should have such a particular kindness for him.

Barnet. I a particular kindness for him?

Wormwood. Why, have you not?

Barnet. Not I, truly. Why should I have a kindness for him?

Wormwood. How then came you to think of sacrificing your daughter's happiness, to please him and his father-in-law?

Barnet. I would see him and his father-in-law at the devil before I would sacrifice one hair of her head; but Sir Mathew talked so much about the young man's fortune and expectations, that I thought he might suit Louisa well enough.

Wormwood. He suit Louisa! Why he is a great coxcomb.

Barnet. Sir Mathew said nothing of that to me; all he told me was, that he was a great lawyer—but perhaps he is both.

Wormwood. I am certainly acquainted with those who are both; but depend upon it, my friend, that though Carnaby Shadow

is already the one, he never can be the other.

Barnet. Well, if that be the case, no more need be said on the subject.

Wormwood. No more ought to be said on the subject; but you really were too violent with Louisa, even if the man had been much more deserving—consider she is your only child.

Barnet. Well, am not I her only father? she ought to consider that.

Wormwood. Why, there is not a woman in England who could bear to have a husband forced upon her in that abrupt manner; you would not wish your daughter to be made in a different manner from all woman-kind?

Barnet. God Almighty forbid!

Wormwood. What woman of spirit could bear to be told that a man would come and pay his addresses to her *when he found leisure*; this was a want of attention which would have provoked a chambermaid.

Barnet. I really did not think of that.

Wormwood.

Wormwood. But the coxcomb Shadow ought to have thought of it. Sir Mathew Maukish ought to have thought of what was due to a Gentleman's daughter.

Barnet. Ay, so they ought.

Wormwood. They imagined, forsooth, that because Shadow has a Knight for his father-in-law and a woman of quality for his mother, they have a right to use the less ceremony with a plain Gentleman's daughter.

Barnet. My daughter has as good a right to ceremony as any Lady of Quality among them.

Wormwood. To be sure she has; few of them are endowed with her beauty and accomplishments.

Barnet. And I hope I am able to give her a better portion than their beggarly whey-faced Ladyships from the north and from the west, whom we see fishing for husbands at all the watering places in England.

Wormwood. And when they are unsuccessful there, who come to London, and try to hook a fat gudgeon in some pond in the city.

Barnet.

Barnet. They may angle at both ends of the town as they please ; but my daughter shall never be reduced to such shifts ; nor would I permit her mother, were she so inclined, to push her in the way of any man, however great his rank and fortune might be, in the hopes that he would take her off our hands.

Wormwood. As the orange-women do at the play-houses, with their baskets of stale fruit.

Barnet. I care as little for an alliance with your people of Quality as they can do for mine. What are your people of Quality to me ? a parcel of lazy lounging lubbards, that do nothing but eat and sleep.—Here, without perceiving that any part of the description was applicable to himself, he proceeded in a most violent invective against all the nobility of the three kingdoms.

C H A P. LXIV.

Oh! blest with temper whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow chearful as to-day.
She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shews she rules.

POPE.

M^RS. Barnet, having foreseen the resistance her daughter made to her father's proposal, and the effect it was likely to have on his mind, had been meditating on the most likely means of soothing him. On her return from her airing she was prepared accordingly; but she was agreeably surprised to find that what she had imagined would not be performed soon, or without great difficulty, was in a great measure accomplished; for while he informed her of the positive and direct manner in which Louisa had refused to obey him, he did not express the resentment which might have been expected from a man of his disposition. Anxious, however, to extinguish the least particle of anger that

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might possibly glow in his breast, Mrs. Barnett spoke of the extreme sensibility of her daughter's temper, which made her feel with uncommon acuteness the smallest appearance of severity from those she loved ; adding, that the same sensibility which rendered her so affectionate to her friends, sometimes hurried her into improprieties of expression, when she thought they behaved unkindly to her ; and Mrs. Barnett concluded by saying, that from what she knew of her daughter's disposition, she was convinced that Louisa was exceedingly grieved for having disobliged the best of fathers, one who was incapable of exacting any thing, however agreeable to himself, which could make his daughter unhappy.

Mr. Barnett was uncommonly affected with this ; he even shed tears, and assured his wife in the strongest terms, that he loved his daughter better than any woman on earth ; that he was sensible of his becoming daily more and more indifferent about all other women, without exception ; whereas his love for Louisa increased with his years.

Mrs.

Mrs. Barnet happening to smile at the compliment to herself, which, unperceived by her husband, was contained in his words, he rejoined, "You may smile, my dear; but I do assure you that what I have said is literally true." To which she with gaiety, assuming his accent, and adopting his phraesology, answered, "I do assure you, my dear, that *I make no manner of doubt of it.*"

"I was never more sincere in my life," continued Mr. Barnet; "and in what I proposed to Louisa, I declare, before God; that I had no private interest of my own, but merely her happiness in view; for if Mr. Shadow had twenty aunts to leave him estates, it would not put sixpence in my pocket. Louisa and her children would enjoy the whole. However, since the young man is not to her taste, and, as Mr. Wormwood assures me, a coxcomb over and above, there is no more to be said. I shall inform Sir Mathew that he must look elsewhere for a wife to his son-in-law. I am now determined that my daughter shall be left to follow her own inclination in the
M 2 choice

choice of her husband ; and I shall let Sir Mathew know at the same time, that the less connection, by blood or otherwise, the man she chooses shall have with people of Quality, the more agreeable he will be to me."

Mrs. Barnet hinted, that it would, perhaps, be as well for him not to give himself any farther trouble on the subject ; that the whole might be safely trusted to Louisa.

Mr. Barnet assented to this with the same facility with which he usually adopted any proposal, the object of which was to save him trouble.

Mrs. Barnet went the following day to Mr. Fuller's ; she found more difficulty to conciliate the mind of her daughter ; the young Lady was filled with indignation at the scene that had passed between her father and herself. Mrs. Barnet allowed her to unburden her heart in complaints and accusations of his cruel treatment before she attempted to interrupt her, and then putting her in mind of all his former kindness, Mrs. Barnet gave such a representation of his present disposition towards her,

...

as entirely dissipated the young Lady's resentment, made her condemn herself, and rendered her impatient to return directly with her mother, to ask his forgiveness for the unjustifiable expressions she had used.

Miss Fuller, who had expected a much longer visit, was rather pleased than otherwise with her friend's abrupt departure, when she understood what occasioned it. The meeting of the father and daughter was affecting, and their reconciliation sincere. Good humour and happiness prevailed at Barnet-place. Miss Barnet's sentiments, respecting Sir Mathew's proposal, were communicated to him in terms as obliging as a decided refusal could admit.

Mr. Waller, the Gentleman already mentioned as an admirer of Louisa Barnet, had seen Edward on an intimate footing with Mr. Shadow, whom he despised. When Edward therefore made some attempts to be acquainted with Mr. Waller, his advances were received with coldness, which as soon as the former perceived, he assumed equal

M 3

reserve,

reserve, notwithstanding his having a very favourable opinion of Mr. Waller's character. Mrs. Barnet noticed this ; and having the highest notion of Edward's discernment, she wished to know on what his coldness to Mr. Waller was founded. She took an opportunity therefore to hint to Edward that he seemed to have but an indifferent opinion of that Gentleman ; on which, with his natural candour, Edward answered, " Your remark, my dear Madam, would have been just, had you said that he seems to have but an indifferent one of me, which indeed I have long observed ; but for my part, I have a very high opinion of him, for I believe him to be a man of sense, integrity, and honour."

" Why do you imagine," resumed Mrs. Barnet, " that he has an indifferent opinion of you ?"

" Because," said Edward, " notwithstanding all my endeavours to acquire some share in his esteem, the coldness of his behaviour to me is a clear proof that I have failed."

" That

“That does not raise my opinion of him,” rejoined Mrs. Barnet.

“Neither ought it to sink it, my dear Madam; that a Gentleman of Mr. Waller’s fortune, importance and high character in the county, should overlook or neglect one in my situation, is not surprising.”

“In a man of his fortune, it is not surprising; in one of his character, it is,” said Mrs. Barnet, and immediately after changed the subject.

Mr. Waller previous to this had been informed of Lady Virginia’s project, and that Sir Mathew Maukish and his Lady were equally set upon a marriage between Carnaby and Miss Barnet; he understood that Sir Mathew was to make the proposal, and that great settlements were to be offered. For this intelligence he was obliged to the communicative disposition of the maid, into whose bosom Lady Virginia poured all her secrets, in which reservoir they were not in use to stagnate long, but speedily flowed through numerous channels all over the country.

The family of Mr. Waller was one of the most ancient in the county, and had been distinguished for men of a generous and hospitable character; he himself was considered as prouder than most of his ancestors, merely because he was reserved; for his opinion of his own personal qualities was inferior to that of others, and likewise inferior to their real value.—Such a man could not justly be called proud.

The plan of Lady Virginia and the Maukish family, in favour of Carnaby, gave him little uneasiness; because the notion he had of Miss Barnet's good sense, led him to think she would reject such a coxcomb; but if on the contrary she should not, he thought *that* of itself would be a proof that he had mistaken her character, and that it would be fortunate for him to have no connection with her. This cool way of reasoning will be thought a stronger proof of Mr. Waller's good sense than of what is generally called love :—but, by whatever name it may be called, his attachment to Miss Barnet was certainly founded on an admiration of her beauty, a high opinion of her understanding,

ing, and a considerable degree of regard for her fortune. Had any of these been wanting or greatly inferior, in all probability he would never have thought of her for his wife; but if the third article had been tripled with any other woman, he would have preferred Louisa. He had studied her character with such persevering attention, that while he considered her good qualities with uniform approbation, he became so familiar with her failings, that, like Mirabell, in *The Way of the World*, he viewed them at last with as much partiality as he did his own. On the principle above mentioned, however, he abstained from visiting at Mr. Barnet's, till the scheme formed by the Maukish family should be fairly put to trial.—Mrs. Barnet having been struck with this absence, questioned Edward respecting Mr. Waller, as was recited. But as soon as the latter understood that Sir Mathew's proposal, though listened to by Mr. Barnet, was rejected with indignation by his daughter, he recommenced his assiduities at Barnet-hall with more perseverance than ever.

The

The account which Mr. Waller heard at this time of Edward's behaviour, when the robbery was attempted, removed all the prejudices he had so rashly entertained against that young man, and inspired him with the desire of cultivating his friendship. In consequence of which, Mr. Waller had complimented him on that adventure in the most friendly terms, and afterwards behaved to him in such a frank and cordial manner, as entirely gained his friendship.

Mrs. Barnet saw with great satisfaction the growing friendship between Mr. Waller and Edward, which made her receive the former with more kindness than she would otherwise have done. He happened to call one morning, when Louisa accompanied her father at his airing; and as Mrs. Barnet was alone, he took that opportunity of expressing the sentiments he entertained of her daughter, desiring her permission to pay his addresses to her, and begging that she should also obtain that of Mr. Barnet.

Superior to all affectation, Mrs. Barnet declared at once, that nothing could be more agreeable

agreeable to her than the connection he proposed, and that she had no doubt of its being equally agreeable to her husband; but, she added, that his success would finally depend on Louisa herself, whose inclinations neither Mr. Barnet, nor she would attempt to control; and she advised him to endeavour to gain the young Lady's affections without letting her know that he had mentioned his intention to any other person.

Some time after this, Mrs. Barnet told her husband, that she knew of a Gentleman who, she had reason to believe, was fond of their daughter, and well calculated to render her happy.

Mr. Barnet, after expressing satisfaction at this intelligence, inquired who the Gentleman was; and on being informed, "What," said he, "Mr. Waller of ——— shire?"

"The same," replied Mrs. Barnet; "he is a man highly esteemed."

"No doubt he is," said he; "for he has a very good estate."

"He

“He is of a chearful disposition,” added she.

“I make no manner of doubt of it,” answered he; “for his estate is quite clear; and he has money in the funds.”

“He is a man of very good sense,” rejoined Mrs. Barnet.

“I am willing to hope so,” said her husband; “though my steward told me, that he let some farms lately at a much lower rent than they might have brought.”

“I do assure you,” resumed she, “that Mr. Waller is generally esteemed a man of great prudence.”

“I make no manner of doubt of it,” said he; “but I must say, he is a rash player at backgammon, and leaves blots unnecessarily.”

Mrs. Barnet. You may rest assured, my dear, that he is a man of an excellent character, and if Louisa chances to like him, as well as he likes her, they will be very happy.

Mr. Barnet. Since you are convinced of that, I will immediately let her know
your

your opinion, and that you and I have agreed to their being married together.

Mrs. Barnet. That would undoubtedly be the best way, my dear; but Louisa will like that he should in the first place apply to herself; women, you know, love to be courted, and are pleased only when they think they are left to their own free choice.

Mr. Barnet. I have not the smallest objection to her being left to her own free choice, provided I were certain she would choose Mr. Waller.

Mrs. Barnet. It is highly probable that he will bring that about, and it will be the more probable if nobody attempts to assist him.

Mr. Barnet. Are you certain of that, my dear?

Mrs. Barnet. I am clearly of that opinion.

“Then I will impart a thought to you which is just come into my head,” said Mr. Barnet, with the important air of a man who thinks he has hit on a new and promising project; “let neither you nor I interfere

interfere in the matter, but leave it to Louisa, without informing her how we are inclined, or that we have any suspicion of what is going on."

Mrs. Barnett. I am convinced that the plan you propose is the most prudent we can follow.

"But are you absolutely certain," resumed Mr. Barnett, after musing a little, "that is, by *absolutely certain*, I mean, are you *positively sure*, that instead of listening to Mr. Waller's addresses, Louisa will not take a whim into her head, and refuse him, as she did Mr. Shadow?"

Mrs. Barnett. There is no answering *positively* for taste, but if she has no particular dislike—

Mr. Barnett. How the devil can she have any dislike? Mr. Waller is a well-looking stately man, with a very good estate, and a round sum of money besides;—what should give her a dislike?

Mrs. Barnett. I know nothing that can have that effect; yet, if contrary to all likelihood, Louisa should have any repugnance to him as a husband, there is no

more to be said or done; neither you nor I would advise her to accept of him; because in that case their being united would be a misfortune to both.

Mr. Barnet. If the marriage were fortunate for her, I should not much mind how it turned out for him.

Mrs. Barnet. When they are married, my dear, their good and bad fortune will be in common.

Mr. Barnet. That may be, my dear, but it is our business to think of the happiness of our daughter, without troubling ourselves with other people's.

Mrs. Barnet, perceiving that her husband could not enter into her reasoning, thought proper to leave his understanding, and address his affections.

Mrs. Barnet. It is Louisa's good fortune to have a father, who in a matter which so nearly concerns her, has the goodness to wave parental authority, and to leave her to be directed by her own inclinations; and I am persuaded this indulgent behaviour will dispose her to conform her conduct

duct as much as is in her power to your wishes.

Mr. Barnet. Since you think so, my dear, all I have to say is, that if Louisa has a repugnance, as you call it, to Mr. Waller, there shall be an end of the business; but if he shall prove to her taste, as I hope, I shall see all justice done her as to settlements, and she shall have my whole fortune at my death, for I do not think I should be inclined to marry again, although you were to die to-morrow; indeed nothing surprises me so much as to see those, who have tried matrimony once, incline to it a second time.

“ I see, my dear, by your smiling,” continued Mr. Barnet, “ that you think I might take it into my head to venture to marry again.—Well, suppose I did, still that might be no prejudice to Louisa; for I might perhaps have no more children; very likely men sometimes have no children with very likely women; it is all a chance; and if the worst should happen, if I should, contrary to my inclination, have children by a second wife, you may assure

Louisa that, even in that case, she shall be very well provided for :—I have good reason therefore to expect that she will conform herself to my wishes, and accept Mr. Waller's hand, as soon as he offers it.

Mrs. Barnet. I am persuaded she will, if left entirely to herself.

Mr. Barnet. Yet as it depends on taste, there is no perfect certainty ; for people's tastes are various ; I myself, for example, prefer stewed carp to any other dish,—others detest it,—one man's meat, they say, is another man's poison. The taste of women perhaps is as different respecting men.

To this shrewd observation, Mrs. Barnet made no answer.

In the mean time Mr. Waller's visits to Barnet-hall were more frequent than ever.—Although genteel in his person, and of an agreeable countenance, he was not endowed with those qualities, which perhaps would have most flattered the fancy of Louisa Barnet in a lover ; his conduct was more governed by truth and integrity, than ornamented by wit or elegance. In

his company Miss Barnet was pleased without being agitated ; she was in that state of tranquillity which leaves reason its full force, and that spoke entirely in favour of Mr. Waller.

Mrs. Barnet therefore trusted a cause, in which she felt herself infinitely interested, to the calm influence of her daughter's own understanding, without calling in the aid of any other advocate.

This conduct convinced Miss Barnet that her mother had no scheme of controlling her on the subject of matrimony, any apparent plan of which would have gone far to have prejudiced her against the person in whose favour it was formed ; for it was the opinion of this young Lady, that even the most indulgent parents laid too much stress on fortune, and too little on the affections of the heart, in the marriage of their children. Mr. Waller's assiduities, meanwhile, became daily more agreeable to her.

C H A P. LXV.

———A grateful mind,
By owing owes not, but still pays. MILTON.

ON various occasions, after the attempt to rob Mr. Barnet's house, Mrs. Barnet had stated to her husband the obligations they both lay under to Edward. He acknowledged the obligation with readiness, declaring, that he would always think of it with gratitude; for that he considered ingratitude as worse than the sin of witchcraft, adding every expression in praise of a grateful disposition that he had at his command. Having done this, he thought he had done all that was necessary; for he had no notion that his wife expected that he should manifest his gratitude in any other manner. What she had in view was very different; she wished to excite her husband to a virtuous action; she knew how dear the idea of independence

pendence was to every generous mind; she knew that the sense of repeated obligations was painful to that of Edward; she had observed that the approach of the terms of payment of his annual allowance sunk instead of raising his spirit; she knew that he regretted that he had not adopted some profession that could have enabled him to live by his own efforts, and without any expence to Mr. Barnet, sooner than was to be expected in that which had been chosen for him; she thought the service he had rendered her husband demanded a return of a nature to render Edward in some measure independent at once; she knew that Mr. Barnet had just recovered a debt of four thousand pounds which had been long considered as desperate, and that the money lay in the hands of his banker, till such time as he should decide where to place it.

During the fortunate æra above mentioned, when happiness reigned at Barnet-place, this generous woman determined, by more direct means, to endeavour to gain the point she had in contemplation; it was her

her custom when the family, or a confidential friend only were present, to make the servants retire after placing the dishes; she used this precaution one night after Miss Barnet, who seldom supped, had retired to her own apartment; Mr. Wormwood only supped with Mr. and Mrs. Barnet. She observed her husband in high good humour, cutting up the first woodcock he had seen that season; Wormwood and she had for some time dwelt on the praises of Edward, in which Mr. Barnet joined with an appearance of uncommon cordiality.

Eager to seize the propitious moment, she said, immediately after he had commended the woodcock as excellent, "that the four thousand pounds now lying at the banker's, had been recovered by an accident almost as singular and unexpected as that by which his life had been saved, and that the best and noblest use it could be put to, was to assign it over to Edward, as a small testimony of gratitude, for the great service rendered by that young man to him and his family.

“ You cannot mean,” said Mr. Barnet, staring his wife in the face, and laying down the leg of the woodcock, which he had begun to pick ; “ you cannot mean to assign him all the four thousand pounds !”

“ Yes, I do, my dear,” replied Mrs. Barnet.

“ Four thousand pounds is a prodigious great sum of money,” repeated he.

“ Then you are prodigiously rich, my dear,” resumed she ; “ for we have many four thousand pounds, and I should think them all of little value, in comparison with your life, which Edward saved at the imminent risk of his own.”

Mr. Barnet seemed in suspense, and without making any answer, he began again to pick the leg of the woodcock.

“ Consider,” said Mr. Wormwood, “ that had it not been for Edward, you would never have tasted that woodcock, nor many others which you now have the prospect of eating.”

Mrs. Barnet, who could not bear to see her husband placed in a ridiculous light, and yet wished that Wormwood might persuade

suade

suade him into her propofal, pretending to have forgot something in the next room, withdrew.

“Confider,” continued Wormwood, “that had it not been for Edward, fo far from enjoying that woodcock as you do, you would at this instant have been at fupper, *not to eat, but to be eaten.*”

“Pray,” cried Barnet, with a look of terror, “be fo obliging as not to fpeak in that manner ; upon my confcience, I never knew fuch a frightful man in my life, you ufe fuch fhocking expreffions !”

“Why truly, my good friend,” faid Wormwood, “the expreffion is none of mine ; I beg leave to inform you, that you will find it in Shakespear.”

Mr. Barnet, thinking that he recollected at that moment where it was, and hurt that he fhould be thought ignorant of an author whom he pretended to admire, replied, with uncommon quicknefs, but with his wonted precifion, “I know as well as you that the expreffion is in Shakespear ; but what Shakespear puts, with great propriety, in the mouth of a Blackamoor, like Othello, who

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murdered

murdered his wife, is not very fit to be used among Christians in my house, especially when they are at supper."

Wormwood, willing to restore him to good humour, replied, in a conciliatory tone, "I acknowledge the force of your observation; I confess that you and Shakespear are both in the right, and that I only am in fault. I shall always bless Edward, however, for having preserved you from immediate death; and I sincerely pray, my good friend, that the life he preserved may be long and happy."

Mrs. Barnet was agreeably surprised, on returning to the parlour, to see her husband and Wormwood shaking hands in the most cordial manner.

"I have come to the resolution, my dear," said Mr. Barnet, as soon as he saw his wife, "to make a present to Edward of the four thousand pounds you spoke of. Some people will think it a great deal too much; but, on mature deliberation, I am not entirely of that opinion; because it is impossible to deny that he rendered a great service to us both: for it is clear that he saved
my

my life ; and if they had once killed me, God Almighty only knows what such audacious libertines might have been tempted to do to you."

" You have come to a noble resolution," cried Wormwood, filling a bumper of wine ; " I drink your health with all my heart and soul, and shall remember this supper to my last hour ; and as for you, my worthy friend, you have swallowed what few people would have had courage to taste, but which will afford you more comfort in digesting than any other morsel you ever eat in your life."

It were superfluous to mention the satisfaction which her husband's determination gave to Mrs. Barnet ; but it is still necessary to take notice of some things that took place previously. It was already mentioned that Clifton had made an application to the Minister in favour of Edward—he renewed this with more warmth from the Continent. A short time after, the Minister meeting Lady Ann Clifton at an assembly, informed her that he had found the situation so earnestly desired by her son for his friend.

Her Ladyship, by letter, acquainted Edward with this. It was the very situation which would have been most agreeable to him, had he been on his former footing with Clifton; but Edward now thought, for he knew not that Clifton had written from the Continent, that though he had exerted himself for the man he loved, he might not like to see the fruits of his exertions reaped by one for whom he had no longer any friendship: and even on the supposition that Clifton should still be well pleased that his application took effect, Edward could not bear the thought of lying under such an obligation to a man with whom he was no longer on the same friendly footing. He therefore wrote to Lady Ann, that something had very lately occurred, which put it out of his power to avail himself of the Minister's favourable intentions, &c. &c.

Although the letter was conceived in the most respectful terms, yet her Ladyship could not help thinking that there was something extremely odd in a person in Edward's situation refusing an offer of this kind;

kind ; and in the letter she wrote to her son she insinuated that his friend's conduct seemed whimsical, if not quite absurd.

A short time after this, Wormwood called on Edward at his chambers in the Temple, and delivered to him a letter from Mr. Barnet, containing an order to his banker for four thousand pounds, which he was desired to accept of as a testimony of gratitude for the most important obligation which one man could lay upon another. Mr. Wormwood gave him at the same time a letter from Mrs. Barnet expressive of the same sentiments, praising her husband's conduct ; but adding, that the weight of obligation still lay upon them.

It is unnecessary to describe the feelings of Edward on this occasion, or to recapitulate in what manner Mr. Wormwood supported the concluding assertion in Mrs. Barnet's letter, which he insisted was an obvious truth ; treating at the same time all Edward's arguments to the contrary as mere sophisms, and declaring that Edward's persevering in a refusal would be considered

as proceeding from ill-placed pride, and would give great uneasiness to Mr. Barnet.

Edward yielded to this last argument and set out directly for Barnet-hall; and having found Mr. and Mrs. Barnet by themselves, he expressed, in fervent and manly terms, his sense of their conduct towards him, and remained some days with them without again making the least allusion to it; being resolved to manifest his gratitude by his conduct through life, and not by any farther professions.

C H A P. LXVI.

L'orgueil ne veut pas devoir, et l'amour-propre ne veut pas payer.

ROCHEROUCAULT.

MR. Clifton while at Paris received accounts that the person he had wounded was out of danger. He was still detained, however, by the amusements of that capital. Having had time for reflection, he became sensible that Edward had acted from the most laudable motives; and that the very conduct which had produced the breach between them rendered him more worthy of his friendship; at the bottom of his heart Clifton really had more esteem for his friend than ever; but still he felt a powerful reluctance from that avowal of his sentiments which would have led to the reconciliation he secretly wished, and which was absolutely necessary for his happiness. Those uneasy reflections were sometimes precluded by the pursuits of pleasure, and sometimes drowned in the excesses of various kinds,
to

to which he was too liable to be led ; but the recollection of his friend always returned in those hours of languor which were the never-failing consequences of his excesses. It was during an interval of this kind, after a very riotous night, that he received his mother's letter, which inclosed that of Edward to her. She blamed his conduct in rejecting the Minister's offer as capricious and unbecoming. Clifton saw it in a different point of view, and the letter affected him in a different manner. He was persuaded that the sole motive of Edward's having refused a situation he had formerly wished to obtain, was because it had been procured by him ; a circumstance which once would have rendered it doubly acceptable. This struck Clifton as a proof that the heart of Edward was entirely alienated ; an idea which filled him with such anguish that he dissolved into a flood of tears. The thought of his having lost Clifton's friendship had never produced the same effect on Edward ; not because he was endowed with less sensibility ; for a heart more exquisitely alive to every fine sensation

ion of human nature, and particularly to that of friendship, was, perhaps, never framed than his ; but having been early accustomed to disappointments, vexations, and crosses, although he felt with equal sensibility, he was able to suffer with more steadiness, than a youth born in affluence, to whom gratifications of every kind were familiar, and vexation new ; besides, Clifton could not reflect on the loss of his friend without self-condemnation, from which, in lamenting the same misfortune, the mind of Edward was free.

Lady Ann Clifton had never much relished the intimacy her son had formed with a youth of Edward's unhappy situation ; but the advantageous manner in which he was spoken of by every body, confirmed by his fine address and appearance, prevented her from having the same repugnance to it, which otherwise she would have had, and from attempting to break a connection in which her son took so much pleasure. She expected that this would be effected by absence, and by more mature reflection : on an occasion like this offering,

ing, however, wherein she really thought Edward's conduct reprehensible, she did not neglect to state it in the most unfavourable light to her son, in the hopes that it would contribute to break a connection which she thought imprudent in him ever to have formed.

The character of the mother and son were different in various points, and particularly in this, that the former had more vanity than pride, and the latter more pride than vanity.

Those qualities are sometimes used as synonymous, although essentially different: pride, being founded on the opinion people have of their own merit, can support itself in spite of the neglect or disapprobation of others; whereas vanity lives on the applause and admiration of those around; and when that kind of nourishment is refused, pines and languishes with mortification. Pride, however, is gratified with praise as well as vanity, provided the praise is delicate, comes from a respectable quarter, and is accompanied with the consciousness of being deserved. But vanity devours it voraciously,

raciously, however coarsely served up, from whatever quarter it comes, and whether merited or not. Praise a man of genuine pride for an honourable action which he did *not* perform, hint that he is the author of an admired anonymous literary production that he did *not* write, or for talents of any kind which he thinks do not belong to him, and he will earnestly declare that you are under a mistake. A vain man in the same circumstances will allow you to remain in error, or perhaps endeavour to confirm you in it by falsehood. The vain, continually afraid of losing importance in the world, avoid those of their acquaintance, however worthy of esteem, who are in an humble situation in life, or who are unfashionably dressed, and particularly if they chance to meet them when they themselves are in company with people of high rank. The truly proud man, despising such conduct, and never afraid of losing importance, accosts the humblest of his acquaintance with equal kindness, whether he meets them

when alone, or in the circles of grandeur and fashion.

The dread of having lost the friendship of Edward brought into Clifton's recollection all those qualities of which his friend's character was composed; his manly steadiness, unshaken probity, acute discernment, and extensive benevolence; the scenes of their boyish days passing also before the mind of Clifton in visionary review, opened all those sources of esteem and affection which had stagnated, while he was engrossed with the pursuits of pleasure, and now poured on his heart with such force as to overcome that pride which had prevented his making any advances to a reconciliation. One idea in particular, which, on a less generous mind, would have had a contrary effect, rendered him eager to accommodate matters with Edward; namely, that the breach between them would be considered by the world as a greater loss to Edward than to himself. He now saw that this consideration rendered it more delicate for his friend to make advances than for himself. Impressed
with

with these sentiments, he wrote a most conciliatory letter, apologizing for the rash one he had sent formerly, taking blame on himself, applauding the conduct of Edward; and inviting a renewal of their friendship.

The steady mind of this young man, which remained unshaken by those blasts of adversity that overwhelm many, could not stand the unexpected felicity of his friend's letter. The tears of joy which fell from his eyes obliged him to recommence oftener than once *that* which he wrote in answer.

The mutual friendship of those two young men being thus renewed, a constant intercourse by letters was carried on between them. Clifton, however, was still unwilling to leave Paris; a variety of allurements retained him in that capital; yet amidst the scenes of novelty and magnificence, none ever peculiarly commanded his admiration without exciting a wish that Edward were present to augment his enjoy-

ment by sharing it. This induced him to invite his friend, in the most pressing terms, to pass a few months with him at Paris. No proposal could have been more agreeable to Edward; but on finding that Mr. Barnet was averse to his leaving England, and would be much disappointed by his not spending the approaching vacation at Barnet-hall, he declined it.

C H A P. LXVII.

The Chief that knows of succours nigh,
And sees his mangled legions die,
Casts not a more impatient glance,
To see the loitering aids advance.

SHERSTONE.

WHETHER from intemperance, or some other cause, Mr. Clifton was soon after seized with a fever, which within a few days rendered him insensible, and at its termination left him in a state of weakness of body and dejection of mind, far greater than he had felt on any former occasion.

Edward having been longer than usual without hearing from his friend began to be uneasy on that account, when he received a message from Lady Ann Clifton, that she desired to see him. She had never heard of the misunderstanding between her son and Edward on account of Miss Barnet; she perceived by her son's late letters that her insinuations had produced no effect; and that the two youths were on the old

confidential footing. In the present disturbed state of her mind she sent for Edward. When he arrived, a Lady who lived with Lady Ann desired to speak with him apart before he was introduced to her Ladyship. This Lady, under the denomination of a companion and friend, performed the functions of an enemy; she was one of those accommodating persons, which some people of rank love to have constantly with them, for the purpose of, applauding whatever they do or say; whose business it is to prevent disagreeable truths from reaching the ears of their patrons, and contribute to render them as weak, ignorant, and capricious, as they themselves are abject, selfish, and perfidious. This Lady's present business with Edward was to beg him to look as cheerful as possible, and to assure her Ladyship that the ill news she had received could not possibly be true, and would be contradicted by the very first mail.

"I do not know what the news is, Madam," replied Edward.

"So much the better," said the Lady; "you may have the less scruple to assure her

her it is false, since you do not know for certain that it is true ; the news is very bad, *that* you may depend upon, therefore pray swear it is false ; for that is the only way to keep up her spirits."

Edward, being a good deal alarmed, hastily desired to be introduced to her Ladyship. His alarm was increased when he perceived that she had been weeping. She asked if he had received any late accounts from Paris ; and on his answering in the negative, she informed him that she had received a letter from her son's banker at Paris, acquainting her that he had been seized with a fever, and was attended by two physicians.

"That need not give your Ladyship any manner of uneasiness," said Miss Honey-suckle ; "for you may remember that her Grace the Duchess of ——— was attended by four in her late illness, and she recovered notwithstanding."

Edward asked if her Ladyship had any scruple at shewing him the banker's letter. She immediately gave it him ; it was written in palliative terms, with a view to ex-

tenuate the danger. Edward perceived the writer's intention; and his face betrayed the feelings of his heart.

"Good God, Sir! why do you look so sorrowful?" cried Miss Honeyfuckle; "do you not know that the least appearance of sorrow does her Ladyship harm?"

"What is your opinion of that account?" said Lady Ann to Edward; but before he could make any answer, Miss Honeyfuckle observed, "That banker's accounts were very little to be depended upon; that her Ladyship had no occasion to be uneasy." She then gave a variety of instances of false intelligence, both of a public and private nature, which had come from bankers, a class of men, she added, who by dealing in nothing but money, which is the root of all evil, are ignorant, thick-headed, and wonderfully liable to mistakes on every other subject. "Your Ladyship knows very well," continued this candid and discerning gentlewoman, "that this is the case with your own banker in London; and there is no reason to think that the French banker at Paris is more to be relied on: for

for my own part I am convinced that the next post will bring you accounts that Mr. Clifton is in perfect health ; so that your Ladyship has no reason to wear your eyes or destroy your complexion by sorrow."

Lady Ann Clifton was naturally a woman of a strong mind and just understanding; the first had been weakened by the dissipation in which she had lived ; the second by the homage which had been paid her as a beauty, and a woman of rank. She could not but perceive that what Miss Honeyfuckle said was founded on no authority, and thrown out merely to keep up her spirits. It was acceptable, nevertheless ; she wished to deceive herself, and was pleased with those who assisted her. She therefore allowed Miss Honeyfuckle to continue her babble, while she herself was silent, and strove to believe all that the other suggested.

Edward had made no answer to Lady Ann's question ; and she was afraid to repeat it, lest his answer should not tend to confirm the soothing things which flowed from the tongue of Miss Honeyfuckle. He withdrew, and set out directly for Barnet-hall.

all. On his arrival he found Mrs. Barnett alone ; her husband and daughter having gone to dine at Mr. Fuller's. Edward informed her of the accounts from Paris ; his face and whole manner expressed his inquietude more than his words, while he requested her approbation of his proceeding immediately to Paris.

" I am too sensible of the warmth of your friendship for Mr. Clifton, my dear Edward," said Mrs. Barnett, " to oppose what you so eagerly desire ; I know also what comfort the face of a friend conveys to those who languish under sickness among strangers. I shall inform Mr. Barnett of the cause of your sudden departure ; I am convinced he will see it in the same light that I do ; and as I perceive your anxiety and impatience, I will not even require you to stay till his return."

Edward proceeded with all possible expedition to Dover, which he reached time enough for the packet, which was just about to sail.

During the ravings of his fever, Clifton had often repeated the name of Edward.

When

When the fever left him, and his senses returned, he asked the servant, who had been most constantly with him, if he knew whether his friend had been informed of his illness ; and expressed uneasiness when the man answered that he had not. He then desired the servant to write to Edward by that day's post.

“ Shall I request him to come ? ” said the servant.

“ Request nothing ! ” answered Clifton ; “ write simply, that I have been very ill, am now better, but not quite recovered.” While the servant was writing, he said to himself, “ his heart will dictate what he should do.”

The Valet having finished his letter, Clifton found his sight so weakened that it was with difficulty he could read it ; yet, taking the pen, he scrawled, in wavering words, the following sentence : “ I am as weak as a child, but my friendship is strong as ever.”

Having seen the letter sealed, he was obliged to be put to bed ; and then desired his servant to carry the letter to the post, saying,

saying, "Would to Heaven I could sleep till Edward arrives!"

The following day he told the servant he had been dreaming the whole night of Edward.

"Then I am sure you must have passed a pleasant night," replied the man.

"On the contrary," replied Clifton, "I never was so teased in my life: I saw him; but a precipice, or a river, or some obstacle or other, always intervened, and prevented our being able to meet and converse."

This young man was of a most impatient temper. When his heart once fixed on any object, every thing else appeared tasteless in comparison; he counted the minutes, and wished the time annihilated that intervened before he could obtain his wishes. He had been calculating at what hour Edward might receive his letter, and how soon after it was practicable for him to arrive at Paris. He said, one day when the servant was sitting alone by his bed-side, "Edward may possibly be in the country when the letter arrives in London."

The

The servant having remarked that the natural impatience of his master's temper was augmented by his present weakened state, wished to prepare him, in some degree, for a disappointment, which was likely to happen; for he had little expectation that Edward would set out for Paris immediately after receiving the letter. The man therefore said, in answer to his master's observation, "That Mr. Edward certainly might be in the country, which would prevent his receiving the letter so soon as he would otherwise have done; besides, when he does receive it," added he, "it may not be *convenient* for him to leave England at this time."

"How dare you talk so, blockhead?" cried Clifton.

"I only meant," resumed the servant, "that business may prevent him from—"

"Business!" repeated Clifton, with indignation, "get out of the room! begone!"

While the heart of Clifton glowed with all the ardour of youthful friendship, and his imagination was indulging the hopes of soon seeing his friend, an insinuation of

coldness on his part was the most grating idea that could have been presented to his mind. It will be readily believed, therefore, that his pleasure must have been very great a short time after, when he saw the servant he had driven with indignation from his presence return with a joyful countenance, followed by Edward.

There was, however, more of the eagerness of youthful friendship than of prudence in this sudden appearance before his exhausted friend, who at first imagined that the dream of the preceding night was returned.

His friend's embrace assured him of his real presence, and rendered Clifton's satisfaction complete. Edward, however, was soon warned of his imprudence, by the ghastly looks and emaciated person of his friend, and hinted a desire to withdraw..

Indeed repose was equally necessary to both; one being exhausted by emotion, and the other by fatigue; for Edward had not been in bed since the night preceding the day on which he left London.

Clifton, being informed of this circumstance by his servant, desired that his friend might not be called till very late the following day.

The agitation that Clifton's spirits had undergone was not followed by the ill consequences that were feared ; the reflection that his friend was in the same house with him, soothed his mind into a pleasing reverie, from which he fell into a profound sleep that lasted several hours ; he awakened greatly refreshed, and in all respects better. It was a full fortnight, however, before he had gathered strength enough to enable him to go out of the house. He then began to take short airings in a carriage ; these were gradually extended round the environs of Paris, as his strength permitted—Edward being his constant companion both at home and when he drove out. Nowwithstanding this unremitting attendance, Edward found sufficient time in the morning, before Clifton arose, to view every thing he wished to examine within the city of Paris.

After six weeks Mr. Clifton was still in such a state of health, that his physicians advised

advised him not to return to England, nor even remain at Paris, but to pass the winter in a milder climate.

Mr. Clifton, who had determined to accompany Edward to England, was highly displeased with this advice, which he declared he would *not* follow; and, in spite of all that could be urged by the physicians and others, he persevered in his resolution.

Edward had written to Mr. and Mrs. Barnet, that Mr. Clifton being now in a fair way of recovery, he himself intended, within a few weeks, to return; but finding his friend obstinate in rejecting the plan prescribed by the physicians, he suspended his own, and wrote to Mr. Barnet in a more dubious stile respecting his speedy return.

In the mean time both the young men remained in Paris until Clifton should recover such a degree of strength as was thought necessary for a journey, without declaring whether he should go to the south or return to England.

C H A P. LXVIII.

*Illam ego non tulerim, quæ computat, et scelus ingens
Sana facit.* JUVEN.

DURING the interval from the time that Edward wrote to Mrs. Barnet, as before mentioned, and his receiving an answer, as he returned one day from a ramble, to view the churches and other public buildings in Paris, the valet de place who generally accompanied him, led him to a shop to purchase some silk stockings.

While the mistress of the shop was recommending her goods with the zeal of a vender and the volubility of a French woman, Edward was struck with the beauty of a Lady, who sat in a small room which opened into the shop.

This Lady being equally pleased with his appearance, shewed a disposition to captivate him by various little airs and looks, that are easily understood, though difficult to describe.

The mistress of the shop perceiving that he paid more attention to this Lady than to the stockings, whose eulogium she had taken so much pains upon, at length said, "Monsieur, will choose more at his ease in the room, and perhaps Mademoiselle will be so good as to assist him."

"Volontiers," said the Lady with a frank air.

The woman of the shop then turned to serve some other customers, and Edward stepping into the small room, seated himself by the Lady, who began to examine the stockings, and glancing alternately from them to his legs, and from the latter to the former, "en verité," said she, "it will be a little difficult to fit Monsieur; il n'est pas fait comme tout le monde; but these are of the best shape," added she, picking out one pair of stockings from the parcel; "voyons," holding them near his leg; "yes, these may do."

In the same playful manner, she chose six pair; Edward then desired the mistress of the shop to hand him a parcel of women's stockings,

stockings, as he hoped the Lady would accept six pair of his chooling.

After refusing a decent time, the mistress of the shop joining in the request, the Lady accepted, desiring *him* to choose.

"I fear I shall blunder," said he sily, "if I am obliged to choose quite in the dark."

"Monsieur seems to be more cautious than is absolutely necessary," replied she, with affected gravity.

"I only wish for so much light," said he, "as may prevent my shooting very wide of the mark."

"Allons, allons," cried she smiling, "il faut tirer au hazard."

"As you please, Madam," said Edward; he then picked out a *very large* pair, saying, "will these suit you?"

"Que voulez vous donc dire, Monsieur?" cried she very much piqued.

"Perhaps they are a little too large," resumed he.

"Grand Dieu!—infiniment," exclaimed she, quite shocked at the idea of being suspected of thick ancles. "Regardez, Mon-

“*fleur* :” in her hurry to repel the imputation, she discovered more of her leg than was necessary to clear her innocence. This piece of *etourderie* was followed by an attempt to blush, and various marks of confusion on the part of the Lady. She soon recovered her natural manner, however, displaying a degree of vivacity equally new and captivating, to a youth who was unaccustomed to the conversation of French women. Neither he nor she seemed inclined to terminate the *tête-à-tête*, when a chariot stopping at the shop-door, a young woman, who seemed to be the Lady’s maid, came out of it, and informed her aloud, that she had executed her commissions ; but on seeing her resume her conversation with Edward, the maid whispered her, on which the Lady rose, and after throwing a significant look at the maid, went into her carriage.

“ Monsieur lodges in this neighbourhood?” said the maid. Edward put his card into her hand, accompanied with a Louis. “ *Affurément*,” said the maid, “ Monsieur est tres poli.”

After

After paying for the stockings, Edward sent the valet to the hotel in which he lodged, with those he had bought for himself; he then made some inquiries of the mistress of the shop, concerning the Lady; the mistress assumed an air of prudery, gave him evasive answers, and he was obliged to leave the shop, without receiving the information he wished for.

In relating his adventure to Clifton, Edward described the Lady as the most sprightly girl he had ever conversed with, and the prettiest he had seen in France.

The following day the valet de place informed him, that a young woman had brought a letter, which she insisted on delivering into Monsieur's own hands. When she was introduced, he recognised the maid who had whispered the Lady in the stocking shop.

In the letter he was blamed for having questioned the mistress of the shop, and desired to abstain from it in future; he was directed to come to a masked ball, announced for the following night, to be dressed in a white domino, and to wear in

his hat a white cockade, which the bearer of the letter delivered to him : he was warned not to address the writer at the ball, although he should know her, but to wait until she should speak to him. The letter was subscribed, *La Dame aux bas de soie*.

When Edward shewed this epistle to Clifton, he expressed an inclination to attend him to the ball for a couple of hours : they went together.

After traversing the room a considerable time, Clifton distinguished one female mask, in the character of a Circassian ; she was by much the most elegant figure in the assembly ; she had hold of the arm of a person in a Turkish dress.

“ Do you think,” said Edward to his friend, “ that the Circassian’s face corresponds to her shape ?”

“ Let us move a little nearer them,” replied Clifton, “ and perhaps we shall make the discovery ; if she persists in keeping on her mask, it is probable that she has not much beauty to display.”

They were now immediately behind the Turk and Circassian.

“ I am of your opinion, my friend,” said Clifton in French, and loud enough to be heard by the Lady ; “ she certainly has the finest shape in the world, but as we often see very handsome women who are ill-shaped, so the finest symmetry of person is no proof, nor even presumption, that the face is not homely.”

This was spoken as the Turk and the Lady had arrived at the end of the hall ; the latter in turning contrived to drop her mask. Edward picked it up, and presented it to her without speaking ; but Clifton said, “ You are a strong exception, Madam, to an observation which I was just making.”

He said this with a view to engage her in conversation, but as she knew that would not be agreeable to her companion, having replaced her mask, and curtsied, she walked on.

The two Gentlemen had afterwards occasion to admire her gracefulness and agility ; for having danced a minuet, she was afterwards engaged in cotillons, during which she had the address, unmarked by

her Turkish companion, to say some obliging things to Edward, in the expressive language of looks and glances.

When the dancing was over, observing a cluster of masks formed around a pantaloon, who was playing antic tricks, she joined the crowd, making Edward a sign to follow; and, as he pressed near, she slipped a note into his hand, soon after which she and her Turk disappeared.

Next morning at breakfast the two friends joined in praise of the masquerade Lady's beauty. Edward dwelt on the theme with unusual warmth and fluency.

"I once thought," said Clifton, "that the *Dame au bas de soie* had made a conquest of your heart; I now begin to suspect that the Circassian will drive her out of the field; her charms seem to have very extraordinary power over you; last night they struck you dumb—this morning they render you eloquent."

Edward then told him, that the Circassian and the *Dame au bas de soie* were the same person.

Clifton

Clifton had in the preceding night taken notice of the angry deportment of the Turk, when the Lady dropt her mask, and when he hurried from them with impatience, had said to Edward, "If that fellow is not a real Turk, he supports the character wonderfully well; he seems ready to stab any man that speaks to his mistress. You ought to be on your guard."

Lest his friend should be uneasy, therefore, at his pursuing the adventure any farther, Edward had not communicated to him the contents of the note which the Lady had slipped into his hand, which imported that he should come the following day to a particular walk in the Luxembourg gardens, where he would be accosted by a person who would inform him further.

He had not made above one or two turns in the walk, when the same girl who had called at the hotel delivered him a letter; in this he was informed, that the writer could not have the pleasure of seeing him for two days, but that on the third, she expected to meet him in the evening, at a
house

house which she described, adding, that there they could converse freely, without the fear of being disturbed by Turks, or any intruders whatever.

Having rewarded the girl for her trouble, Edward returned to the hotel disappointed, and vexed that the rendezvous was so long postponed; for the Lady's charms appeared to him so much improved by the masquerade dress, that his admiration was more exalted than ever, and he now considered her as the most beautiful creature he had ever beheld.

All next day he could think of nothing but the fair incognito; Clifton observed this, and rallied him on many proofs of absence of mind he gave during their usual airing in the carriage.

"You may be assured, my friend," said Clifton, "that you have no cause to give way to despair, for notwithstanding her keeper's being a very Turk, and inclined to guard her for his own exclusive use, the heart of the Lady seems evidently to revolt against that Mahometan practice, so contrary to the customs of the Christian country in which she lives."

The

The same day, as Edward was dressing before dinner, the valet de place attended him as usual; while he handed him a pair of the stockings he had lately bought, the fellow said with a shrewd look, and in a significant tone of voice, "those stockings are very well chosen; but no wonder, that Lady has a great deal of taste, as well as beauty."

"What Lady?" said Edward.

"The Lady," replied the valet, "who was so obliging as to choose Monsieur's stockings for him."

"Do you know that Lady?"

"That I do; I had the honour of knowing her before she was married."

"Married!" cried Edward; "is she married?"

"O! mon Dieu, oui."

"Does she live with her husband?"

"O! mon Dieu, non."

"Where is her husband?"

"Le pauvre Diable, il est coffré," answered the fellow, with a laugh.

Edward, not understanding the import of that phrase, demanded an explanation.

The

The valet said, "that if Monsieur had an inclination to pay his court to the Lady, he never could have a more fortunate opportunity; because," continued the valet, "I have the honour to assure Monsieur that her husband is in prison. Monsieur le Comte, who occasionally supplies his place, is to set out to-morrow for Versailles, where he will be detained several days, and there can be no manner of doubt of her preferring the company of Monsieur during that interval to that of either, for the Lady is a woman of taste; and although I myself have the experience of her being an œconomist in money, she has the reputation of being very generous in love."

"You have occasionally, no doubt, been of service to Monsieur le Comte, in his intercourse with the Lady," said Edward.

"Cela ne gatera rien," replied the valet; "je ne cherche qu'à faire plaisir à tout le monde."

"For what reason," resumed Edward, "was this woman's husband sent to prison?"

"Pour lui apprendre à vivre," replied the fellow; "C'étoit un homme intraitable."

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On being farther questioned, he related, " that the Lady's family was of the petite noblesse, but that she herself having little or no fortune had condescended to marry a Bourgeois de Paris ; that he was a man *bien à son aise* before marriage, but much the reverse after it, *comme de raison* ; but in his case, this was in a great measure his own fault, for he was *assez bête* to be displeased, because Monsieur le Comte de ——— frequently visited his wife ; a circumstance which did him honour, and might have been otherwise beneficial to him, if he had been prudent, for Monsieur le Comte was a young man *tout à fait comme il faut*, lately married to a very respectable old Lady, who had brought him a great fortune, which he spent *noblement*, and by which the Bourgeois might have profited ; but," continued the valet, " il est Bourgeois depuis le pieds jusqu'à la tête, et un homme *tout-à-fait intraitable*." The valet then continued to inform Edward that the husband being a most unreasonable man, and blind to his own interest, had taken umbrage at the

Count's visits to his wife, which had occasioned some pretty sharp altercations, in the course of which the husband had been accused of uttering expressions, not only violent against the Count, but disrespectful of the Minister, to whom he was distantly related, and glancing at the government; an account of which, with the connivance of his wife, being transmitted to the Minister, Monsieur le Comte had influence to obtain a *lettre de cachet*, in consequence of which the Bourgeois was seized, and is now, *heureusement pour Monsieur*, confined in prison; *car vraiment il est un peu brutal*.

The valet de place was himself at this very time retained as a spy of the police; he had got a glimpse of the Lady, as he stood at the door of the shop where Edward first met her, and had observed enough afterwards to convince him that the youth was greatly captivated with her; the fellow therefore wished to be employed in a business, which he had found by experience to be lucrative. His narration however had
made

made a very different impression on the mind of Edward, from what he intended.

“How came you to be acquainted,” said Edward, “with all those circumstances?”

“I learnt this morning from the Count’s valet de chambre, that his master was to set out to-morrow for Versailles, where he will remain several days, *ainsi en attendant, Monsieur doit avoir beau jeu*,” continued the fellow, with a profound bow.

“Are you absolutely certain,” resumed Edward, “that this woman’s husband was accused with *her* knowledge and connivance?”

“Monsieur may rely upon that,” said the valet; “I was in a situation to know all the particulars; she pretended to the world to be in great sorrow, but I knew better—*O! c’est un fin mouche*.”

“What a shocking woman!” exclaimed Edward, turning from the valet, whom he afterwards desired to say nothing more of this affair, nor to attempt seeing the Lady, until he should receive instructions from him.

Edward

Edward then went into Mr. Clifton's apartment, and related all the valet's story to him, declaring at the same time, "that he must have better authority before he could give faith to so shocking a tale."

Clifton said he expected the Marquis of ———, a young French nobleman by whose means it would be easy to know whether it was true or not.

The Marquis entered while they were talking, and Clifton had no sooner mentioned the affair in question, than the Marquis acknowledged that he had heard it much in the manner the valet had related, and although he did not say he knew it to be true, he sufficiently shewed that he believed it. It did not strike him however with much surprize or indignation, as would seem by his manner of recounting the following adventure.

"It must be owned," said the Marquis, "that the case of your Bourgeois is rather more lamentable, than that of a certain captain of a man of war in our service, *un peu lourd à la vérité d'ailleurs brave, et le meilleur*

meilleur homme du monde. Well, all the storms this officer had experienced at sea did not frighten him from embarking in the marriage state; he chose for his mate a very pretty girl, whom he loved a great deal, without esteeming her much; while she, on her part, had some esteem for him, without loving him at all. They might have lived as comfortably together as many other husbands and wives with similar sentiments do; for the Captain was glad to meet with his wife as often as he returned from sea, and she was by no means miserable when he was obliged to return to it again.

“During a longer period than usual, which the Captain passed at sea, the Minister de la Marine became acquainted and formed an intimate friendship with his wife, and the husband arrived at one of our harbours when their friendship was at the height. He immediately applied, as is usual, for leave to quit his ship and go to Paris. The Minister informed him by letter, that he had been for some time very impatient to hear of his safe arrival, because an important project,

which required to be conducted by an officer of distinguished talents, was in contemplation ; that *he* was fixed upon to conduct it ; he was therefore required to remain at the port where he then was, to hasten and superintend the victualling and repairing his ship, and then to proceed with all possible expedition to one of our islands in the West Indies, where he would receive the necessary instructions.

“ The Captain, who had not hitherto had much reason to be vain of the notice taken of him, rejoiced to find that his merit had attracted the attention of the Court at last ; consoled himself the best way he could, for being disappointed of meeting his wife ; hurried the preparations for his ship, and sailed in high spirits to the West Indies ; where, after having waited a considerable time for particular instructions, respecting the important object of his mission, he received dispatches from the Minister, by which he was informed, that an unexpected incident having rendered the intended enterprize more hazardous than when it was planned, the King was unwilling to risk so gallant

gallant an officer in so desperate an attempt, which was therefore relinquished.

“ The Captain consoled himself for this disappointment by reflecting, that the honour of having been selected on such an occasion still remained with him ; and that the same motives which had determined the Minister to recommend him for conducting this enterprize, might prompt him to employ him in some other equally honourable, and more profitable.

“ Notwithstanding certain obstructions that were thrown in his way to retard his departure from the West Indies, the Captain arrived in France sooner than was wished by his Lady, or convenient for the Minister. Before he could quit the sea-port, however, he received information from him, that in order to indemnify so active an officer for his late disappointment in the West, a ship was ready prepared to carry him, without loss of time, to the East Indies, where he was to have the conducting of a business of more importance than the former. He went accordingly, and gave so much satisfaction that he was kept there several years,

and would probably have been detained till this hour, had not the Minister's friendship for the wife undergone such an alteration in this interval, that he became as willing that the husband should find employment at home as he had formerly been to employ him abroad. The Captain returned accordingly, a good deal improved in point of fortune, and was received by his wife with the same affection as at the commencement of their union."

Edward had no farther doubt of the truth of the valet's story, which converted all his passion for the woman into aversion; and as soon as the Marquis left him alone with his friend, he expressed much indignation against a Government under which such horrid things could be practised and connived at, contrasting it with the Government of Great Britain, where the oppressions and unnatural inequalities which attend Monarchy in other countries are precluded, and in a great measure softened by equal laws and wise limitations. "No wonder," continued he, "that a violent thirst for liberty, and a desire of a reformation

reformation of Government is so prevalent at present among the French."

"Yet," replied Clifton, "there are people who imagine there is something in the character of the French, proceeding perhaps from the nature of the climate, or the effect of that luxury which has been carried such length among them, that renders them incapable of liberty; they are fond of the word, but seem to have no just notions of the thing itself. Those wanton exertions of power and injustice which, whether from design or mistake, sometimes take place among them, do not affect the minds of the generality of the French nation. You heard in what a light tone our friend the Marquis, though himself one of the sweetest tempered fellows alive, narrated the odious conduct of the Minister towards the naval officer; such a thing would excite universal indignation in England; and any Lord of the Admiralty, suspected of it, would be mob'd: it has no such effect here on the minds of high or low;—even the valet, from whom you have learnt all those particulars, saw nothing amiss in all he told
Q 3 you;

you ; that a Bourgeois should be cuckolded by a courtier he thought very entertaining ; that he should be shut up in prison when he became refractory and mutinous, he thinks in the natural order of things, and quite *selon les regles*. All the valets in France think in the same manner ; none of them conceive that there is any thing wonderful or shocking in a Roturier being insulted with impunity by a man of Quality. Tell the same story to a parcel of English footmen, and they will be filled with fury, and most assuredly insult both the Lady and her lover wherever they see them."

" But wherefore impute this," resumed Edward, " to climate, or any cause except the arbitrary nature of their Government, which has so long habituated the minds, especially of the inferior orders of this lively people, to acts of injustice, that they bear them with more tameness than people of even less sensibility would do, among whom such acts seldomer occur ? But if by any fatal concurrence of circumstances, which Heaven avert, it should be thought necessary to infringe the free nature of the Government

vernment established in Great Britain at the Revolution, by new restraints and severer laws, it will then appear whether terror cannot repress the national spirit, gradually deprive Englishmen of that hardihood and energy of character, that hatred of tyranny, that indignation at the sight of oppression which freedom inspires, rendering them at last as tame to injustice as the most submissive of their neighbours, without even a wish for liberty ; or like the Romans, in the reign of Augustus, described by Tacitus—*Ceteri Nobilium, quanto quis servitio promptior, opibus et honoribus extollerentur; ac novis ex rebus aucti, tuta et presentia, quam vetera et periculosa mallent.*”

“ No concurrence of circumstances,” replied Clifton, “ can render such an alteration in the British Government necessary.”

“ I am of your opinion,” said Edward ; “ and was only supposing a case.”

“ I hate even the supposition of such a thing,” resumed Clifton ; “ but if on any pretence the attempt were ever to be made, I am of opinion, that the spirit it would excite would produce an effect diametrically

opposite to what was intended, but equally fatal to that happy Constitution established in Great Britain in the year 1688."

"I am not much fonder of your supposition than you are of mine," said Edward; "and most heartily hope that neither will ever be verified."

"In that I cordially join you," rejoined Clifton; "but we have (I don't know how) slid into politics, which has produced the usual effect, and made us neglect the Lady. When do you intend to visit her?"

"Never! I detest the thought of her."

"She is a wicked jade, to be sure," resumed Clifton; "and if her guilt has affected her beauty; if it has made her teeth black, or rendered her *uni turpior ungui*, I shall rely upon your never going near her."

"I never shall."

"You will at least make her one visit, were it merely to upbraid her for her treachery to her husband."

"You may be as ironical as you please; but I certainly never will have any thing more to do with that woman."

"No!"

“No ! why you did not take her for a paragon of virtue,” said Clifton.

“Neither did I take her for such a model of vice,” rejoined Edward ; “and I now consider her as too shocking a creature to have any sort of connection with.”

“There are many who would not shew so much delicacy on such an occasion,” said Clifton.

“I hope not many,” replied Edward ; “for such perfidy, I should imagine, would revolt every heart of common sensibility ; for my own part, I cannot help being interested for the husband, and I should be happy if, by any trouble on my own part, I could procure the poor man his freedom ; it is painful to think on his situation.”

“It is, indeed,” added Clifton.

“I think I have heard you mention your being acquainted with the Minister ; if either directly, or by the means of some of your acquaintance, you could get this case fairly represented to him, my dear Clifton,” said Edward, “it might possibly have the desired effect.”

“We

“We may at least make the trial,” replied his friend; “and I’ll set about it directly.”

That same evening Mr. Clifton saw a French nobleman of his acquaintance, whom he knew to be on an intimate footing with the Minister, and who gave him good hopes that the man’s liberty would be obtained, if the circumstances were as Clifton represented.

Previous to the time of rendezvous appointed by the Lady, Edward sent her a letter by the valet de place, importing, “that although he could not meet her, yet as he understood she expressed great sorrow on account of her husband’s unjust confinement, he had the pleasure to inform her that he would be soon at liberty.”

A few days after, the nobleman to whom Clifton had applied told him that the Minister, at his request, had made inquiry concerning the man’s confinement; and as there was reason to believe that the expressions he was accused of having used had been, in some degree, aggravated and misrepresented,

represented, he would be set at liberty, which was done accordingly, after having been very gravely admonished by the Lieutenant de Police to be more prudent in future, and never to allow passion or a sense of injury from an individual to impel him to speak disrespectfully of the Government, for that was, in some measure, to shew disrespect to the sacred person of the Monarch himself.

Edward's chief motive in writing to the Lady was, that she might be prepared for her husband's release; for although he rejoiced in having contributed to it, yet, both on the husband's and the wife's account, he wished to prevent her being surprised with the Count by her husband.

In consequence of the information in Edward's letter, the Lady, though filled with rage and disappointment, took such arrangements as prevented any event of that nature; but the husband, after his enlargement, was informed of enough to prevent his living any more with his wife.

C H A P. LXIX.

Les 'amitiés renouées demandent plus de soins, que celles
qui n'ont jamais été rompues. ROCHEFOUCAULT

EDWARD kept up a constant literary correspondence with Mr. Temple, who resided generally at his new living, at no great distance from the seat of the nobleman who had appointed him to it ; a more particular knowledge of each other confirmed their reciprocal esteem, and established a considerable degree of intimacy between them. The Earl happened to consult Mr. Temple respecting a person then wanted for a public situation of confidence. Mr. Temple named Edward, as a young man in whom all the requisites which his Lordship had enumerated were united. On this occasion Mr. Temple learnt, for the first time, to whom he owed the living ; and the surprise he expressed made his Lordship recollect that he had inadvertently disclosed what he had

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promised

promised to conceal ; but finding it too late to draw back, he acquainted Mr. Temple with all the particulars of that transaction.

“ What your Lordship informs me of,” said Mr. Temple, “ surprises me *only* because I did not know that you were at that time acquainted with this young man, for it is entirely of a piece with all his conduct since I had the happiness of knowing him.”

A short time after this his Lordship informed Mr. Temple, that the affair he had formerly mentioned was nearly arranged ; desiring him to write to Edward to return to England immediately, as the Minister wished to converse with him previous to his going on his intended mission.

All Edward's friends, particularly Mrs. Barnet, rejoiced at this news, because they knew that the situation accorded equally with his taste and talents ; and as it was known that Mr. Clifton's health was much better, it was not doubted but that Edward would return directly on receiving Mr. Temple's letter.

Clifton

Clifton was persuaded that Edward would accompany him to the South, and even pass the winter with him, if he were to request it ; but being acquainted with his friend's views in life, the steadiness with which he pursued them, and the honourable motives on which they were founded, he thought that such a request would be unreasonable ; foreboding, however, that he himself should pass a tedious and melancholy winter in the South, if he went unaccompanied by the friend he loved, he resolved, in spite of the advice of the physicians, to return to England ; for it was in this youth's character to run any risk rather than endure what he thought tiresome or disagreeable.

Edward was alone in his chamber when he received Mr. Temple's letter with an account of the situation which had been procured for him, and the intreaties of Mr. and Mrs. Barnet, that he should return to England as speedily as possible. A situation of that nature was what he had greatly wished to obtain, ever since he had relinquished his hope of going into the army.

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He was roused from a reverie, which the perusal of this letter had thrown him into, by hearing Clifton giving orders to his servant in the passage, regarding their immediate return to England. This touched Edward sensibly. Shall I, thought he, connive at my friend's persevering in a measure dangerous to him, and which it is in my power to turn him from? Shall I now, from views of ambition, accept what I formerly refused to friendship? He snatched the pen, and wrote to the Earl and Mr. Temple in the warmest language of gratitude, but declaring, that as Mr. Clifton's health required his going to the South, he was determined to accompany him, and to pass the winter there; begging at the same time, that they would take measures for preventing Mr. Clifton from being informed of the new proposal that had been made to himself.

The following day, on hearing Clifton make some allusion to his speedy return to England, Edward said, "I will fairly confess to you, Jack, that being now on the Continent, with very little chance of ever
revisiting

revisiting it, I think with reluctance of quitting it so soon."

Clifton looked at him with surprise—"This lively people amuse me exceedingly," resumed he; "and what I have heard of Provence and Languedoc has greatly excited my curiosity. I shall not indulge it without you; and you will oblige me much if, without farther ceremony, you will agree to our directing our course to Lyons, instead of Calais."

In spite of this colouring, Clifton perceived the motive of this proposal, and felt it with a degree of sensibility which he could not express; he turned round, wiped his eyes, and went out of the room.

The two friends set out a few days after for Lyons. After spending a week in that beautiful and flourishing city, they descended the Rhone to Avignon, in company with a French officer, who had served during the late war in America; they soon discovered that he had more learning than French officers usually have, and that he had imbibed political opinions, which, however prevalent in France at that time, they did
not

not expect in one of his profession. These opinions were strengthened by a recent disappointment at Versailles, from whence he came, after two months attendance and fruitless solicitation for a preferment, which a much younger officer of noble family had obtained through the influence of a Prince of the Blood. This disappointment, fermenting in the man's mind with the republican ideas he had acquired in America, produced a violent animosity against the Court, the Princes of the Blood, and nobility in general; for this officer was a soldier of fortune, who had obtained a certain rank from services, although he was not of the Noblesse. He was on his way to join his regiment at Toulon, and accompanied the two gentlemen in the cursory view they took of Avignon. The cathedral is situated on a hill, from which there is an extensive prospect, not only of the county of Avignon, but of the principality of Orange, part of the provinces of Dauphiny, Languedoc, and Provence. While they contemplated this landscape, the French officer, in whose mind the ideas he had acquired in Ame-

rica were always present, began to exclaim at the contrast between the rich fertility of the country, and the squalid poverty of the peasants : " Why," cried he, " are the inhabitants of those fertile fields half-starved in the midst of such profusion ? Why is the cordial juice denied to the fainting labourer, and carried to the cellars of those whose health is already broken by intemperance ? Why is the morsel torn from over-laboured indigence, to swell the granaries of slothful gluttony ? But I am greatly mistaken if all this will be endured much longer." Then abruptly addressing his companions, he said, " Some very curious scenes were exhibited in your country, Gentlemen, about the middle and towards the end of the last century." And he afterwards explained, that he alluded to the fate of Charles the First, and that of James the Second.

" I thank Heaven !" said Edward, " that there is no probability of any such scenes being again acted in Europe."

" The history of mankind, however," said the Frenchman, " consists of a repetition
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tion of the same scenes in different countries at different periods."

"If similar scenes were to be repeated," added Clifton, "France is the last country in Europe in which they will be acted; the French in general being more attached to their princes than any other people."

"Nous avons un peu changé tout cela," replied the French officer; "the French army caught the Anglomanie in America; and since their return have infected their countrymen, and are now as likely to behead or banish a tyrant as any of their neighbours."

"Had James the Second possessed half the humanity and moderation of Lewis the Sixteenth, he never would have needed to have taken refuge at St. Germain," said Edward.

"I wish no harm to the King," rejoined the officer, whose rancour was chiefly directed against that Prince to whom he imputed the loss of his preferment; "but if any of the Bourbon Princes should be forced to take refuge in your island, do you think your countrymen would so far over-

come national prejudice as to imitate the hospitality of Lewis the Fourteenth to James, by lodging him in a palace?

“As the prejudices of my countrymen are always in favour of the unfortunate, I am convinced they would,” replied Clifton.

“I heartily wish,” rejoined the Frenchman, in a passionate tone, “that the experiment was made; and if half the Noblesse were included, it would be so much the better.”

The recollection of the injustice he had sustained, by a young nobleman, who had seen no service, being preferred to him, enraged the man to such a degree, that he abused the whole body of Noblesse without mercy; and he indulged his hatred the more freely, because neither of his companions having titles, he concluded that they were not allied to nobility, and of course would hear that class inveighed against with pleasure.

As he had named the young man who had been preferred to him, Edward recollected that his father was a nobleman of merit, who had distinguished himself as an excellent officer in the war in Germany.

When

When Edward mentioned this circumstance, the Frenchman replied—

Malo pater tibi sit Therſites, dummodo tu ſis
Æacidæ ſimilis, vulcaniaque arma Capeſſas,
Quam te Therſitæ ſimilem producat Achilles.

“ You ſeem to have ſtudied Juvenal’s eighth ſatire with great attention,” ſaid Clifton.

“ And you ſeem to have ſtudied it *con amore*,” added Edward; “ it is the ſevereſt ſatire that ever appeared againſt nobility.”

“ I have ſtudied the laſt war and revolution in America,” ſaid the Frenchman, “ ſucceſsfully conducted by merchants and mechanics, in oppoſition to Stateſmen and Generals of high birth and reputation, which I think a ſeverer ſatire againſt nobility ſtill. Something of a ſimilar nature, in ſome people’s opinion, is in great forwardneſs in this country at preſent.”

From the cathedral the three Gentlemen walked to the church of Cordeliers, a very fine Gothic building, in which there are ſome valuable paintings; but what chiefly draws the attention of travellers to this church is to view the tombs of Laura,
the

the celebrated mistress of Petrarch, and of Crillon, so distinguished for his bravery during the war of the League and the reign of Henry the Fourth of France.

Speaking of this celebrated Lady the Officer observed, "that whatever other accomplishments she possessed, she certainly had no great taste for poetry, otherwise the admired sonnets which Petrarch had composed in her praise would have moved her more, and enabled him at length to have carried his point."

"It is not very clear what his point was," said Edward.

"Diable !" cried the officer, with an air of astonishment ; "I should have thought *that* the clearest thing in the world."

"Certain historians assert," added Edward, "that Pope Benoit the Twelfth advised him to propose marriage to Laura, which the poet declined."

"That proves nothing," said the officer ; "the point he wished to carry might be clear for all that."

"The reason that he assigned for declining the Pope's advice," resumed Clifton,
" was

“ was - lest the familiarities of the married state should abate the enthusiasm of his admiration, and the ardour of his love.”

“ Parbleu,” exclaimed the officer, “ Voila un animal bien delicat ; it is,” added he, “ as if a man was to refuse to eat his dinner, lest it should spoil his appetite.”

From Avignon the two friends proceeded to Aix, and thence to Toulon, accompanied by the officer whose regiment was quartered there. He introduced them to his brother officers, and other gentlemen, whose lively conversation was so agreeable to the natural gaiety of Clifton's disposition, that it was with difficulty he could be prevailed on by Edward to quit Toulon for the village of Hiers, which had been strongly recommended by the physicians, as the properest residence for him during the winter.

The country from Toulon to Hiers resembles a continued garden, richly planted with olive, fig, and fruit trees, vines, grenadines, and palm-trees. The village of Hiers itself is situated amidst extensive orange gardens, screened from the N. E. wind, by a mountain richly cultivated ; while it is

open to the Mediterranean, and within sight of the island of St. Marguerite; the air being more mild and salutary here, perhaps, than in any part of France.

They remained in this place during the severity of the winter; after which they visited other parts of the South of France, and having made a second visit to Lyons, they turned to Geneva, and made a tour through Swizerland, intending from thence to return to England: but Mr. Clifton having caught a fresh cold, attended with threatening symptoms, he was advised to pass the winter in Italy, and being convinced that no consideration would prevail on Edward to leave him while he was thought in a doubtful state of health, he disdained the affectation of ever mentioning the subject.

C H A P. LXX.

She felt, or fancied in her fluttering mood,
All the diseases which the Spittles know,
And sought all physic which the shops bestow,
And still new leaches and new drugs would try,
Her humour ever wavering to and fro.

THOMPSON.

AFTER passing the Alps, they proceeded by moderate journees through Italy, making a short stay in the principal towns, in their way to Naples, where they had been advised to make a longer residence, the air of that place being thought most suitable to Clifton's state of health.

Of all the English, who at that time resided in Naples, they formed the greatest intimacy with a Mr. and Mrs. Anguish; and as this was the commencement of a friendship that continued during the lives of all the four, it is proper to make the reader a little acquainted with this Gentleman and Lady.

Mr. Anguish had been originally intended for the profession of physic, and was a student of medicine, when by the death of
his

his elder brother, he succeeded to his father's estate. He some time after married the heiress of a fortune more considerable than his own, which, however, he could not possess without changing his own name to that of Anguish, which was the name of his wife.

Mr. Anguish was a man of good sense, agreeable manners, and a genteel appearance. All those qualities, no doubt, had some weight in forwarding his suit; but it was supposed, that the circumstance which first recommended him to the Lady, and most contributed to his success, was his having studied medicine.

Mrs. Anguish was a woman of a most benevolent disposition, genteel in her manners, beautiful in her countenance, and to those who judged merely from her looks, agility, appetite, and other obvious symptoms, she seemed to have an excellent constitution, and to be in perfect health. She herself, however, was convinced that all these symptoms were erroneous, and that she was in a dying condition; this discovery she had made in consequence of reading
ing

ing some medical books, which had accidentally fallen into her hands, and which she perused with equal anxiety and ardor. Being soon convinced that her case was almost desperate, she consulted a physician, who was a good deal surprised to hear a woman of a blooming countenance, and in every respect a healthful appearance, enumerate a list of complaints, belonging to diseases, opposite in their nature, and claiming them all as her own.

When he attended to her narrative, he could hardly believe his own eyes, and when he considered her looks, he could not believe a word he heard. He thought proper, however, to act as if he believed, and prescribed some innocent medicine. After this she seldom thought herself in tolerable security for a single day, without swallowing some drug, either to remove the disease she imagined was actually begun, or for the purpose of precluding that which was fast approaching; this practice had almost reduced her in reality to the state in which she was before only in imagination: when Mr. Anguish paid his court to her, the

9 interest

interest which she soon took in this gentleman turned her attention to new objects, and for some time after their marriage, they both enjoyed health of body and peace of mind. But her husband having been suddenly called on pressing business to London, where he was detained longer than she expected, she unfortunately found a treatise on air among his books, and before she had got half through it, she began to be troubled with a difficulty of breathing. As this was a symptom she had never perceived before, she was exceedingly alarmed, and told her husband as soon as he returned to the country, that the air of England, particularly in summer, was much too thick for her constitution : it was immediately decided that they should set out for the south of France.

After spending a short time in that country, she took a suspicion that the air of Montpellier was by much too thin, on which account she persuaded her husband to hurry from it, with as much expedition as if she had heard that the plague had
broken

broken out again at Marseilles; they made short trials of the different airs, in various towns of Italy, without being long satisfied with any, until they arrived at Naples, where they remained longer than they had in any place since their leaving England.

Mr. Anguish had not only endeavoured to keep books of medicine from his wife's perusal, but he had also laboured to convince her that she had no need of any strict regimen, far less of any medicine; for that in his opinion she enjoyed a very sound constitution. This fully satisfied his wife that she had been egregiously mistaken, not respecting her own constitution, but in her former opinion of his skill in medicine; she still retained, however, all possible esteem and affection for him, as an amiable man. He on his part, when he perceived that his arguments could not convince his wife, gave up all reasoning on the subject, and accommodated himself to her prejudices, as much as an affectionate husband, who was at the same time a man of sense, could possibly do.

A little before the arrival of Clifton and Edward, Mrs. Anguish had begun to be tired of the society and amusements of Naples; the consequence of which was, that the air seemed not to agree with her so well as formerly, and had not they arrived she would probably have found it as pernicious as that of Montpellier; but the agreeable manners and entertaining conversation of those two Gentlemen, who lived almost constantly with her husband and her, gave such a new zest to the amusements of Naples, that she became satisfied that the air of that place was in a salutary medium, between that of England and France, and very suitable to her constitution.

While the party passed their time, however, in the most agreeable manner, Mrs. Anguish, by letters from England, received a piece of information which her husband had concealed; namely, that his return was necessary to his carrying a point on which he placed a great importance, but had determined to risk losing, rather than press his wife to go home, while she imagined

gined that her health required her remaining abroad.

Mrs. Anguish was of too generous a disposition not to be struck with the delicacy of her husband's conduct. This discovery made her recollect other instances of the same nature; she resolved not to be outdone in generosity, and proposed to him that they should immediately return to England.—Having expressed surprise, Mr. Anguish asked what had determined her so suddenly to that measure; she gave no other explanation, than that she found her health better. Clifton and Edward used their endeavours with both to prevail on them to postpone their journey. Mrs. Anguish was inflexible, and they set out directly. Edward however had the satisfaction to know that their residence in England was in future to be at Mrs. Anguish's estate, in a different county, but at no great distance from Barnet-hall, a spacious house having during their absence been repaired and fitted for that purpose.

The two young Gentlemen remained a short time at Naples after the departure
of

of Mr. and Mrs. Anguish ; Clifton's health being entirely re-established, and both wishing to visit those parts of Italy which they had not yet seen. After a pretty extensive tour they returned to France, passing through Franche-Comte and Champagne.

On their arrival at Paris, Clifton found a note at his banker's, informing him that his mother had been there for some weeks ; —he hastened to the hotel in which she lodged — she expressed infinite satisfaction on finding him restored to perfect health ; she had addressed letters to Naples, to acquaint him with her intention of meeting him at Paris ; a resolution she had suddenly formed, when she understood he was on his return. He had received none of them.

Lady Ann Clifton was so rejoiced at sight of her son, and so sensible of Edward's attentions to him, that her early prejudices against that young man were entirely obliterated. She expressed her gratitude and regard with equal warmth and sincerity. Edward passed some weeks very agreeably with

th the mother and son ; but Lady Ann
ring shewn an inclination to make a tour
ough some of the southern provinces of
nce, her son immediately declared that
would accompany her. They set out
ordingly, and Edward on the same day
Paris for London.

C H A P. LXXI.

Le plus dangereux ridicule des vieilles personnes qui ont été aimables, c'est d'oublier qu'elles ne sont plus.
 ROCHEFOUCAULT.

WHEN Edward arrived at Barnet-hall, he found Mr. and Mrs. Temple and Mr. Wormwood assembled there. He was received with kindness by Mr. Barnet, with maternal affection by Mrs. Barnet, with every mark of good-will and regard by the rest of the company.

Mr. Waller was the first visitor who made an agreeable addition to this society. Mr. Barnet afterwards frequently asserted that this week was the pleasanter he had ever passed in his life; and what is still a stronger proof of the truth of the assertion, he declared the same every day while the week was passing.

It was with particular satisfaction that Edward was informed of Mr. and Mrs. Anguish's being established at their new residence,

residence, and that they had already been visited by his friends. Mr. Waller at the same time informed him, that he was nearly related to that Lady, and was besides an old college companion of her husband; that he had heard them speak with much satisfaction of the pleasure they had enjoyed in his and Mr. Clifton's society at Naples; and as he was then going to visit them, he proposed that Edward should accompany him.

Mr. Barnet, who never could conceal his feelings, said, "that if Mr. Waller was determined to go, there was no help for it, but that he ought not to entice others from the company."

Every one present was hurt at this rude speech, but it gave secret pleasure to Mrs. Barnet, to observe that Louisa seemed more shocked than any of them.

"My husband," said Mrs. Barnet, "cannot bear to lose the company of any of his friends; but if Edward will engage to bring Mr. Waller back with him, I dare say, my dear, you will agree to their both going at present."

“To be sure I will,” replied Barnet, “provided they both return to-morrow, or the day after at farthest.”

“I hope Mr. Waller will agree to this compromise?” said Mrs. Barnet.

“With the greatest pleasure, Madam,” replied Mr. Waller.

Matters being thus arranged, Mr. Waller and Edward set out together; they were received with the warmest welcome by Mr. and Mrs. Anguish. After some conversation with Edward concerning their Neapolitan acquaintance, Mr. Anguish said, “that before dinner he would present them both to a Lady, who equalled in beauty the handsomest woman they had seen in Italy.”

“If my husband,” said Mrs. Anguish, “met with any Lady in Italy who equalled her, it must have been in secret, and unknown to me, for I saw nothing that could be compared to the young person now with us.”

Edward did not think that Mrs. Anguish had over-rated her beauty, when he was presented to her. The name of this young
Lady

Lady was Caroline Huntly. She had lately arrived from the Continent, where she had passed two years with her uncle, a Gentleman of the name of Morton, who had been obliged to reside in the south of France, on account of his health. On the death of Mr. Morton, who left her a very considerable fortune, the young Lady returned to live with Mrs. Nevile, to whose care and protection Miss Huntly's mother had, on her death-bed, in the most pathetic manner, consigned her while a child.

Mrs. Nevile was the widow of an officer in the army, who had been killed while abroad in the service of his country. She was a woman of a most respectable character, related to Mrs. Anguish, for whom she had a great affection. She had brought her young friend to Mr. Anguish's, in the intention of spending several weeks there, but on receiving a letter from her husband's uncle, who was a general officer in the army, pressing her to meet him at London, on some business of importance, she had yielded to the intreaties of Mr. and Mrs. Anguish, in leaving Miss

Huntly with them, when she herself went to meet the General.

Mr. and Mrs. Anguish had frequently spoken of Clifton and Edward, as the two handsomest and most agreeable young men they had ever been acquainted with, and at one time, after some conversation of that kind, in the hearing of Miss Huntly, Mr. Anguish said, "that their mutual friendship was more admirable, and perhaps more extraordinary, than their appearance;" he then related Edward's adventure with the Lady in the stocking-shop at Paris, which Clifton had imparted to him, with other anecdotes highly to the honour of his friend.

"I confess," added Mr. Anguish, "that when I heard this story, I told Mr. Clifton that I suspected his friend's attachment to the Lady had been but slender, since he could quit her so easily; to which he made a reply which I never shall forget.—It is natural for you (said he to me) to think so, because you are unacquainted with the energy of my friend's character; but I can assure you that the beauty and sprightliness of that woman had

had made a very deep impression on him—as they might have made on one less susceptible of such impressions than he is; but the instant he became acquainted with the baseness of her disposition, that strong abhorrence which he has against all perfidy was so roused, that,

——the wanton Cupid
Did from his neck unloose his amorous fold,
And like a dew-drop from a lion's mane
Was shook in air."

This story, which Mr. Anguish had related a few days before the arrival of Waller and Edward, had struck Miss Huntly's fancy, and excited her curiosity to see him; and Edward did not, in her eyes, fall short of the expectation which the praises of Mrs. Anguish and of Mr. Clifton had raised. Symmetry united with elegance distinguished his person, while his countenance announced reflection,

He had been so much distinguished for an engaging and easy air before he left England, that it was thought his manner could not be improved; but while abroad, he acquired a greater degree of frankness,

without losing his former modesty. His most distinguished graces, however, he derived from no master, either at home or abroad. The expressive comeliness of his countenance, and the elegant proportions of his person he inherited from nature; the modesty, yet manliness of his general manner were the product of reflection and conscious uprightness; his behaviour and stile of conversation impressed the idea of his being a youth of sense, benevolence, and spirit—one who would not behave with haughtiness to a beggar, nor put up with arrogance from a Prince.

Mrs. Anguish, when she did not think of her health, was generally gay, and as she had a sincere esteem for every individual of the present company, which consisted of her husband, Miss Huntly, Edward, Mr. Waller, and herself, she was in high spirits all the evening. Perceiving that Edward behaved with rather a ceremonious respectfulness to Miss Huntly, who also seemed more serious than usual, “Do you know,” said she, addressing Edward, “that you are not so great a stranger
to

o this young Lady as you imagine; she has known you for some time, by the portrait which I drew of you for her."

"She will find the original, I fear, far inferior to the idea which your friendly pencil conveyed," replied he.

"He expects a compliment, but let us disappoint him," said Mrs. Anguish in a loud voice, but in the attitude of whispering into the ear of Miss Huntly; then turning to Edward, she added, "What you say is very true, *I did flatter*, but how can a poor painter do otherwise?—nobody is satisfied with his portrait, unless it is handsomer than the original; a portrait that resembles too accurately always displeases the person who sat for it."

"I do not know why that should be," said Miss Huntly; "for it is thought that people in general are extremely well pleased with their persons and faces, as well as their understandings. One would imagine, therefore, that the same partiality that makes people think their own faces handsome, even when they are homely, would

would make them think what resembles their own faces handsome also."

"However natural it is to think so," said Mr. Waller, "it certainly is not the case; for people, who view their own natural face with wonderful complacency, are often out of humour at the sight of a portrait which represents that face just as it is."

"I see nothing inconsistent in that," rejoined Mrs. Anguish; "because it is natural that people should have more partiality for their own flesh and blood, than for a piece of painted canvas."

"Well, for my part," said Mr. Anguish, "I think portrait painters have a very difficult task, and are often unjustly used; when I was last in town a friend of mine, an artist of great merit, had the portrait of a Lady (whose age ought to have rendered her more reasonable) returned on his hands, although every body, except the Lady herself, thought it very like, exceedingly well painted, and that it had no fault, except being a little handsomer than the original."

"The painter's error perhaps was, that he made it *only a little* instead of a great deal handsomer than the original," said Miss Huntly.

"You have precisely hit it," said Mr. Anguish, "as appeared by her accepting with pleasure another portrait done for her, without the least likeness, and infinitely handsomer than she had ever been."

"As my husband has entertained us with an anecdote of a *Lady*, I beg leave," said Mrs. Anguish, "to give you one of a *Gentleman* who treated a painter with as great injustice;—the face of this same *Gentleman*, who by the way is a Peer of the Realm, has, unfortunately, no more expression than a dish of *blanc-mange*; the painter however, considering the subject he had to work upon, was thought to have succeeded wonderfully; yet his Lordship, who has no more bowels than features, had the cruelty to throw the portrait on the poor painter's hand, giving as a reason, that although it had a great deal of resemblance, it wanted the *spirit* of his countenance."

"This

“This may be a subject of pleasantry to you, good folks,” said Mr. Anguish, “but it is a very serious matter to many poor portrait painters.”

Mrs. Anguish was at this time making preparations for a concert and ball, to which all the genteel company of the county had been invited.—A celebrated Italian singer was engaged for the concert, with which the entertainment was to begin. Mrs. Anguish desired Edward to inform Mr. Wormwood that the Italian was certainly to be with them. “I know,” added she, “that Mr. Wormwood is so very fond of music, that this information will make us sure of having his company.”

“From the morose manner of that Gentleman,” said Miss Huntly, “instead of being *moved by the concord of sweet sounds*, I should have suspected him of a taste for *treasons, stratagems, and spoils*.”

Edward took some pains to remove the unfavourable notion Miss Huntly seemed to have of his friend Wormwood, assuring her, that in spite of his rough
and

and cynical manner, he was a friendly and benevolent man; and he desired her to recollect, that in the very same play from which she had quoted, the *Treasure* was placed in the roughest and least promising of the three caskets.

The conversation was interrupted by a footman who delivered a card to Mrs. Anguish from Lady Bab Maukish : Mr. Anguish, perceiving that his wife smiled as she glanced it over, observed that Lady Bab was certainly more entertaining than usual; Mrs. Anguish handed the card to her husband, who read it aloud : “ Lady Bab Maukish presents compliments to Mrs. Anguish,—is extremely sorry she cannot be at her concert next week, being confined with rheumatisms—but is extremely glad that the Signora is to be there, because she will give pleasure to all the amateurs and true lovers that are present, for, as his Grace the Duke of Illyria says,

“ *If music be the food of love, play on.*”

“ Well,” said Mr. Anguish, “ I am extremely sorry for her Ladyship’s rheumatisms,

matism, but I am *extremely* glad that she is not to be here."

The following morning, Mr. Waller hinted to Edward that they had promised to return on that day to Barnet-hall; but Edward put him in mind, that they were expected either that day or the next; and that Mr. and Mrs. Anguish might take it amiss, if they shewed an unnecessary inclination to be gone.

When they were preparing the next day to take their leave, Lady Bab Maukish, to the surprise of the whole company, was announced. As soon as she entered, she addressed Mrs. Anguish, "When I wrote to you, my dear Madam, I really believed that I should not have been able to leave my bed-chamber for a month, because Dr. Scribble assured me that my rheumatism was quite nervous, and that the nervous disease assumes all manner of shapes, just like *Porteus*; but for my own part, I have found it more like *Mungo* in the farce,—here and there, and every where,—sometimes in my head, sometimes—

In my foot, sometimes in my stomach, and sometimes——”

As Mrs. Anguish had the misfortune to think she was in danger of being seized by every disease she heard described, however slow in its nature and progress it might be, no wonder that she now began to imagine it impossible to escape from one so rapid in its motions. She became pale and was ready to faint, which Lady Bab observing, interrupted her narrative, and said, “Pray, my dear Mrs. Anguish, be not so much alarmed; for the apothecary told me this morning, that my complaint was not nervous at all, but only spasmodic, which made me so happy, that I set out directly to inform you that I will certainly be at your concert, and, if possible, will stay to the ball.”

C H A P. LXXII.

Grace was in all her steps.

MILTON.

MR. Waller and Edward returned as they had promised to Barnet-hall. The attention of the former to Miss Barnet became every hour more agreeable to the young Lady herself, while Mrs. Barnet, and by her care her husband, seemed to take no notice of the friendly footing on which they were.—Miss Barnet was highly pleased with the friendship which had taken place between Mr. Waller and Edward, and was much gratified with the praises which each bestowed on the other in his absence.

Mr. Waller's intention was to remain in this part of the country, until the entertainment and ball at Mr. Anguish's should be over; but two days before that, he was informed of an affair which required his presence in London, where

he foresaw he would be detained some days. He happened to be alone with Miss Barnet when he received the letter which gave him this information, and having communicated to her that he would be deprived of the pleasure of being at the ball, as he was obliged to set out for London immediately, she said with an air of concern, that she hoped it was not any unfortunate accident which made him leave them so abruptly. He answered, that it was nothing unfortunate, but that she might conclude it was something very important, which was able to drag him from the happiness of her company. Encouraged by the concern she had expressed, he ventured to make a direct declaration of love—and a proposal of marriage.

Miss Barnet, notwithstanding the coquetry in which she sometimes indulged herself, had too much good sense to pretend to be displeased, or even much surprised at this declaration. She answered, with a smile, that it betrayed more rashness than she had imagined belonged to his character,

rather, for him to wish to engage in two important businesses at the same time; she begged therefore that he would proceed to London, and finish the first before he thought farther of the second.

Mr. Waller had no reason to be discontented with this answer, and still less with the Lady's manner of giving it.

After taking leave of the family, he set out in high spirits for London.

On the day of the ball Mrs. Barnet accompanied her daughter to Mr. Anguish's. Edward went on horseback, and having stopped at an inn adjacent, to which he had previously sent a servant with a change of clothes, he dressed there, and arrived at the assembly a little after the concert, but before the ball began. The company was numerous. A good many minuets had been danced, when Mrs. Anguish, who stood by Miss Huntly, beckoned to Edward:—"I have good news for you," said she; "your friend, Mr. Clifton, thinks of being in England soon; my husband has received a letter from him, but by the way I suspect that

Clifton and you have entered into a treaty to praise each other, for in this letter to Anguish, he has made a sketch of you, more flattering, but not so like as the portrait I formerly drew to this young Lady; however," continued she, addressing Miss Huntly, "that I may be able to judge more accurately, will you do me the pleasure, my dear, to dance a minuet with the original?"

"If the original is so inclined," said Miss Huntly.

They had to wait till a couple who greatly engaged the attention of the spectators had finished. One was the wife of a newly created peer, whose elevation to the upper house did not deprive the lower of one particle either of talent or virtue, but wonderfully increased the airs of the Lady.

Her partner was related by blood, and still more by disposition, to her Ladyship; he was the son of a man who, by a long course of dishonest industry having accumulated a large fortune, died just at the time which he had fixed for beginning

to enjoy it. The son was then at the University, which he immediately quitted; and having spent five years abroad,

Returning he proclaimed by many a grace,
By strugs, and strange contortions of the face,
How much a dunce, that has been sent to roam,
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home*.

During his travels his awkward timidity was converted into pert self-sufficiency, leaving his original meanness unaltered—in his dress he combined tawdriness with expence, and he performed his minuet in the most affected manner.

As soon as this couple finished their exhibition, Edward led Miss Huntly to the bottom of the room. The whole company were struck with the contrast between them and their immediate predecessors. If the natural beauty of Miss Huntly could have been improved by art, the fine taste of her dress might have had that effect; the easy elegance of her movements seemed quite unstudied, and perhaps seemed so the more, that they were in some measure at least the work of the best masters.

* Cowper.

Edward

Edward had not neglected the accomplishment of dancing; to excel in which a fine symmetry of shape, and wonderful ease of air had peculiarly fitted him:—these, with a blooming manliness of countenance, and the most engaging simplicity of manner, equally modest and unembarrassed, drew the silent approbation of the women, as much as the striking beauty of Miss Huntly did the loud applause of the men.

When the country dances began, Miss Huntly danced the first and second with a young man of higher rank than any at the ball;—in the course of the evening she and Edward frequently met, but as he perceived that she was continually surrounded by Gentlemen of the highest pretensions, in the assembly, he refrained from asking her to be his partner in a country dance, a piece of reserve which she would have been better pleased he had waved.

Mrs. Anguish, who was fond of dancing, when she forgot that she was in ill health,

seeing him disengaged, proposed to dance down one country dance with him.

When it was finished, quitting him she went into a room where Miss Huntly was drinking tea. She whispered to her, "Do you know, my dear, that this Edward is one of the most agreeable young fellows in the world—don't you think so?"

"My acquaintance with him is too short to enable me to give any opinion on the subject," replied Miss Huntly; "I can only say from my own knowledge, that he dances a minuet very genteelly."

"He dances country dances full as well, I can assure you," said Mrs. Anguish; "why don't you dance one with him?"

"He has not done me the honour to ask me," replied Miss Huntly.

"You are so surrounded with Lords, that nobody else can get near you," resumed Mrs. Anguish.

"That is my misfortune, but not my fault," said Miss Huntly; "I can dance with none but those who ask me, although they should be Lords."

"Well,

"Well, my dear, I'll try to relieve you with a Commoner," said Mrs. Anguish; leaving her to go in search of Edward, who, without having seen Mrs. Anguish, came up soon after to Miss Huntly. She, feeling a difficulty to inform him on what errand Mrs. Anguish was gone, hoped that he would ask her for the next dance, before any other person should put it out of her power to grant his request.—Edward however did not immediately profit by the opportunity, which vexed Miss Huntly still more when she saw two Gentlemen hurrying towards her: he who had the start of the other, was the wealthy heir above-mentioned; he immediately begged she would be his partner in the dance that was then forming; Miss Huntly seeming a little disconcerted, he repeated, "if you are not already engaged, Madam, I hope you will do me that honour."

"I am afraid—I mean, I believe I am not, Sir," said she, throwing a look of less good humour than was her usual at Edward.

She had no sooner joined in the dance, than Mrs. Anguish accosted Edward; "I have been looking for you," said she; "I wish to see you dance a country dance with Miss Huntly;—do you know what is become of him?"

He answered, "that she had just left him to join in the dance."

When Mrs. Anguish saw who Miss Huntly had for her partner—"Why did you not save her from that affected fool?" said she.

Edward seeming uneasy, "Come," returned Mrs. Anguish, "it is no great matter, you shall engage her for the next dance; in the mean time walk a little this way, and let us not look at them, for I know that ridiculous creature will put her out of countenance."

The dance was no sooner finished, than Mrs. Anguish went to the relief of her friend, who was fretted and disconcerted with the affected airs of her partner.—She led her to the end of the room under the pretence of having something to communicate.

Edward

Edward joined them just as Miss Huntly had declared to her friend that she had got a complete surfeit of dancing.

"Let me prescribe for your surfeit, my dear," said Mrs. Anguish; "you know I am a great doctress."

"On condition that you will take fewer prescriptions yourself, I will be your patient," replied Miss Huntly.

"Then I order you to dance your surfeit off with this Gentleman," said Mrs. Anguish.

"That is prescribing as a remedy some more of the very drug that made me sick," resumed Miss Huntly.

"The drug will be so differently applied, that it will have a very different effect," said Mrs. Anguish.

"After what I have said, I am bound to make the experiment," Miss Huntly answered.

Edward thanked her for the honour intended him, and they waited only till the dance was ended, that they might join in the next; but the gaiety of the assembly was interrupted by an unexpected incident.

C H A P. LXXIII.

1. Virtue (for mere good-nature is a fool) is sense and spirit with humanity. ARMSTRONG.

Miss Barnet's old acquaintance, Sir Charles Royston, having found means to make a compromise with his creditors, had returned to England. He had written several pathetic letters to her from the Continent, and one since his return, assuring the young Lady of the persevering and disinterested nature of his love, the severity of his sufferings, &c. &c. &c. but the slight impression he had made on her fancy was now effaced, and she knew the just value of these expressions.

In answer to his first letter she informed him, in polite but decisive terms, that his pursuit would be vain; and she intreated him, for her ease as well as his own, not to continue it. On his persevering, she returned his letters unopened.

Sir Charles, however, thought this conduct was not dictated by the genuine sentiments

ments of the young Lady, but entirely proceeded from parental constraint. He was a distant relation of Mr. Anguish, who knew nothing of his former adventure with Miss Barnet. He had a few days before come to the house of a friend of his, who lived at no great distance from Barnet-hall; and having received an invitation to the ball, he attended in the hopes of meeting her. He did not think proper to make up to her, however, in the presence of her mother, next to whom Louisa constantly sat, except when she was herself dancing. Colonel Snug came and invited her to dance just as she had taken her seat, but she begged to postpone it a little, upon her mother's observing that she seemed already overheated. A female acquaintance of Mrs. Barnet's came a little after, and desired to speak to her in an adjoining room.

"I will return to you immediately, my dear," said she to her daughter as she went out of the ball-room.

Sir Charles Royston, who watched the opportunity, immediately accosted Miss Barnet. She received him with coldness,

and walked to that end of the room where Mrs. Anguish was sitting with Miss Huntly; a group of Gentlemen stood near, admiring the latter. One of them wishing to speak to Edward, had drawn him a little aside; meanwhile Sir Charles, following Miss Barnett, pressed her to dance with him. "I have already danced a great deal; I am tired, and beg to be excused," said she.

"Be pleased to be seated, Madam," resumed he; "when you have rested a little I hope you will do me the honour of standing with me."

"I do not know that I shall dance any more to-night," said she, a little peevishly.

"What, Madam! not to-night!" said he with a tone of surprise, not entirely free from anger.

"No, Sir," answered she briskly, "very probably not."

"You seem to be out of humour, Madam. Pray what is the matter?"

"Truly, Sir, I see no necessity for my rendering any account to you," replied she with warmth.

"I cannot

"I cannot help being concerned, Madam, at seeing the sweet serenity of your temper disturbed," he rejoined sneeringly.

"I desire you will leave me, Sir," said Miss Barnet, with passion.

"Let me first ask, Madam," said he, "if you now imitate the tone of your papa, when his chicken is overdone, or his soup is understewed?"

"You are extremely impertinent," said she, flinging from him, and seating herself opposite to Miss Huntly.

Sir Charles, with a loud laugh, joined the cluster of Gentlemen, among whom was Colonel Snug.

"Sir Charles," said one of them, "Miss Barnet seems not to be in the humour of dancing with you."

"If she is not in the humour of dancing with me, she shall dance with nobody this night, *that* I engage for," answered he, with a haughty air.

Colonel Snug heard this, and observed that Miss Barnet looked to him, as if to invite him to renew his request, that she would

would dance with him, which was precisely her meaning.

The Colonel, however, not thinking this the most favourable moment, slunk to the bottom of the room, and from thence into the garden.

Edward had heard Royston's words indistinctly; he begged of the person who was talking with him, to repeat what Sir Charles had said; which being done, Edward stepped up to him saying, "Whether that Lady shall dance again or not will depend entirely on her own inclination, Sir."

"I would not advise you, young Gentleman, to attempt dancing with her this night!" replied Sir Charles.

Edward walked directly to Miss Barnet, and begged that she would do him the honour of dancing with him.

Full of indignation at Sir Charles, whose insolent speech she had overheard, she presented her hand to Edward, saying, "With the utmost pleasure."

"I thought, Madam," said Sir Charles, again accosting Miss Barnet, "that you had
not

not been to dance any more to-night. I think you told me so."

"If I did," replied she, "you now see that I have altered my mind."

"Is that a custom of your's, Madam?" said he.

"I do not wish to have any farther conversation with you, Sir," replied Miss Barnet.

"You are mighty obliging, Madam," said she, with an ironical smile.

"You heard, Sir, what the Lady said," resumed Edward.

"I did, sweet Sir," said Sir Charles; "but although the Lady declines conversation," added he in a low voice, "I shall expect to exchange a few words with you, if you persist in dancing with her."

"When the dance is over, I shall be at your service," Edward replied, in the same low voice.

Mrs. Anguish, who knew nothing of the dispute, came up to desire Sir Charles and Edward to be seated, for the dance was about to begin. The Baronet immediately withdrew,

drew, and she said to Edward, "Why do you not go to your partner? She certainly waits for you. On which, leading Mrs. Anguish a little aside, he said, "My dear Madam, I am under an absolute necessity of dancing this dance with Miss Barnet; pray make my excuse to Miss Huntly, and do not put an harsh construction on a conduct which I am unexpectedly *obliged* to adopt, as will be explained hereafter."

"Such conduct never can be explained," said Mrs. Anguish.

"Pray spare me, dearest Madam, and be assured, that nobody can respect Miss Huntly more than I do; or can be more sensible than I am of the honour she has done me."

The first couple having arrived at the place where Miss Barnet stood, Edward was called to join her.

Miss Huntly, who sat in expectation of his leading her to the dance, was surprised when she saw him engaged as the partner of Miss Barnet. When he arrived at the top, immediately before he began to dance down, he went to Miss Huntly, and, with

with agitation, and an accent of much concern, said, "The obligation under which I am to act as I now do is indispensable. Were this not the case I should be the greatest brute on earth. When you know the circumstances which have brought me under this necessity, I hope it will prevent you from regretting the honour you intended me."

"I believe, Sir, you are waited for," replied she drily.

Edward returned to his place, and resumed the dance.

Mrs. Anguish then came, and seating herself by Miss Huntly, "Did you ever know any thing so extraordinary?" said she.

"If we were to meet with nothing new, my dear," replied Miss Huntly, with an air of indifference, "we should soon tire of this world."

"His conduct is inexplicable," rejoined Mrs. Anguish. "I shall never forgive him."

"That would be giving the affair more importance than it deserves, even should

it never be explained," rejoined Miss Huntly.

"It never can be explained," added Mrs. Anguish; "do you think it can?"

"Why truly," answered Miss Huntly, "it is hardly worth while to bestow much thought on the subject; though it is so very singular, that one must suppose he has some reason for his conduct that we do not comprehend."

"You are more ready to forgive than I should be on such an occasion," said Mrs. Anguish.

"You imagine, then, that I have met with a great misfortune," rejoined Miss Huntly.

"On the contrary, all the world must think that the misfortune is his," said Mrs. Anguish.

"Let us not then, my dear, be inexorable to the unfortunate," rejoined Miss Huntly. "Let us not condemn the unhappy youth," added she, with assumed gaiety, "till we know what he has to move in arrest of judgment."

When

When the dance was ended Mrs. Barnet took her daughter into a room where there were refreshments, forbidding her to dance any more, as it was near the hour when she had ordered the carriage.

As they were retiring, Sir Charles Royston passing close to Edward, whispered, "You'll not go, Sir; you'll receive a message from me soon."

"I will not stir until I hear from you," replied Edward.

Within half an hour an officer belonging to a regiment of dragoons, quartered in the neighbourhood, touched him on the shoulder, and leading him aside, said, "I have a message from Sir Charles Royston to deliver to you."

"Come this way, then," replied Edward, walking out of the room.

When they were in the garden, "Sir Charles desires you to meet him to-morrow morning," resumed the officer; "and expects you will bring your pistols and a friend with you."

Edward answered, "That he would readily meet Sir Charles at the time appointed; yet,"

yet," added he, "I am somewhat at a loss with regard to pistols, having none with me ; and to ask for them now may create suspicions."

"I am glad that it is in my power to accommodate you, my dear Sir," said the officer ; "you shall have mine : they are as sweet a pair as any in the three kingdoms, and have done execution before now."

Edward thanked him in polite terms.

"I never travel without them," said the officer.

"I have never heard of highwaymen in this part of the country," said Edward.

"Nor I," replied the officer ; "and if I had, I should not trouble myself to carry the pistols on their account. Highwaymen are a species of sharks who are not fond of attacking us lobsters ; they know we are a little too hard to crack. No, my dear Sir, highwaymen know that soldiers have not much money ; and what they have they fight for."

"Since that is the case," resumed Edward, "how come you to travel always with pistols ?"

"Because,"

“Because,” answered the officer, “I find them very useful in accommodating any little difference I may accidentally have with a friend, or which one friend may chance to have with another.”

“By the way,” said Edward, “I fear I shall have some difficulty in finding a friend to accompany me; for there is no gentleman here whom I should like to acquaint with our intended meeting, lest he should divulge it.”

“If any friend of mine were to serve me such a trick,” said the officer, “I should wring his nose from his countenance, and throw it in his face, the very first time I chanced to meet with him, were it in a church.”

“In church!” cried Edward.

“Ay, d—n me,” continued the officer, “in the best in Christendom, and in the middle of the service.”

“To prevent *my* being put to any such disagreeable necessity,” said Edward, “I will meet Sir Charles without speaking to any body else. I am satisfied that you are a man of honour; your presence will an-

swer every purpose ; and I desire no other second."

"No, no," replied the officer, "that can hardly be ; though I am very much obliged to you for your good opinion, my dear fellow ; and I heartily wish it were in my power to accommodate you."

Edward seemed uneasy at his not agreeing.

"Come," resumed the officer, "since you are at a loss, I will shew you that I am not unworthy your confidence ; and I am determined to attend on this occasion as *your* friend, instead of Sir Charles's ; for I know he can easily find another second ; and I will go and tell him so directly."

Edward was a great deal surprised at such a singular instance of friendship from a stranger, for which, however, he thanked him in the warmest manner.

"It is nothing at all, my dear fellow," interrupted the officer, "but merely what I should expect from you or any other Gentleman, when I chance to be at the same pinch."

Edward

Edward repeated, "that he was very sensible of his kindness."

"We ought to do as we would be done by on all such occasions, like good Christians," said the officer.

"It is more, however, than I had a right to expect from you," resumed Edward; "and what I should not have taken the liberty to ask."

"Yet it is a liberty," replied the officer, "which all Gentlemen ought to *damus & petimus vicissim*, as we used to say at College," rejoined the officer.

"Well," said Edward, "I believe we had best return to the company, lest we should be observed. You will arrange every thing as you have so generously undertaken. I shall be at the inn where you lodge in proper time, that we may go together to the place where Sir Charles appoints."

"You are a gallant young fellow," said the officer, taking Edward by the hand; "and I will tell you a secret before we part, which you may keep to yourself; or, if you please, you may proclaim it to all the world, for I value the resentment of no man, when

I know that I have reason on my side : and what I have to tell you, my dear, is this, that I was witness to what passed between you and Sir Charles, and I do think, in my conscience, that he was to blame ; and if you had not anticipated me, I should have asked the young Lady myself to take a trip with me, although I am not acquainted with her ; for I never balked a handsome young woman in my life, when she was in the humour."

" I am happy that you approve of what I did," said Edward.

" I do from my soul," the officer added ; " for the devil a right had he to prevent her from dancing with another, although she was not in the disposition to dance with him."

" He certainly had no right," resumed Edward.

" And even if he had a right," continued the officer, " he ought not to have talked in such a threatening tone as must naturally prompt men of spirit to dispute it ; and so I will honestly confess that I am easier in my conscience in my being on your side than

than his; for although one is obliged in honour, on occasions like this, to attend whoever applies first, whether he is in the right or wrong, yet it is always some consolation for an honest man to think that he is on the side of justice; and so, my dear boy, I hope you will give this haughty genius such a quieting pill to-morrow morning, as will make him less outrageous all the rest of his life."

On separating from the officer Edward returned to the rooms. As he could not at that time explain the motives of his conduct, he wished to shun meeting Miss Huntly; but when he returned to the ball-room, he saw her sitting alone; Mrs. Anguish had just left her. The young Lady's eyes met his when he entered, and he could not avoid going to her. He again assured her, in the most earnest manner, that the idea of even seeming to have behaved with want of respect to her rendered him very unhappy.

"You take unnecessary trouble in apologizing to me for an injury of which I do not complain," replied she.

• “Your goodness, Madam, is an aggravation of my apparent crime,” Edward rejoined; “yet, however guilty I may be in appearance, I am innocent in reality; notwithstanding of which, the light in which I must appear to you gives me very great pain.”

Edward pronounced these words with so much earnestness and sincerity, that Miss Huntly, with a frankness natural to her, said, “There is no need of your being uneasy on that head, Sir; I am much inclined to believe that you were under an obligation to act as you did. It would be doing injustice to the discernment of some, whose judgment I highly respect, to doubt of it.”

“Without such a necessity, Madam,” resumed he, “could I have acted with seeming disrespect to the person on earth for whom I have the highest esteem, and to whom I should consider it as an honour and happiness to render a service, even at the hazard of my life?”

Miss Huntly gently bowed to him, and was going to reply, when Mrs. Anguish joined

joined them, and led her into another room. The instant she saw Miss Huntly conversing with apparent ease and good humour with Edward, she supposed he had explained his behaviour in a satisfactory manner; and she was so impatient to know the particulars of the explanation, that she led Miss Huntly abruptly away to have her curiosity satisfied.

“Pray tell me quickly, my dear Caroline,” said she, “how did he account for his unaccountable conduct,”

“I am unable to satisfy you in that point,” replied Miss Huntly.

“What!” resumed Mrs. Anguish, “has he given you no explanation?”

“He possibly might if you had not taken me away,” replied Miss Huntly.

“He ought to have *begun* by an explanation the instant he presumed to address you; and if he did not, you should have cut short all conversation with him.”

“That would have been shewing more anger than I really feel,” replied Miss Huntly; “for I cannot doubt of his inclination

elination to clear up this matter ; but the same reason, which made him decline an explanation at first, perhaps still exists."

"I can see no reason," resumed Mrs. Anguish, "for his dancing with Miss Barnet, when he was engaged to dance with you."

"Nor I," said Miss Huntly ; "but neither can I see any reason to induce him to behave with incivility to your friend and guest. There are difficulties both ways ; but I am convinced that, for his own sake, he will clear them up as soon as he can with propriety ; and I do not wish it sooner."

"I do not desire it sooner more than you, my dear," rejoined Mrs. Anguish ; "only I should very much like to have the whole explained immediately ; not from impatience or idle curiosity, for I do not approve of people being curious to know what perhaps may be improper to reveal."

"If not from impatience, my dear," said Miss Huntly a little flily, "from what
motive

motive do you wish him to explain this matter *immediately?*”

“Not in the least from impatience,” replied Mrs. Anguish; “but merely because it would be a satisfaction to have a thing cleared up which appears so odd; for my part, I am sure I shall not have a sound sleep until I get to the bottom of it.”

C H A P. LXXIV.

Si on vous accusoit d'avoir tué un homme, vous en iriez tuer un second pour prouver que cela n'est pas vrai — toute la réparation due à ceux qu'on outrage est de les tuer, et toute offense est également bien lavée dans le sang de l'offenseur ou de l'offensé. Dites ; si les loups sçavoient raisonner, auroient-ils d'autres maximes ?

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

WHEN Captain Gore returned to Sir Charles, he related what had passed at his interview with Edward, adding, that as the young fellow was quite at a loss for a second, he could not help offering himself, because if he had not, there might have been no meeting at all ; and he had a better opinion of both, than to suspect that was the wish of either. “ And so, Sir Charles,” continued Mr. Gore, “ you have nothing to do but to provide another person to attend you ; and this young Gentleman, who I can assure you is a very spirited youth, will meet you precisely at five to-morrow morning at the appointed place.”

Sir

Sir Charles was somewhat surprised at this unexpected arrangement ; but seeing Colonel Snug, he asked the favour of him to supply the place of Captain Gore. This was the only favour which the Colonel was more ready to grant than to ask : he agreed to it at once.

Mrs. and Miss Barnet had gone away about one ; Edward remained in the rooms till the assembly broke up ; he then walked to the inn, and understanding that Captain Gore was gone to bed, he wrote a letter to Mrs. Barnet, expressive of his gratitude, to her husband and herself, for their unexampled goodness towards an unknown and forsaken orphan, declaring, that one of the first objects of his life, and on account of which he chiefly wished it to be prolonged, was, that he might have had opportunities of discharging, in some degree at least, the vast debt of obligation he lay under to both ; that, perhaps, those seeds of virtue which, with maternal affection, ~~he~~ had sown in his breast might have produced fruit worthy of her approbation ; that his chief regret in quitting life was, that the trial had
not

not been fully made. He mentioned, in terms of the warmest esteem, Miss Barnet, and Mr. and Mrs. Temple, and inclosed within this letter one addressed to Mr. Clifton, which was also an effusion of friendship and affection; and this he begged that Mrs. Barnet might send to that gentleman. Having addressed the cover to Mrs. Barnet, he left the packet on the table, and perceiving that it was four o'clock, he entered Mr. Gore's bed-chamber, and waked him.

"I hope I have not over-slept myself," cried Gore. "No," continued he, looking at his watch, "we shall have plenty of time to do our business deliberately, and without precipitation." So saying, he put his clothes on; and then taking up his pistols, "There," said he, "is as pretty a pair of hair-triggers as any in the three kingdoms: you have only to take a cool aim, and, at the slightest touch, off they go, as sweet as honey, without either recoiling or dipping."

"I suppose," said Edward, "Sir Charles has pistols of the same nicety, otherwise it would be fair that he should have one of these."

"If

“ If he is pleased with his own pistols,” replied Mr. Gore, “ it is no business of your’s to put him out of conceit with them ; he first began to bully you, and because you would not be bullied, he asks satisfaction. Your cause, my dear, is as clear as day-light, and as straight as an arrow ; and you may give him his belly-full of satisfaction without scruple or remorse.”

They then walked to the place appointed, which was at some distance from the inn, in a field near Mr. Anguish’s house ; they were on the ground a quarter of an hour before the time. Sir Charles and his friend were not arrived.

“ Perhaps,” said Mr. Gore, “ this is the first business of the kind in which you were ever engaged.”

Edward acknowledged that it was.

“ Nay, I do not blame you, my dear,” said Mr. Gore ; “ because I am convinced the reason is, that no proper opportunity has occurred, and you are still very young ; but, for my own part, I was twice out before I arrived at your age. The first time was with a relation of my own, who

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said he would like to see my courage tried before he would contribute with the others towards the purchase of my first commission; so I sent him word that I would be happy to give him one proof the very next morning; and when we met, I touched him so smartly in the leg, that he has halted ever since. But all his doubts being now removed, he cheerfully contributed his quota with the rest of my relations, and we have been very good friends ever since."

"Pray what gave occasion to the second?" said Edward.

"How it began originally is more than I can tell," answered Gore; "all I know is, that a large company of us dined together; we sat long, and drank deep, and I went to bed rather in a state of forgetfulness, and was awaked in the morning from a profound sleep by a Gentleman, who began a long story, how I had said something that required explanation; and also that I had accidentally given him a blow, but he supposed I had no intention to affront him; and so he continued talking in a roundabout kind of a way without coming to any point. So

So I was under the necessity of interrupting him, 'Upon my conscience, Sir,' said I; 'I am unable to declare with certainty, whether I had any intention of affronting you or not, because my head is still a little confused, and I have no clear recollection of what passed; nor do I fully comprehend your drift at present, but I conjecture that you wish to have satisfaction; if so, I must beg you will be kind enough to say so at once, and I shall be at your service.' Finding himself thus cut short, he named the place and the hour. I met him precisely at the time. His first pistol missed fire, but I hit him in the shoulder. At his second shot the bullet passed pretty near me, but mine lodged in his hip, and then he declared he was quite satisfied. So as I had given a blow the preceding night, and two wounds that morning, upon declaring himself satisfied, I said I was contented."

"You would have been thought very hard to please," said Edward, "if you had made any difficulty."

"I thought so myself," rejoined the officer, "and so the affair ended, he being carried home in a coach, and I marching from the field of battle on foot."

"Pray," resumed Edward, "may I ask if you ever was in a battle?"

"No, Sir," replied the officer with a sigh, "I never was. The briskest service I ever saw was at the quelling of a mob, where there were seven men killed, and nineteen wounded; but if the mob had not dispersed it might have come to be *serious*."

"I think it *was* serious," said Edward.

"Why, yes," rejoined the officer, with an air of half assent, "as you observe, pretty well, perhaps, for a mob; but I confess I never had the good fortune to be in a battle, though I would give all the money I have in the world, and all the money I am owing, which is at least triple the sum, to be in one to-morrow."

"Provided you had a good cause," replied Edward.

"I should not be squeamish respecting the cause," replied Captain Gore, "provided

vided I had a good battle : that, my dear, is what is the most essential to a conscientious officer, who wishes to improve himself in his profession. . I have much reason, therefore, to wish for a war ; and at the present juncture it would be much for the advantage of the nation in general."

" How for the advantage of the nation ?" said Edward.

" Why, because it is dwindling into a country of ploughmen, manufacturers, and merchants," said the Captain ; " but, thank God, there is now some glimmerings of hostilities ; besides, this damned peace has been so violent, that it cannot possibly last much longer."

" If so, you will have the pleasure of being in a battle," rejoined Edward.

" Ay, and I hope of being *after having been in one* also, my dear lad ; for you must know that I am pretty fortunate, having already stood thirteen shot, and I never was hit but once."

" Thirteen ! What have you fought thirteen duels ?" cried Edward.

"No, no!" replied Gore, "the last shot fired at me completed only my sixth duel."

"Pray what gave rise to that?" said Edward.

"Why that one originated," replied Mr. Gore, "in a dispute I had only last week with a shopkeeper in the town where my troop is quartered. Plays are acted there about this season, and I happened to go to *Venice Preserved* with a friend who is a little hard of hearing, and of course I was obliged to speak to him pretty loud, or not to speak to him at all; and just as I was observing to him that the tallest of the Senators of Venice was a trumpeter in our regiment, this shopkeeper cried—Silence. 'Upon my word, friend,' said I, 'you give the word of command a little too imperiously.' 'You must not disturb the company,' answered he. 'I am afraid,' said I, 'that both you and I disturb the company; and so if you will please to walk out with me, we will settle our business

business quietly ourselves, without disturbing any body.' He declined this, and muttered something, none of which I distinctly heard, except the word *impertinent*, which reduced me to the necessity of pulling off his wig, and throwing it in his face. He called me out the next morning; and as this was acting like a Gentleman, I thought it would be ungenerous to refuse putting myself on a footing with him. We met accordingly, and I must do him the justice to say, that he fired his pistol very prettily for a tradesman, for the bullet pierced the corner of my hat; and as I was convinced that, on the whole, I had been rather in the wrong, I did not choose to kill the poor fellow, and so I fired my pistol in the air. 'Now, friend,' said I, 'you have damaged my hat full as much as I did your wig; so, if you are satisfied, our dispute may end here, if you are not, you may take another shot.' He declined the last, and agreed to the first proposal—but here comes Sir Charles Royston and his second. And now, my dear boy," continued Mr. Gore, "if you get the first shot,

take a good aim; and remember, the least touch of the trigger is sufficient."

The ground being measured, it was proposed to toss up a guinea to decide who should have the first fire.

"I give it to Sir Charles," cried Edward.

"On my conscience," said Gore, "that is being very young; you ought to leave it to chance."

Edward persisted.

Sir Charles took aim with great deliberation, and then fired. The ball lodged in Edward's body; but as he said nothing, it was supposed to have missed him.

"Now it is your turn," cried Mr. Gore to Edward.

"I bear no malice against Sir Charles Royston," said Edward, "and therefore shall take no aim at him."

So saying, he fired his pistol in the air.

"On my soul it is generously done, and I think this business should be carried no farther," cried Mr. Gore.

"Is the Gentleman willing to declare that he did not ask Miss Barnet to dance with a view to provoke me?" said Sir Charles.

"I neither

"I neither considered nor regarded how Sir Charles Royston would be affected by my asking Miss Barnett to dance," replied Edward. "I did it because I was determined that his threat should not prevent her from dancing, if she was so inclined."

"We must go on," cried Sir Charles.

"Now, my dear lad," said Mr. Gore to Edward, "you see how rash and inconsiderate it was in you to throw your fire away; how he missed you the last time I cannot conceive; for I know he is a practised shot with pistols, and has often split a bullet on the edge of a knife. I am much afraid he will bring you down this time."

"Perhaps not," replied Edward; "and I shall afterwards fire without scruple. I am ready, Sir," added he, looking at Sir Charles.

"Stop!" cried Captain Gore, "upon my soul I believe the young Gentleman is already wounded."

"I believe so too," cried Colonel Snug; "the blood appears through his waistcoat."

On examination it appeared that Edward was wounded by the first shot; a vessel of some importance had been torn, for the

wound bled profusely, and produced weakness, which Edward endeavouring to conceal, cried, "It is nothing, Sir Charles may proceed."

"He is no Gentleman, if he does," said Mr. Gore, supporting Edward, who staggered from inability to stand.

"We must retire, without loss of time," said Colonel Snug; "this young man is dangerously hurt."

"Whatever befalls me," said Edward, "observe I now declare, that Sir Charles ought not to be brought to trouble; he took no unfair advantage, and I wish him no ill."

Edward had no sooner pronounced these words, than he sunk to the ground; and two labourers approaching, Sir Charles and his second withdrew from the field.

By the assistance of Mr. Gore, Edward was carried to the house of Mr. Anguish.

C H A P. LXXV.

La source de toutes les passions est la sensibilité, l'imagination determine leur pente. J. J. ROUSSEAU,

THE labourers carried Edward by a foot-path to the back door of Mr. Anguish's garden, into which they were admitted by one of the gardener's servants, who was then at work. Edward was taken into the parlour, which opened to the garden. The noise awakened Miss Huntly, whose bed-chamber was above the parlour. She sprang from her bed, and looking through the window, perceived three men carrying a fourth, whose face she could not see. Slipping on some of her clothes, she desired her maid to go and see who this sick or wounded person was; but before the maid was ready, leaning over the rail of the stairs, Miss Huntly asked the chamber-maid, who ran from the parlour, what was the matter?

“Lord, Madam!” cried the chamber-maid, “one of the handsomest young men
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my eyes ever beheld lies bleeding to death in the parlour."

"Have you sent for a surgeon?" said Miss Huntly.

"Yes, Madam," replied the maid; "the housekeeper has sent for the apothecary, who cures all outward wounds like a surgeon, and all inward diseases like a physician; but I was going for some spirit of hartshorn for the wounded Gentleman."

"If you do not make haste, Molly," cried a footman, "Mr. Edward will bleed to death."

"Mr. Edward!" exclaimed Miss Huntly.

"Yes, Madam, it is young Mr. Edward, who lives at Mr. Barnet's," said the footman, while the chamber maid ran to bring the spirit of hartshorn.

Miss Huntly being greatly shocked, stood undecided what to do, till she heard the housekeeper call, in a loud voice, "Some volatile spirits, for God Almighty's sake!" On which, thrusting her hand into her pocket, and finding her salts, she rushed down the stairs, and into the parlour, exclaiming, "here, here, are volatile salts."

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The group that presented itself on her entering the room consisted of Edward extended fainting on a couch, his breast and shirt stained with blood, his head supported by Captain Gore, a servant sprinkling water upon his face, and the housekeeper, who pressed a piece of linen cloth to his breast to stop the bleeding; she snatched the salts from Miss Huntly, and held them to Edward's nose, whose face was of a deadly paleness, and his eyes half shut.

Finding that he moved not, the housekeeper said, "Alas! the poor youth bleeds to death; this is full of blood—has nobody a cambric handkerchief?"

Miss Huntly eagerly tore her's from her neck, and gave it to the housekeeper, who applied it to the wound, which was immediately beneath the nipple of the right breast.

After a short time Edward opened his eyes with a kind of sob, but seemed unable for a little to distinguish the persons around him. The first object he recognized was the lovely form of Miss Huntly, in loose robes and flowing tresses, bending over him with

with the compassionate look of a minister—
ing Angel, appointed to convey a depart—
ing soul to Heaven.

“Am I in Paradise?” said he, in a feeble
voice.

“I hope you are better, Mr. Edward,”
said Miss Huntly.

“How can I be otherwise?” he replied,
with a look expressive of pleasure and ad-
miration.

“I have good hopes of you now, my
dear boy,” cried Gore; “for in my con-
science I believe an Angel has descended to
perform your cure.”

This speech from Mr. Gore, whom Miss
Huntly, in the confusion of her spirits, had
not before remarked, restored her recol-
lection. Observing the disorder of her dress,
her face instantly exchanged the hue of the
lilly for that of crimson. She turned in
confusion from the eyes of those present,
and with the assistance of her maid regained
her bed-chamber, from whence she soon
after dispatched the maid, with orders to
give whatever assistance she could to the
housekeeper, till the surgeon should arrive.

This happened sooner than was expected, the messenger having met the apothecary near the house; and, most fortunately for Edward, Mr. Sound, a surgeon of distinction, was in company with him. This Gentleman had been called from London by the apothecary, to perform an operation on a person in a neighbouring village. They had remained all night with their patient, and were returning to the apothecary's when they were met by the servant.

As soon as the apothecary was informed of the nature of the case, he begged of Mr. Sound to go with the servant, pretending that he himself had some indispensable business which called him home directly. The truth was, that although this same apothecary would, without scruple or hesitation, have taken the sole direction in a medical case, even of the most intricate nature, and where the most enlightened practitioner must grope his way; yet he often declined taking the management of surgical cases, where the right road is far more certain and obvious. His reason for this was, that in the former, where darkness alone is visible,
error

error is more easily concealed, and the cures performed by nature are oftener imputed to art, than in the latter.

Mr. Sound agreed to accompany the servant the more readily, that he was acquainted with Mr. Anguish, and also knew the apothecary's incapacity.

Mr. Anguish had been informed of the accident a little before Mr. Sound arrived, and had directly ordered a bed-chamber, and every accommodation, to be prepared for Edward. He also shewed great satisfaction at the arrival of Mr. Sound, whom he knew to be a man of probity, and great professional knowledge.

Mr. Sound having examined the wound, found that the ball had not pierced into the cavity of the chest, but that a considerable laceration was made by a button of Edward's coat, which was driven by the bullet into the fleshy part of his right breast. The ball was discovered at some distance from this, and extracted with dexterity by the surgeon, who having stopped the bleeding, and applied the proper dressing, desired that the patient might be

be kept as undisturbed as possible; he then accompanied Capt. Gore into the dining room, where Mr. and Mrs. Anguish, with Miss Huntly, were now assembled, waiting with impatience to know his opinion.

Mr. Sound informed them in a few words, free from the pedantry of technical terms, that the wound was more formidable in appearance, than dangerous in reality; that the fainting was owing to the bleeding of a vessel torn by the button, and to the fatigue of the preceding evening; that the bullet had been soon found, and easily extracted; and that it would be proper to keep the young Gentleman quiet for some days, and he had no doubts of his perfect recovery at the end of a few weeks.

“Had you ever a patient who behaved with more fortitude?” said Gore.

“Never,” answered the surgeon; “nor is it possible for any man to display more manly composure and resignation, than this youth.”

“He never winced,” resumed Gore, “or altered his countenance when you
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probed the wound, nor even when you made the incision to find the ball."

"Incision!"—cried Miss Huntly, who instantly became quite pale.

"That was necessary, Madam," said the surgeon, "for the extraction of the ball ; it saved him pain on the whole."

"I presume, Sir," said Mrs. Anguish, "that you will order him some cordial julep, after such a painful operation."

"Believe me, Madam," replied the surgeon, "the best cordial julep for him at present, is sleep."

"Some cordial will be proper for this young Lady," said Captain Gore, "who was lately as rosy as a cherubim, and is now as pale as a ghost."

"What is the matter with you, my dear?" cried Mrs. Anguish, looking at Miss Huntly.

The young Lady being unable to answer, Mrs. Anguish, addressing the surgeon, said, "Pray, Sir, order her something, she seems very ill."

"Here, Madam," said the surgeon, filling up a glass of water, and presenting it
to

to Miss Huntly, "pray take a little of this."

"Water!" cried Mrs. Anguish, in astonishment; "Good God, Sir! would you have a sick person drink cold water?"

"Yes, Madam, cold water is a favourite cordial of mine, in some cases," replied the surgeon.

Miss Huntly having drank the water, said she felt herself better, and would soon be well.

"Will you not," said Mrs. Anguish to the surgeon, "order her some medicines to *keep* her well?"

"Her best chance of keeping well, Madam," replied the surgeon, "is by not taking medicines; because, although they sometimes are of use in removing a disease, they never can make a person who is in good health better."

"I assure you, Sir," said Mrs. Anguish, "that when Dr. Scribble has cured me of any complaint, he always orders a course of medicines to prevent a relapse."

"And do they prevent a relapse, my dear?" said Mr. Anguish.

“ Were it not for them I might relapse sooner,” rejoined Mrs. Anguish ; “ you may smile as you please, Mr. Anguish, but I am quite convinced of that.”

“ This young Lady,” resumed Mr. Sound, “ I believe, has no need of drugs at present ; but to prevent her from relapsing, it will be necessary to abstain from the mention of wounds or incisions in her presence.”

Miss Huntly coloured a little at this observation, and requested Mrs. Anguish’s assistance, while she walked to her own apartment.

C H A P. LXXVI.

The wise must into Nature's secrets pry,
The weak believe, they know not what, nor why,
And we may equally deluded call,
Who doubt of nothing, and who doubt of all. *Pope.*

THE Ladies being gone, Mr. Anguish ordered breakfast; but Capt. Gore wishing to join his troop, took his leave directly. After drinking a dish of coffee, Mr. Sound said that he had business at the apothecary's, but that he would visit Edward again in the evening.

Mr. Anguish. I must beg that you will not think of returning to London until this young man is out of danger; I fear this will be inconvenient for you; but I will take care that your complaisance in that point shall be properly considered.

Mr. Sound. I am already engaged to remain some time in this country, with the patient on whose account I left town; before it will be in my power to leave

him, this young man will be out of all danger. My attendance here is in no way inconvenient to me.

Mr. Anguish. To tell you the truth, I am the more solicitous for your punctual attendance, because I understand my wife has sent express for her oracle, Dr. Scribble, in whose skill I have little faith.

Mr. Sound. I am not personally acquainted with the Doctor, but I hear he is much employed.

Mr. Anguish. I have known a very dull man employed as principal Secretary of State, yet I remain convinced that acuteness and clearness of intellect are necessary in that situation.

Mr. Sound. The most lively and agreeable is not always the most skilful physician, however.

Mr. Anguish. I do not insist on my physician's being a wit, or a man of much pleasantry, but I do expect to find him a man of diligence, and of a clear understanding ;---if I find him deficient in these, I acknowledge that all the other qualities
he

he may possess, would not tempt me to employ him as a physician.

Mr. Sound. Dr. Scribble I understand has had much experience;---do you lay no stress on that?

Mr. Anguish. Very little, if connected with the deficiency above-mentioned. To trace the effects we observe to their *real* causes, and to avoid assigning them to concomitant circumstances, which in no degree influenced them, requires very acute discernment; for the want of which I have known several experienced practitioners impute the removal of a disease to drugs, which removed nothing but the returning appetite of their patient; therefore I have always considered natural sagacity, and a clear discriminating judgment, as essentially requisite to render experience useful.

Mr. Sound. The last time I had the pleasure of meeting you in London, there was a physician in company, who I should imagine to be precisely to your taste.

Mr. Anguish. You mean Dr. Gloss.

Mr. Sound. I do.

Mr. Anguish. Dr. Gloss is certainly a man of uncommon acuteness and sagacity.

Mr. Sound. He is also very attentive to his business.

Mr. Anguish. He is so, for his business is to get money,---and he gets a great deal.

Mr. Sound. The best way for a physician to get money is by exerting all his powers to acquire knowledge in his profession, and by applying it to the cure of diseases.

Mr. Anguish. That is unquestionably the *best* way, but not the easiest, nor the most universally followed. Those practitioners who study their patient's prejudices, and attend to his humours, often succeed better than those who study his disease, and attend only to his cure;---and medicine, which frequently proves unprofitable to him who applies to it as a science, has been very lucrative to many who pursue it merely as a trade.

Mr. Sound. That may sometimes be the case; but it also not unfrequently happens,

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pens, that physicians are accused of duping their patient, when they themselves are duped ; for they may be divided into two classes, one of which entertain a much higher opinion of the power of their art than it deserves, and the other think it less efficacious than it really is. The former in general are weak credulous men, apt to stuff their patients with drugs, but they believe all the while that they are doing much good.

Mr. Anguish. My observation applies to the other class, who having observed that nature often does a great deal, and medicine frequently little or nothing, towards the cure of diseases, and being unwilling to take the trouble of observing all the variations of the disorder, and of watching the moment when art can effectually assist nature, they content themselves with laying hold of the most prominent symptoms, prescribing according to the most fashionable practice, and, after saying something flattering to the patient, they hurry away with ostentatious precipitancy, and think no more of the case till the
next

next visit. This is called experience ;—if the patient chances to recover, so much the better—if he dies, so much the worse for him, but the event affects neither the feelings nor reputation of the Doctor.

Mr. Sound. If the death of the patient does not affect the feeling of the physician, I should think it would somewhat affect his reputation.

Mr. Anguish. Not when his reputation is as well established as Dr. Scribble's is, with some in this county :—a certain Lady of rank, who first introduced him into business here, insists that he can cure every disease except *death* ;---when the patient recovers, her Ladyship says with a triumphant voice, “ Did not I tell you so? the Doctor never fails.” But when the patient dies, she says, “ it is now clear that this has been a mortal disease,---I never said he could cure death.”

Mr. Sound. Nothing can be more convenient for Dr. Scribble than to have patients who reason in that manner ; but if the Doctor reasons so himself ; if he really believes, as you seem to imply, that all
his

his patients who die, are carried off by incurable diseases, and that all who recover owe their lives to his prescriptions; whatever you may think of his discernment, you cannot think him a knave, or wonder that he should allow himself to be very well recompensed for his attendance.

Mr. Anguish. I certainly do not put him on a footing with the man who, day after day, for a month together, encourages the fancies of a vapourish woman, or an hypochondriacal man, and takes their money for prescribing sugar and water, with a few spiceries in draughts, or other forms, when he perfectly knows that a glass of wine or a draught of porter would do more good;---yet some do this with as little remorse, as when they attend patients whose distempers it is in the power of medicine to remove.

Mr. Sound. Even in the case you have put,---if the vapourish Lady, or hypochondriacal man, insist on the physician's visiting them every day, what can he do?

Mr. Anguish. Do as you do; honestly tell them that drugs and confinement are prejudicial, and that air and exercise can alone be of use to them.

Mr. Sound. They would immediately send for another physician.

Mr. Anguish. Let them :---if a fool were to offer gold for a commodity of no value, an honest man would refuse to deal with him.

Mr. Sound. Suppose the fool to put little or no value on the gold he offers, and of which he has a superfluity, whereas the commodity he wishes to procure, however useless in reality, affords a temporary relief to his imagination; and lastly, suppose that there is a certainty that although one may refuse to sell this useless commodity, the fool will purchase it from another;---do you not think that this will render the vender more excusable?

Mr. Anguish (after some hesitation). ---Perhaps it may, but the case must be accompanied with all the circumstances you have enumerated, and after all, a fortune accumulated in this manner, founded
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ed on the weakness and ignorance of mankind, where the Doctor is conscious that he has been of little or no use, how highly soever his skill may be rated by his patients, must produce very different sensations from what are felt by those physicians whose industry and ingenuity have improved the art of healing, whose genuine merit is acknowledged, not by the ignorant, but by the most intelligent, and whose useful lives are passed, like yours, my good Sir, in removing real disorders, and performing indisputable cures.

Mr. Sound. I am much obliged by your favourable opinion, though your sentiments in general, I fear, would give offence to many of the medical tribe, if they were known.

Mr. Anguish. The judicious and upright practitioner will not be offended, and even those of an opposite character will not find their profits much diminished, by any reasoning on this subject, however well founded;---for what reasoning will deter suffering credulity from trying the cure that is advertised to be infallible? or
will

will prevent the victims of indolence and caprice from preferring those who flatter their humours, to the candid physician, who fairly unfolds the origin and nature of their complaints, and tells them they are to look for a cure, only by following a plan which crosses their strongest propensities; so that those who are so much alarmed at the voice of reason, shew as great ignorance of human nature, as they betray eagerness to profit by its weakness.

---The liberal and enlightened physician gives no attribute to his art, but what justly belongs to it---undertakes nothing but what there is a possibility of his being able to perform, and rejoices at the detection of trick and imposture; he despises all the attempts of ridicule against his profession, when they are ill founded---and joins in the laugh when they are just; whereas the narrow-minded practitioner betrays the cause he wishes to defend, by silly rage and rancour against all who presume to remove a single remnant of the old hieroglyphical tapestry, with which, ever since the days of Gothic ignorance,

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the deficiencies of the art were attempted to be concealed.

Mr. Sound. The same remark may be with equal justice applied to other professions. When the pen of satire is pointed against the impostures and abuses which have crept into divinity or law, who are those who are most likely to take offence?

Mr. Anguish. Most assuredly not the truly pious divine or upright lawyer;---no, no, it is the galled jade that winces; the hypocritical and knavish feel fore and are fretted; they sound the alarm and bellow atheism and sedition, and the long-eared multitude bray forth that the State and Church are in danger.

Mr. Sound. Well, my good Sir, I shall only say, that it is fortunate for you that you are not obliged to adhere to the line of life in which you set out,---if you had, with *your* turn of thought, you would have been in danger of having all the drones of the profession buzzing against you---but now I must take my leave.

Mr.

Mr. Anguish. I will not attempt to detain you, that I may have the pleasure of seeing you sooner return ; for I am truly anxious about the health of this fine young man.

It will now be proper to acquaint the reader with what passed at Mr. Barnet's.

That gentleman, his wife, and daughter, being assembled at breakfast, " I am surprised," said Mrs. Barnet, " that Ned, who used to be the earliest, is the latest in the parlour to-day."

" He will come when he is ready, my dear," said Mr. Barnet. " Hand me some toast."

" At what hour did Mr. Edward arrive," said Mrs. Barnet to a servant who entered the room.

" Mr. Edward is not yet arrived," replied the servant.

" Not yet arrived !" cried Mrs. Barnet, with an alarmed voice.

" I saw Lady Virginia speaking to him when we came away," said Miss Barnet.

“O! then he *must* have slept at the inn,” said Mr. Wormwood; “she would not leave him strength to ride home; she exhausts the spirits like an air pump, and had very near whispered me to death at the concert.”

“I hope he will come soon,” resumed Mrs. Barnet.

“If he does not, he will be too late for breakfast,” added her husband.

After waiting a little longer, Mrs. Barnet growing more uneasy, ordered a servant to ride to the inn to inquire if Mr. Edward had slept there, and what was become of him.

The servant, returning almost directly, delivered a letter to Mrs. Barnet, which he said a country lad had just brought.

This was the letter which Edward had left at the inn when he went to meet Sir Charles Royston.

“It is a letter from Ned,” said Mrs. Barnet.

“Why did he not come himself?” said her husband peevishly.

“The letter will inform us,” said Mr. Wormwood.

Mrs. Barnet had not read half the letter before she seemed agitated and very uneasy.

“Why, there is bad news!” cried Miss Barnet. “Dear Madam, what has happened?”

“Heaven knows what has happened! Where is the person who brought this letter?” said Mrs. Barnet.

The messenger being called in, related, “That the innkeeper had found the letter in Mr. Edward’s bed-chamber; and on hearing afterwards what had happened, he dispatched him to Mrs. Barnet, to prevent mischief.”

“Well, but what *has* happened?” cried Mr. Wormwood.

“Nothing more, but, as I was going to tell you,” replied the lad, “as how Mr. Edward was killed.”

Miss Barnet shrieked. Mrs. Barnet fell back on her chair, overcome with the shock. Mr. Barnet sat speechless, not so much from the violence of his emotion as from his not knowing what to do or say.

“Who

“Who did your master receive this report from?” said Wormwood to the lad.

“I can’t tell,” replied he; “but young Mr. Edward was the last man in the country that I would have thought any one would have had the heart to kill—he was so loved.”

“Do you know who killed him?” said Mr. Barnet.

“May-hap he is not quite killed yet,” answered the lad.

“D—n you, why did you say he was?” cried Wormwood.

“Bless you, friend, for that hope,” said Mrs. Barnet.

“I can’t be positive certain one way or t’other, please your Ladyship,” said the man; “but only I heard, as I came along, that he was not dead after all.”

“Why then did you say at first that he was killed, you brute you?” exclaimed Wormwood.

“If your honor will not be so bloisterous,” said the lad, “I will tell you the whole.”

“ Pray do,” cried Mrs. Barnet.

“ So I will, please your Ladyship, if this here Gentleman would only have patience, and give me time. Well, then, you must know, that my master told me at first, when he gave me the letter, that he heard that Mr. Edward was killed, and desired me to make haste with it to your Ladyship to prevent mischief, as I told you before; but as I came along, who should I meet but Mr. Anguish’s under-gardener, and I said to him, ‘ Jenkins,’ says I, ‘ this is sad news concerning young Mr. Edward.’ ‘ Ay, sad enough, Nightingale,’ says he.”

“ Is your name Nightingale ?” said Mr. Barnet, interrupting the man.

“ Yes, please your honor,” answered he; “ and it was my father’s name likewise.”

“ Pray, friend, go on,” said Mrs. Barnet.

Having thanked her for this permission, twisting and turning his hat with both hands, the lad resumed.

“ ‘ Sad news enough, Nightingale,’ says Jenkins to me; ‘ but, howsomever, my master is resolved to persecute Sir Charles Royston

Royston before the Old Bailiff of London, if so be that Mr. Edward chance for to die.' 'The Bailiff of London must be mortal old, now, Jenkins,' says I; 'for I have heard my father speak of him as an old man, when he was ——'

"Curse your nonsense," cried Wormwood; "can't you tell what you know respecting Edward?"

"So I will, Sir," said the lad. So I told Jenkins, that I hoped the Old Bailiff was still young enough to condemn Sir Charles to death, if there was occasion; and so I left Jenkins. But as I came along with the letter, may-hap, thinks I to myself, Mr. Edward may not be quite dead."

"What made you think so with yourself?" said Mrs. Barnet.

"Because," replied the lad, "Jenkins said to me, which I forgot to mention before, that he saw him carried alive into Mr. Anguish's house; and that he had heard since that he was somewhat better."

"Mr. Edward is now at Mr. Anguish's house then?" said Mrs. Barnet.

“ Jenkins told me so,” replied the man ;
“ but I know nothing more or less from my
own certain knowledge.”

“ And he also told you,” said Miss Barnet,
“ that Mr. Edward was better ?”

“ Yes, Jenkins told me so,” answered he ;
“ but, to be sure, all he says is not to be
counted on, being that he is a little given to
lying.”

“ Why should he lie in this case ?” said
Mr. Wormwood.

“ I hope he spoke the truth, for once,”
replied the lad, “ both for young Mr. Ed-
ward’s sake, and for her Ladyship’s, who, I
see, is sorrowful on his account.”

“ What were the express words the gar-
dener made use of ?” said Mrs. Barnet.

“ I cannot charge my memory with all
his words,” replied the lad ; “ for I did not
much mind what he said, being in haste to
bring the letter to your Ladyship, as in duty
bound ; only I do remember that he did
say, Young Mr. Edward, says he, is not
quite killed dead, but only shot through with
a pistol ; and so, says he, Surgeon Sound from
London thinks him a great deal better.”

Mrs.

Mrs. Barnet gave orders for the chariot to be made ready with all speed, saying she would drive to Mr. Anguish's herself.

"I pray God you may find young Mr. Edward better," said the man.

"I thank you friend," said she, giving him money.

"For none of all the gentlefolks was more kinder to the poor," added the man.

"Well, well, you may get you gone," cried Mr. Barnet a little angrily.

"I meant no disparagement to your honor," rejoined the lad; "and far less, God knows, to her Ladyship there, whom all the country praises with one universal discord."

"Pray get you gone, *Mr. Discord*," cried Wormwood.

"My name is Nightingale, Sir," said the lad sulcily as he retired.

Mr. Wormwood then proposed to go himself, and bring a distinct and certain account of Edward's condition; but Mrs. Barnet begged that he would remain with her husband, as she was anxious to see Edward herself.

Miss Barnet desired to accompany her mother.

"I see no reason for your going, my dear," said Mrs. Barnet.

The young Lady repeated her request to her mother, looking to her father.

"Since Louisa wishes to go, you had best take her with you, my dear," said Mr. Barnet.

"If you please, my dear," replied the wife.

"For," resumed he, "there is little or no chance that Mr. Waller——"

"Come, Louisa, the chariot waits," cried Mrs. Barnet, hastily interrupting her husband; for she feared that he would shew a partiality for Mr. Waller, that might injure that Gentleman in the fancy of her daughter.

"I hope you will bring us good accounts of Ned, my dear," cried Mr. Barnet as they were going; "for I am still very uneasy about him; but remember that I shall order dinner at the usual hour; and that I make it a rule to wait for nobody."

C H A P. LXXVII.

Falsis terroribus implet.

Hoz.

WHEN Mrs. and Miss Barnet arrived at the house of Mr. Anguish, they found that Gentleman and his Lady by themselves, Miss Huntly having, under pretence of a slight indisposition, withdrawn to her own apartment. Mr. Anguish assured his visitors that there was reason to think that Edward was not so dangerously hurt as had been first imagined. He enumerated all the circumstances of the duel as he had received them from Captain Gore.

During the narrative, Miss Barnet broke into frequent invectives against Sir Charles Royston. This gave uneasiness to her mother, because she knew he was related to Mrs. Anguish; and to bring this circumstance to her daughter's recollection she observed, "that he was unworthy of the family to which he belonged."

"I do

“ I do assure you, dear Madam,” said Mrs. Anguish, “ I am as convinced as Miss Barnet can be, that he alone was to blame.”

“ My daughter was, in some degree, to blame,” said Mrs. Barnet soothingly to Mrs. Anguish; “ for she certainly ought not to have danced with any body after refusing Sir Charles.”

“ I have suffered so much uneasiness from this unlucky accident, that I might have been spared my mother’s censure,” said Miss Barnet.

“ Of all who suffer from it,” replied Mrs. Barnet, “ you ought to remember, my dear Louisa, that you are the only one who had any share, however innocently, in producing it; you cannot, therefore, be more blameless than Mrs. Anguish, who feels the more uneasiness, on account of the misfortune’s being the work of so near a relation.”

Mr. Anguish interposed, by repeating the favourable report of the surgeon. His wife added, that she had sent an express for
Dr.

Dr. Scribble ; and expatiated on the wonderful skill of that physician. Her eulogium was interrupted by the arrival of the Doctor himself, who received a more cordial welcome from Mrs. Anguish than from her husband, who informed him briefly of what had happened ; and that the young Gentleman's wound was already dressed. Mrs. Anguish lamented that the Doctor had not been present at the dressing, that he might have pronounced with certainty respecting the degree of danger, and have ordered proper medicines.

“ That I shall do immediately after I have felt the patient's pulse, and asked him a few questions,” said the Doctor, going to the door.

“ I understand that he is asleep,” said Mrs. Barnet. “ Would it not be best to wait till he awakes ? ”

“ Truly, Madam,” replied the Doctor, “ it is very seldom in my power to wait ; it was with great difficulty I could come hither at present, for Lady Megrim has had a relapse ; but this Lady,” added he, bowing to Mrs. Anguish, “ knows I never
withstand

withstand her summons. As for this young man, I dare say I shall be able to order him something that will more than compensate for the interruption of his sleep."

"That is more than the surgeon could do," said Mrs. Anguish; "for he acknowledged that he knew nothing better for his patient than sleep."

"There can be nothing so good," added her husband.

"Sleep is certainly very proper on some particular occasions," said the Doctor; "but at other times it is dangerous; and we have it in our power to order narcotics, which will make patients sleep at any time."

"But do they not sometimes make patients sleep too long?" rejoined Mr. Anguish.

"I fear our patient sleeps too long at present," said the Doctor, "and therefore I wish to see him immediately."

"You will be so obliging as to delay till he awakes," resumed Mr. Anguish. "The surgeon who dressed the wound gave the strictest injunctions that he should not be disturbed."

"I should imagine," replied the Doctor, "that those injunctions were not meant to extend to me."

Mrs. Anguish being convinced that her husband would not permit Edward to be disturbed at that moment, and fearing that the Doctor might refuse to wait until he awaked, said, "I had almost forgot, Doctor, that there is another patient in the house. I will conduct you to her directly."

Mrs. Anguish and the physician being withdrawn, "I have heard Doctor Scribble much commended for his skill in nervous complaints," said Mrs. Barnet.

"What his skill in nervous complaints may be," replied Mr. Anguish, "is difficult to ascertain ; but this I do know, that he has had the skill to persuade half the country that all their complaints are nervous. I have been told, that before he settled here, there were fewer complaints of every kind, and no such thing as a nervous complaint heard of."

"As for this young man," said Mrs. Barnet, "he is subject to no complaint whatever ;

whatever ; he has enjoyed good health and good humour all his life.

“ I hope this Doctor will not make him fancy he has any nervous complaint, as he did poor Nancy Blossom, who has been swallowing pills and pining ever since he visited her,” added Miss Barnett.

“ Give yourselves no uneasiness, Ladies,” said Mr. Anguish ; “ I shall take care that he shall not have it in his power to injure either the health or good humour of this young Gentleman.”

While this conversation was passing in the parlour, Mrs. Anguish conducted the Doctor up stairs to a room adjacent to Miss Huntly's bed-chamber. “ I have brought Dr. Scribble to see you, my dear,” said Mrs. Anguish, introducing him.

“ I am glad to see the Gentleman,” replied Miss Huntly, with her usual affability, though somewhat surprised.

“ Tell him all your complaints,” resumed Mrs. Anguish, “ and he will order what is proper directly.”

“ My complaints ! I have no complaints,” cried Miss Huntly. “ How could you, my

dear Madam, give the Gentleman the trouble of——”

“Was you not indisposed before you left the parlour?” said Mrs. Anguish; “I am sure you need something to compose your spirits. Does she not, Doctor?”

“My spirits are perfectly composed,” cried Miss Huntly.

“There, Madam, I must take the liberty of differing from you,” said Dr. Scribble; “your spirits are in evident agitation, and your whole nervous system is——”

“I beg you will not talk so, Sir,” said Miss Huntly; “I have no nervous systems, and wish to hear nothing about them.”

“Indeed but you have, my sweet young Lady,” said the Doctor; “a very fine one, though I apprehend it is endowed with a little too much sensibility; and if——”

“You must excuse me, Sir,” said Miss Huntly, with an air of impatience, and offering to go.

“Only allow the Doctor to feel your pulse, my dear,” said Mrs. Anguish.

“This

“ This is the strangest fancy,” cried Miss Huntly. “ I assure you my pulse is quite as it ought to be.”

“ Permit me to touch your arm, Madam,” said the Doctor.

“ Pray do, my dear Caroline,” said Mrs. Anguish, “ were it only to make me easy.”

“ I will certainly do much more to make you easy, my dear Madam,” said Miss Huntly ; “ but you never had less reason to be uneasy on account of my health. There, Doctor, (continued she, holding out her arm,) satisfy Mrs. Anguish, that I am perfectly in good health.”

The Doctor, pulling out his watch, felt her wrist with a look of sagacious deliberation; and, after a becoming pause, said, “ I will not declare quite so much ; but this much I will venture to say, that after you have taken a few draughts, for which I shall write directly, you will feel yourself much better.”

“ I am much obliged to you, Sir ; but I never could take any draughts in my life,” said Miss Huntly.

“ Can you swallow pills, Madam ?” rejoined the Doctor.

“ I can

"I can swallow nothing, Sir," she answered.

"If that is the case, you must have something to mend your appetite," said the Doctor; "pray, Ma'am, let me see your tongue."

"This is too much!" cried the young Lady, rising with impatience.

"I must entreat you, my dear Caroline, not to be so obstinate in a matter of so much importance as your health. If Mrs. Neville were here, she would persuade you, I am sure, to follow the Doctor's directions. If your health should suffer while you are in my house, it would give me double concern; for my sake, therefore——"

"I hope," resumed the Doctor, "the young Lady will do what is proper, for all our sakes; for it is impossible to see her without taking a warm interest in her welfare."

Miss Huntly now perceived that the speediest way to get rid of their importunity was by seeming to comply.

"Well, Doctor," said she, "although I am not fond of drugs, since my friend here

and you think them necessary, pray order whatever you please."

"What I shall prescribe will be by no means disagreeable," said the Doctor; "I will order it in the form of a julep."

"If you please, Sir," answered Miss Huntly with resignation.

"Pray, Madam," resumed he, as he prepared to write, "do you ever feel any flutterings at your breast, any——"

"I am perfectly convinced you understand the case fully," said she; "it will therefore be unnecessary to ask any more questions."

"I will leave you a few minutes with the Doctor," said Mrs. Anguish, offering to withdraw.

"I beg you will not stir, Madam," cried Miss Huntly, laying hold of her friend's arm. "I am persuaded that your prescription will be effectual, Sir," continued she, addressing the Doctor; "and I return you many thanks for this trouble." So saying, she fee'd him liberally; and at that instant a maid entered the room, who informed him that Mr. Edward was awake.

"I am

"I am happy to hear it," said Mrs. Anguish, conducting the Doctor to the door of Edward's bed-chamber, where she left him.

The sleep had proved so effectual a restorative, that Edward felt himself greatly refreshed, and tolerably easy. The Doctor told him that he should not trust to flattering appearances, because various bad consequences were still to be apprehended, but which he hoped would be prevented by the medicines he would prescribe.

"Upon my word, Doctor," said the youth, "I imagine I have no need of medicine; for I feel myself pretty easy in all respects, except that I am rather hungry."

"My dear Sir," resumed the Doctor, "that alone proves that something is wrong; for hunger, in your present state, is an unnatural sensation, and therefore the medicine for which I am writing is the more necessary."

"If it is intended to remove hunger," said Edward, "I am sure it will be effectual; for I never took a drug in my life that did not take away my appetite for that day at least. But Mr. Sound the surgeon assured

me, Doctor, that I did not need any medicine."

"Mr. Bound the surgeon," replied the Doctor, "is a very good surgeon, I dare say, and understands very well, no doubt, what plaster should be applied to your wound; but does that prevent or mitigate a fever? Do you imagine, my dear young Gentleman, that plasters or ointments, or any external means, will cure that?"

"Perhaps not," replied Edward; "but extracting the ball, I should humbly hope, would do some good."

The Physician, without taking notice of this observation, gave his prescription to a servant to carry to the apothecary; took the fee, repeated his injunctions that Edward should take his medicine punctually according to the direction, and then returned to the dining-room, where Mr. and Mrs. Anguish were with Mrs. and Miss Barnet.

As soon as Doctor Scribble appeared, the company eagerly surrounded him, to know what he thought of Edward.

The Doctor, assuming a look of as much reflection and acuteness as the vacancy of
his

his features would admit, answered, "that he was, as well as could be expected, considering——"

"Considering what?" cried Mrs. Barnet.

"Considering," resumed the Doctor, "that I did not see him sooner; but still I hope it is not too late to prevent fever."

"Fever!" cried Mrs. and Miss Barnet in the same moment,

"Yes, Ladies," replied the Doctor; "there is such a thing as a fever in consequence of gun-shot wounds."

"But as every body agrees that the ball was happily and speedily removed," Mrs. Barnet observed, "and as the young man has had such calm and refreshing sleep, and seems so easy, we were in hopes, Sir, that there was little or no danger of fever."

"I find," replied the Physician, "that a great deal too much importance is placed on the removal of the ball—a thing very easily accomplished, indeed; but it must be remembered, that the passage of this same ball through the muscles must have, in some degree, deranged the animal œconomy, and of course, the whole nervous system; and

the various effects which this may produce on the most delicate and most essential part of the animal machine, are not removed with the bullet. Why, good God! Ladies, I have known a wound look well for several weeks, and seem almost skinned over, when, all of a sudden, for want of due attention on the part of those who had the cure of the wound, and, perhaps, of a proper knowledge of the internal structure of the human machine, with all its various springs, connections, and combinations, a fever supervened, accompanied with alarming symptoms, and terminating in a locked jaw, and——”

“For Heaven’s sake, Sir,” cried Mr. Anguish, “do not terrify the Ladies with your knowledge and learning, which really surpasses all our comprehensions.”

“I only mean to warn the young Gentleman’s friends,” replied the Doctor, “that appearances are not always to be relied on; for unlucky symptoms sometimes occur when least expected.”

“For the satisfaction of the young Gentleman’s friends,” said Mr. Anguish, “I beg

beg a plain answer to a plain question, Doctor. Do you not think that the bullet being extracted, the patient having had several hours of calm sleep, and feeling refreshed, cool, and easy since, are all favourable circumstances?"

"Unquestionably, Sir," replied the Doctor.

"I am glad to hear you say so, Doctor," resumed Mr. Anguish; "for I believe the Ladies thought your harangue implied the reverse."

The Doctor then looked at his watch, expressed surprise at its being so late, and impatience to visit Lady Megrim, lest her Ladyship might suffer from his absence.

As he withdrew he was followed by Mrs. Anguish, who never allowed him to go without having some conversation concerning her own health. She led him into another room for this consultation. After having felt her pulse, and examined her tongue, he asked if she ever felt any uneasiness at her stomach? She at first answered, that she never did; but on the Doctor's repeating the question, and desiring her to

recollect attentively, she said, that she sometimes did feel a kind of uneasy sensation there.

“Generally in the evening, I suppose,” said the Doctor,

“No, never in the evening,” replied Mrs. Anguish; “but rather immediately before dinner.”

“Ay, that is a proof that all is not quite right,” rejoined the Doctor; “but do you never perceive any sensation after dinner?”

On recollection, she answered, “that she sometimes felt a slight sensation of *fullness* at that time.”

“I thought so,” said the Doctor; “that proceeds from a swelling in the stomach; but pray (continued he) have you not something of a head-ach at present?”

Mrs. Anguish hesitated a little at this question, as if she was not quite sure whether she had a head-ach or not. The Doctor repeated the question, on which, shaking her head from side to side, and backward and forward, she at last answered, that she believed she really had something of a head-ach.

“I sus-

"I suspected as much," rejoined the Doctor. "I perceived something of a latent head-ach by your pulse; and it is fortunate that it has been detected before it arrives at a height; for the shock which your nervous system has sustained from the accident that has befallen this young man may, without proper care, lay the foundation of various complaints of dangerous tendency, and reduce you to a far worse condition than that of the wounded Gentleman; for bullets, my dear Madam, (continued he,) are soon extracted, and external wounds easily healed; but it is a nice operation, and a far more difficult task, to soothe the disordered nerves, to compose the distracted spirits, to sweeten the acrimonious bile, and remove diseases from those unseen parts, which can be reached by the subtilty of the most penetrating medicines only with safety to the patient. And now, my dear Madam, I will order a few draughts to strengthen your weakened solids, dilute your thickened fluids, brace your unstrung nerves, and put your whole constitution in tune." Having finished this comfortable harangue, he wrote

wrote his prescription, took his fee and his leave.

Mrs. Barnet understanding that the surgeon had promised to return that same day, and being desirous of seeing him, was easily persuaded by Mr. Anguish to remain till he came. As soon as Miss Huntly heard that the Doctor was gone, she joined the company in the dining-room, and was sitting with them when the surgeon entered. He had quietly slipped up to Edward's chamber, and examined accurately into his situation before any of the company knew of his arrival, so that they were equally pleased and surprised when he assured them that he found his patient in all respects as he could wish; and that although he had not looked at the wound, which it would not be proper to do for some time, yet he could almost venture to pronounce his patient out of danger.

"Is there no danger of fever, Sir?" said Mrs. Barnet.

"There will be something of an increased heat or feverishness some time hence,

Hence, Madam," replied the Surgeon; "but it will not be dangerous."

"Perhaps what the Doctor has prescribed," said Mrs. Anguish, "will prevent that feverishness."

"I dare say," replied the Surgeon, "that the Doctor would prescribe what is very proper."

"What should he drink during the feverishness?" said Mrs. Anguish.

"Water, Madam," replied the Surgeon.

"Water!" cried Mrs. Anguish; "nothing but plain water?"

"If you please, you may put a toast in it, Madam," said Mr. Sound.

"A toast!" rejoined she; "why even then it will be only *toast and water*."

"Nothing more," replied he; "and, having assured the company that he would visit his patient the following morning, he took his leave.

Mrs. Anguish's housekeeper had from the beginning imagined that Edward's wound would prove mortal; unfortunately she had declared to every servant in the house, and others who were assembled in the

the servant's hall, that, in *her opinion*, he could not possibly survive it. This woman was a good deal mortified, therefore, when she heard Mr. Sound give such a favourable account of him in the parlour; and she could not help shaking her head with an air of incredulity as she retired.

Miss Barnet observed this, and following the woman into her own room, begged to know what she meant.

The woman answered, "that she had shaken her head for sorrow to see them all deceived; for, to her certain knowledge, the poor young man would not recover."

"Do you pretend," said Miss Barnet, "to more knowledge than Mr. Sound?"

"Mr. Sound," replied the housekeeper, "like all doctors, conceals his real opinion, for he is quite sensible that the young Gentleman is in great danger."

"How dare you say that Mr. Sound is quite sensible of the young man's being in danger, when he has asserted the contrary in the most solemn manner?" resumed Miss Barnet.

The

The housekeeper being provoked at the young Lady's incredulity, like those who have the habit of lying, added a new falsehood to give strength to the former, by declaring, that Mr. Sound himself had told her that Mr. Edward was in the utmost danger, though he did not choose to say so to his friends, while there was the least glimmering of hope. She begged at the same time, that Miss Barnet would not betray her, by informing Mr. Sound, or any other person, of what she had now related. This, Miss Barnet promised, and being at the same instant told that her mother was already in the carriage, she followed without questioning the housekeeper any farther.

C H A P. LXXVIII.

Come, Cheerfulness, triumphant fair,
 Shine thro' the hovering cloud of Care ;
 O sweet of language, mild of mien,
 O Virtue's friend, and Pleasure's queen !
 Fair Guardian of domestic life,
 Kind banisher of home-bred strife ;
 Nor sullen lip, nor taunting eye,
 Deforms the scene where thou art by.

A K E N S I D E.

AFTER Mrs. Barnet and her daughter were gone, Mrs. Anguish began to think of her latent head-ach, and became impatient for the medicines the doctor had prescribed. She sent another servant to the apothecary's to hasten them. This servant at his return delivered her a whole basket full of medicines, some directed for Edward, some for Miss Huntly, and some for herself. While she was examining the parcel directed for herself, Miss Huntly joined her. "Merciful Heavens, my dear!" cried she, "what are you going to do with all these drugs?"

Mrs. Anguish then told her what the Doctor had said concerning her latent head-ach, and the acrimony of her bile.

"As

"As for your head-ach," said Miss Huntly, who was naturally of a very cheerful turn of mind, "the longer it remains *latent* so much the better; and with regard to bile, I am apt to think you have very little; but I am sure you have none that is acrimonious, for a sweeter-blooded woman does not exist."

"The Doctor, my dear," replied Mrs. Anguish, "is the best judge in such matters:" so saying, she swallowed one of the draughts.

"Well, my dear friend," said Miss Huntly with fervour, "I must declare that it gives me great uneasiness to see you thus tamper with an excellent constitution; and I must remind you of the Italian, who, having destroyed his health by the same means, became sensible of it when it was too late, and ordered this sentence to be inscribed on his tomb:

Stavo bene, ma per star meglio, sto qui."

In answer to this observation, Mrs. Anguish declared, that she felt herself better already.

"Better,

"Better, in what respect?" said Miss Huntly; "I hope the head-ach is not less ~~less~~ than it was before."

Mrs. Anguish answered, that "the head-ach was much the same; but she felt a little sickness at the stomach, which was generally the case when a medicine was to do her good."

Mr. Anguish, entering the room with a gay air, began to speak on some indifferent subject; but his Lady endeavoured to turn the conversation on her own complaint. This was a topic which the husband never encouraged, for two reasons: first, because he was somewhat of Miss Huntly's turn of mind; and in the second place, because he imagined, that however fond Mrs. Anguish was of speaking of her complaints, it always had an ill effect. Without seeming to have heard her, therefore, he continued the subject he had begun. Mrs. Anguish made several attempts to draw the attention of the company to her favourite topic, but without success; for her husband evaded all her hints, and dexterously started new subjects of discourse.

Mrs. Anguish, having been in this manner repeatedly hauled, at last imputed her husband's behaviour to indifference about her health; and she was on the point of bursting into tears, which Miss Huntly observing, said, "Do you know, my dear Mrs. Anguish, I have a great notion that your dancing the other night, and the bustle you have been kept in ever since, have acted as braces, for I never saw you look better."

"Nor more lovely," added Mr. Anguish, who now observed how his wife was affected; and taking hold of her hand, "I'll defy Dr. Scribble, or all the Doctors among them," continued he, "to make you look otherwise than you do at this moment, my dear Eliza, without taking from your beauty."

This did not prevent the tears from coming into Mrs. Anguish's eyes; but it converted them into tears of pleasure.

"Do not imagine," said she, wiping her eyes, and smiling, "that I am such a fool as not to distinguish flattery."

"To be sure, my dear, women are most apt to be flattered by men when they are most beautiful; but here is your friend Caroline; I appeal to her, if there is any flattery in what I say!"

Mrs. Anguish looked cheerfully at Miss Huntly.

"Well, upon the honour of a wife and upright judge," said Miss Huntly, assuming a serious and solemn air, "I do pronounce, that I never saw you look handsomer than at present—you may take it as you please."

"A most learned and upright judge!—A second Daniel!" cried Mr. Anguish.

"Phaw, you both flatter," said his wife with a tone of satisfaction.

"Nay, my dear, I speak only of your looks. You may, for aught I know, be in better health when you look worse," said Miss Huntly with a sly accent; "for as you said just now, *the Doctors are the only judges in such matters.*"

"Confound the Doctors!" cried Mr. Anguish; "she is always best when she has the least to do with them; and I impute
the

the delightful bloom my wife has at present to her having taken no medicine ever since you have been with us, my dear Miss Huntly."

"Forgive me, my dear," said Mrs. Anguish, "I took a draught just before you came."

"Then it has not produced the usual effect of making you look worse."

"Do you sincerely think they have that effect?" said Mrs. Anguish with earnestness.

"I do most sincerely think so," answered he.

"I am absolutely certain of it," added Miss Huntly.

"I am likewise convinced, my dear," resumed Mr. Anguish, addressing his wife, "that you would be even handsomer than you are, were it not for the drugs you take, which, I believe, are of no service to your health in general; but which, I am certain, are hurtful to your looks."

At this instant a footman delivered a message to Mr. Anguish, who withdrew; and soon after his wife went to her own apartment, and after contemplating her-

self for some time in the looking-glass, then threw all the remaining draughts out at the window.

Mr. Anguish was sitting in Edward's bed-chamber, when the medicines directed for him were brought. Edward changed colour at the sight of them.

"What is the matter?" said Mr. Anguish; "you seem to be taken ill all of a sudden."

"No great matter," Edward answered, wiping the sweat from his face.

"You seem faintish," rejoined Mr. Anguish. "Does your wound give you pain?"

"No, it is not that," said the unhappy youth.

"Pray what is it then?" said Mr. Anguish.

"Why, to confess the truth," replied he, "I feel such a loathing at present, that if I attempt to swallow any of those medicines, I am certain they will set me a vomiting."

"Don't attempt it then," said Mr. Anguish.

"I should be sorry to seem obstinate, or to disoblige the Doctor," resumed Edward,

“and shall try to get some of them down my throat as soon as I am tolerably well; and possibly can; though I own that I should prefer obliging him in any other way.”

“Indeed, my dear fellow, you shall not oblige him in this way,” cried Mr. Anguish, laughing at this mark of Edward’s complaisance; then opening the door, and calling to his groom, who was going through the passage, “Here, Will,” said he, “take and throw these phials into the river.”

Edward felt as much gratitude for this as for any mark of attention he had received since he was brought to Mr. Anguish’s house.

When that Gentleman had left him, and had gone down stairs, he met the Apothecary, who, on finding such a quantity of medicines ordered for one family, thought it his duty to call and inquire for the patients.

Mr. Anguish took him into the parlour, saying that he had just left the wounded Gentleman, who was disposed to sleep.

The Apothecary, in the course of conversation, told Mr. Anguish that he had been visiting three or four patients in a neighbouring village, who were ill of an influenza, which had prevailed for some time in that part of the country.

"Pray," said Mr. Anguish, "how do you medical Gentlemen treat that complaint?"

"Why," replied the Apothecary, "there is no saying how the physicians treat it; for some of them order one thing, and some of them another; but the surgeons generally *bleed* for it; and as for us apothecaries—we *drench*."

"Ay, that is natural enough," said Mr. Anguish smiling; "but you know I once studied physic myself, and have some general notions on the subject: so when this epidemic began among my servants and tenants, I ventured to prescribe barley-water for them."

"Barley-water!" cried the Apothecary with disdain; "you might as well have ordered them water-gruel."

"I might

"I might so," replied Mr. Anguish; for which reason I gave them the choice; and what do you think was the effect?"

"Why, barley-water and water-gruel could have no effect," said the Apothecary.

"It is indeed a little difficult to ascertain what is the effect of many things that are prescribed," resumed Mr. Anguish; "but I can at least tell you what was the consequence."

"That is the same thing," said the Apothecary.

"Not quite," replied Mr. Anguish; "though in the practice of physic the one is often mistaken for the other."

"Well, what was the consequence?" the Apothecary asked.

"Why, they all recovered!" replied Mr. Anguish.

The Apothecary having remarked that there was a great difference in constitutions, and the same plan which did well enough for the poor would not suit the constitutions of the better sort of people, he took his leave a little abruptly, and without recollecting that he had promised to visit one of the

chamber-maid, who was taken ill about the time he arrived. On this maid's growing worse, an old woman who came with a second message for the apothecary, began to make a pathetic lamentation on hearing he was already gone.

"Here is plenty of doctor's stuff, if that be what you want," said the groom, to whom Mr. Anguish had given the medicines prescribed for Edward. "Here they be," repeated he, "if you like to take them."

The old woman accepted of them with thankfulness, and carrying them to the room where the sick maid lay, gave them to the housekeeper, who had already administered burnt brandy, peppermint water, and various other cordials, without affording the patient relief. The maid complained of a cholic, which attacked her at intervals with great violence.

The housekeeper observing that the signature on a parcel of the medicine was, *Quieting draughts—one to be taken every two hours*; "if these draughts," said she, "can quiet the pain in Mr. Edward's breast, it

it stands to reason, that they may also relieve the pain in Margaret's belly; for the belly is at no great distance from the breast, particularly in poor Margaret's, who is but a short woman."

On this theory, by no means the least rational, on which medical practice was ever founded, the housekeeper gave one of the draughts to Margaret, with what effect will appear hereafter.

On their return from the house of Mr. Anguish to Barnet-hall very little conversation passed between Mrs. and Miss Barnet. Notwithstanding the favourable report which Mr. Sound had made, the former could not help being still uneasy; and what the housekeeper had told Miss Barnet made that young Lady still more so; but she concealed this from her mother, on account of the promise she had made the housekeeper:

When they arrived, Mrs. Barnet informed her husband that Edward was thought to be in the way of recovery.

Mr. Barnet himself was by no means free from concern about this young man; and the following morning, while at breakfast with

with his wife and daughter, he said to the former, "I am sorry that this cursed gout prevents my going to see Ned; but I fancy you would like to drive to Mr. Anguish's, my dear."

"If you have no objection, I will set out immediately after breakfast," replied she. And then addressing her daughter, she added, "You will keep your father company, Louisa, till I return."

Besides her desire that her husband should not be left alone, Mrs. Barnet had another motive for wishing her daughter to remain at home; she expected that Mr. Waller would arrive in the course of the day.

Miss Barnet, on the other hand, had relied upon accompanying her mother to Mrs. Anguish's; and her anxiety for Edward had deprived her of sleep most part of the night. Whether it was owing to Miss Barnet and Edward being brought up together somewhat like brother and sister, or from what cause it proceeded, the fact is certain, that neither ever entertained for the other that sentiment which is peculiarly called love. Edward sincerely wished the
happiness

happiness of Miss Barnett, and would have done all in his power to promote it; he was pleased and entertained with her company and conversation; but she never had touched his heart. Her esteem and friendship for him was also very great; and the idea of his imminent danger engrossed her thoughts to such a degree, that they, in some measure, suspended those sentiments of love which her heart had entertained for some time, and which had been hourly increasing towards Mr. Waller.

As soon as Mrs. Barnett had desired her daughter to keep her father company until she should return, she rose to leave the room, on purpose to prevent any objection or difficulty being made. At that instant a footman entered and announced the arrival of Mr. Waller, and that he was in the dining-room.

So eager was the young Lady to go, and so predominant was her concern for Edward, that she immediately said to her father, "As Mr. Waller will entertain you much better than I can do, my dear Sir, you

you will have no objection, I am sure, to my accompanying my mother."

"You are mistaken, Louisa," replied Mr. Barnett with the utmost simplicity, "in imagining that Mr. Waller can entertain me better than you can do; though I dare say, my dear, that he can entertain you better than I can do."

"Well, but," resumed she, "I wish very much to accompany my mother to Mr. Anguish's."

"I should have no objection, my dear," replied Mr. Barnett, "if I did not think that Mr. Waller will expect that you should remain at home, when you know that he is arrived. I am convinced that he would be better pleased if you did."

"Truly, Sir, I see no reason for minding what he may expect, or for my remaining at home to please him."

"I hope you will think it reasonable, however, my dear, to remain to please your father and me," said Mrs. Barnett, and immediately left the room, stepped into the carriage, and drove away.

On

On this occasion Mrs. Barnet, perhaps, did not act with her usual prudence; her anxiety about Edward, and a desire that Mr. Waller should not be disappointed of her daughter's company, prevented her from reflecting that she was left in ill-humour; and that, considering the temper of the young Lady, this ill-humour was likely to influence the reception that she would give him.

Indeed Louisa's reserve was so apparent after Mr. Waller was introduced, that even Mr. Barnet observed it, and he thought proper to make an apology for her. "My daughter," said he, addressing Mr. Waller, "is extremely affected by the accident which has befallen Edward; it is that which puts her in low spirits: is it not, Louisa?"

To this appeal she made no answer.

"That is the reason also," resumed Mr. Barnet, "for her being so silent at present; for she is not naturally silent, I do assure you, Mr. Waller, any more than other women."

"I hear," said Mr. Waller, "that Mr. Edward is better."

"Yes."

"Yes, he is so," replied Mr. Barnet ;
 "but Louisa is also a little out of humour,
 because she has been prevented from going
 with her mother to see him ; for she always
 had a very great regard for him, and I be-
 lieve her affection now is warmer than
 ever."

"I should be sorry to think, Madam, that
 you have altered your design on my ac-
 count," said Mr. Waller.

"Make yourself easy, Sir," said she,
 "it was in obedience to my mother that I
 altered it." Saying this, she left the room.

"I understood," said Mr. Waller, "that
 Miss Barnet passed the most part of yester-
 day at Mr. Anguish's."

"Yes, that she did," said Mr. Barnet ;
 "but she was desirous of going to-day also,
 for she is much concerned for Ned, and can
 think of nobody but him."

"He is a very happy man," said Mr.
 Waller.

"Not at present," resumed Mr. Barnet ;
 "for his wound is not quite healed ; but it
 is to be hoped that he will be happy soon."

"I mean," said Mr. Waller, "that he is happy in the concern that Miss Barnet takes in him."

"My daughter is of an affectionate disposition," resumed Mr. Barnet, "and has a great deal of kindness for those she loves, as her husband will find, although she has too much prudence to shew it before marriage."

Mr. Waller making no immediate answer to this observation, and the conversation afterwards becoming a little languid, Mr. Barnet rung the bell, and desired the servant to tell his daughter to return.

The footman brought for answer that Miss Barnet had a head-ach.

"A head-ach!" cried Mr. Barnet; "I really thought that she had slipped out on quite another account. Did you not think the same, Mr. Waller?"

To this wise question Mr. Waller made no answer; but Mr. Barnet repeated, "A head-ach! it must have seized her very suddenly, for she was quite well this morning, only a little sorrowful, as I said before, on account of poor Ned's illness. I knew from the first

first that her *heart* was greatly affected, but I had no suspicion of her *head*. However, you need not be very uneasy, Mr. Waller ; for I am in hopes that her head-ach will abate when she shall hear that Ned shall be better ; and then, perhaps, she will be able to bear seeing you."

To this flattering observation Mr. Waller bowed, and soon after took his leave, notwithstanding that Mr. Barnet pressed him very much to stay to dinner, assuring him that he had one of the best turbot's that he had seen that season.

C H A P. LXXIX.

— *Tantum medicamina possunt.*

Ovis.

CAPTAIN Gore arrived at the house of Mr. Anguish two hours before Mrs. Barnet; he found Mr. Sound there, who informed him that Edward had passed a good night; that he was satisfied with the state in which his patient was, but that it would not be proper for him to see any company until a slight degree of feverishness, the usual consequence of such a wound, was entirely over, which he expected would soon be the case.

The Captain was delighted with this account; and after Mr. Sound had taken his leave, he said to Mr. Anguish, "To tell you the truth, I was a little uneasy when I heard you had sent for Dr. Scribble; for he once attended a young officer of our regiment, and upon my conscience he stuffed the poor lad so unmercifully with potions and draughts, that he continued sick a fortnight

night after he was quite well ; and he cannot pass an apothecary's shop, ever since, without breaking out into a cold sweat."

"As for the Doctor's potions and draughts," said Mr. Anguish, "Edward has taken none of them ; but they were not altogether lost, for my housekeeper thought proper to give one of them to a sick chamber-maid ; and what do you think it produced ?"

"Sickness and vomiting, I'll be bound," replied the Captain.

"A lusty child !" exclaimed Mr. Anguish.

"The devil it did !" said Gore.

"The poor girl was safely delivered half an hour after she swallowed the draught," rejoined Mr. Anguish. "You cannot think what a scandal it created ; the most rigid of the maids, with the housekeeper at their head, were for carrying the culprit out of the house, declaring they would not sleep under the same roof with her ; but Mrs. Anguish, who forgets the faults of her fellow-creatures when they need relief, told the housekeeper she might sleep where she pleased, but that Margery should remain
here

here until she recovered ; and she has been employed ever since in ordering what is necessary for the poor woman in the straw, and for the young guest who has so unexpectedly appeared among us."

Mr. Anguish had no sooner given this account than Dr. Scribble, who had just visited Edward, came into the room. He said that he had found his patient pretty well, which he imputed to the draughts, and had therefore ordered them to be repeated.

"Upon my word, Doctor, those same draughts of your's have produced a wonderful effect," said Captain Gore.

"They are cooling and febrifuge," replied the Doctor.

"They have done in one hour," added Captain Gore, "what some worthy painstaking men of my acquaintance have laboured in vain all their lives to perform."

"I was convinced that they would produce a very salutary effect," said the Doctor.

"One of them has produced a very healthy child," rejoined the Captain.

“ I do not understand your meaning, Sir,” said the Doctor staring at the Captain.

“ My meaning is very plain, Sir,” said Captain Gore ; “ but if you will only step into the chambermaid’s room, it will be still plainer ; for there you will find a poor woman who, to relieve her of the cholera, took one of your draughts, which operated so effectually, that she was delivered of a healthy child an hour after.”

“ The draughts I ordered for Mr. Edward !” repeated the Doctor, with astonishment.

“ Only one of them,” rejoined Captain Gore ; “ if she had taken two she might, perhaps, have been delivered of twins.”

“ I am quite at a loss to make out what this Gentleman means,” said the Doctor, looking round to the company ; “ but I should be glad to know whether or not Mr. Edward has taken the medicines I prescribed.”

“ Then, Doctor, I will plainly tell you,” replied Captain Gore, “ that he has not, which is thought a piece of great luck ; for the effect they have had on this young woman is so wonderful, that people tremble at
what

what they might have produced, if they had been given to a young man."

To the Doctor's great relief, a message came to him from Mrs. Anguish. He readily obeyed the summons, and was soon assured of the full meaning of all Captain Gore's mysterious allusions. He put the best face on the matter he could; but, instead of returning to the company, he slipped away quietly, very contrary to his usual practice.

Mrs. Barnet arrived just as he was stepping into his carriage; she called to his postillion to stop, as she wished to speak to the Doctor; but he, affecting not to hear her, repeatedly ordered him to be gone, and the man drove away.

This behaviour alarmed Mrs. Barnet; she thought he wished to avoid being the first reporter of bad news. She entered the house in trepidation, and was infinitely relieved and comforted when Mr. Anguish met her with a smiling countenance, and told her all was well. Her spirits had been so much agitated, however, that she could not relish the Captain's raillery; and being

informed that Mr. Sound had required that his patient should see as few people as possible, until the fever should be entirely gone, she made a very short stay, telling Mrs. Anguish that she would probably not return for some time, but would daily send a servant to know how Edward was. On her way home she met Mr. Waller, and expressed her surprise at his having left her husband so soon. As he seemed in low spirits, and did not mention any reason for his sudden departure, she at last suspected the true cause. He had said that he was going to Mr. Anguish's. She hinted, that as strict orders had been given that Edward should be kept very quiet for some days, the company of any stranger would be inconvenient to that family, and pressed him to return to Barnet-hall with her. He consented, gave his horse to his servant, and seated himself in the chariot with her. Miss Barnet met them when they were yet at a considerable distance from the house. She inquired with impatient yet fearful concern, how Edward was. Before she had quite finished the question, Mr. Waller answered,

swered, "He is out of danger, and within a short time will be quite well."

"God Almighty bless you, my dear Sir, for that news," exclaimed Miss Barnet, seizing his hand, and shaking it affectionately in both her's. She then looked eagerly at her mother.

"Mr. Sound has declared, my dear, that all danger is over, and that we shall see Edward very soon," said Mrs. Barnet.

"Ah! how happy you make me, my dear Madam," cried the daughter, throwing her arms around her mother's neck as soon as she entered the chariot.

"My daughter," said Mrs. Barnet to Mr. Waller, "entertains the sentiments of a sister for this young man."

"He has ever behaved to me like the best of brothers and of friends," rejoined Miss Barnet. "I never was fully sensible of his worth until I was tortured with the idea of losing him, and with sensations of remorse; for I acknowledge, my dearest mother, that your reproof was just; Edward's dispute with that wretch Royston *was* owing to my
c c 4 imprudence,

imprudence, and severely have I suffered for it."

Mrs Barnet affected, and somewhat surprised at the vehement manner in which her daughter expressed herself, said, "I am certainly very happy, my dear Louisa, to find that Edward is so well as he really is; but I confess I never thought him in so much danger as you seem to have done."

Miss Barnet now informed her mother of the very alarming account she had received from the housekeeper, which had preyed on her spirits ever since, and so disturbed my mind, added she, looking with the most expressive kindness at Mr. Waller, "that I fear I have behaved not only with petulance to the best of mothers, but with impropriety to others." The extreme vivacity of Louisa Barnet's temper was apt, as the reader must long since have observed, to hurry her into improprieties; but the candid, amiable, and ingenuous manner in which she acknowledged her fault, on the present occasion, was considered as more than a compensation.

Nothing

Nothing could surpass the satisfaction of Mrs. Barnet and the happiness of Mr. Waller in consequence of this young Lady's behaviour. Mr. Barnet rejoiced to see them all return in such spirits, and found no difficulty in prevailing on Mr. Waller to remain at Barnet-hall, instead of returning to his own house, or even going to that of Mr. Anguish.

Edward bore his confinement and spare diet with great patience, as long as what is called the symptomatic fever lasted. When that was at an end, however, he became impatient for more liberty; and one morning, after Mr. Sound had dressed the wound, he declared that he felt himself so well, and expressed so much impatience to be allowed to join the company in the parlour, that Mr. Sound agreed to it; and Mr. and Mrs. Anguish were agreeably surprised, when they saw him enter leaning on that Gentleman's arm.

Edward's face was pale, and a languor prevailed over those fine features which were wont to display the bloom of health as well as the animated expression of intelligence. He was seated between Mr. Sound
and

and Mrs. Anguish, when Miss Huntly, without knowing he was there, entered the room. She appeared surprised at sight of Edward, who was restrained to his seat by Mr. Sound, on his attempting to rise as entered.

“ I consented to your coming here,” said the Surgeon, “ only on condition that you should remain quiet. I must insist on your keeping your seat, therefore, were a Queen to come into the room.”

“ And I,” replied Edward, keeping his seat, “ give a stronger proof of my obedience than I could if a Queen were to enter.”

“ However obedient you may make this patient,” said Mrs. Anguish, addressing the Surgeon, “ it is plain you cannot prevent him from being gallant.”

“ I am sorry for it, Madam,” replied Mr. Sound; “ for I do not approve of gallantry in my patients.”

“ That is disinterested, however,” said Miss Huntly; “ since it is owing to this Gentleman’s gallantry to a Lady that he is your patient.”

“ I object

“ I object not to the gallantry of any one when he is well,” said the Surgeon; “ but I expect that he will abstain from it when he is my patient.”

“ That is expecting more than will be granted,” said Mr. Anguish; “ since in the presence of Miss Huntly, even your patients are inspired with gallantry.”

“ Now it is time for me to look about me,” cried Mrs. Anguish; “ the contagion of gallantry spreads, and I fear my husband is in danger of being infected.”

Before Mr. Sound took his leave, assuming a more serious air, he recommended that few people should be admitted for some days at least; and that Edward should still keep his own apartment the greater part of the day. Mr. Anguish, intending to visit a neighbouring family, rode out at the same time with Mr. Sound; and some visitors, who were not of Miss Huntly's acquaintance, calling soon after, Mrs. Anguish went to entertain them, leaving Edward and Miss Huntly together.

It is probable that neither found the interval tedious; for although it lasted a full hour,

hour, yet when Mrs. Anguish returned, they did not think she had been absent above a few minutes ; nor did they join in sentiments with her, when she called her visitors troublesome intruders.

For several days after Edward was permitted to come to the parlour, Mrs. Barnet was prevented from visiting him, by company at her own house ; and as Mr. Anguish was obliged to spend every forenoon, and sometimes the whole day, in paying visits to the Gentlemen in the neighbourhood, Edward passed several hours every day with Mrs. Anguish and Miss Huntly, and part of that time with the latter alone when the former was called out for the reception of occasional visitors.

C H A P. LXXX.

Whence proceeds this weight we lay
On what detracting people say?
Their utmost malice cannot make,
Your head, or tooth, or finger ach;
Nor spoil your shape, distort your face,
Or put one feature out of place. SWIFT.

THE day on which Miss Caroline Huntly had agreed to join Mrs. Neville was now at hand. Since the death of Mrs. Huntly they never had been so long separate, except during the time that the young Lady had accompanied her uncle to France. Caroline's affection for Mrs. Neville was founded not only on her being the most intimate friend of her mother, but also on her being the most agreeable companion that she herself had ever known. Miss Huntly had even found the pleasure of the most amusing society diminished almost to annihilation in the absence of Mrs. Neville. Of this an instance occurred soon after that Lady left her with Mr. and Mrs. Anguish; for although Caroline highly esteemed that Gentleman, and had a sincere affection for his

his

his wife, yet she began to think the period tedious that she was passing with them ; and she had been sometimes employed in calculating the number of days and hours that were to intervene before she could join her valued friend. Of late, however, Caroline's mind had not been so engaged ; and the day appointed for her departure from the house of Mr. Anguish seemed, of a sudden, to approach with awful rapidity ; she became at last of opinion, that for her to leave her friend Mrs. Anguish at this time would be in the highest degree improper ; she wrote, therefore, the following letter to Mrs. Nevile :

“ My dearest Mrs. Nevile,

“ A very unfortunate affair happened at this place the day after the ball, in consequence of a quarrel between two Gentlemen ; one of them was dangerously wounded, and brought to Mr. Anguish's house, where he still is. All accounts are in favour of the wounded Gentleman, who engaged in this quarrel from the most generous motive, and behaved in the most honor-

honorable manner. He is under the care of a skilful Surgeon, who, to the joy of every body, gives hopes of his recovery; but, perhaps, he does not entertain all the hopes he communicates; for medical persons are apt to conceal their real opinion: yet this Surgeon has much the manner of a man of veracity. I am inclin'd, therefore, to be of opinion, that he speaks what he thinks. Perhaps, indeed, he himself may be mistaken; yet I can hardly think so neither, as every body talks highly of his professional skill. But it is evident, that the hopes of all around are supported by their wishes, for I confess I never knew a man so much beloved as this young wounded Gentleman. I have been the more particular, my dear Madam, on this subject, because it explains to you why it would be improper, and, indeed, cruel, to leave Mrs. Anguish at the time I once propos'd; for, besides the great solicitude for the recovery of this Gentleman, her mind is much agitated by a very disagreeable incident that has occurred in her family. I am fully persuaded that you will approve of my not doing so harsh a thing

a thing as to abandon her at a moment when she stands so much in need of a friend and companion.

“ I hope, my dear Mrs. Nevile, you pass the time agreeably with the General, to whom I desire to be respectfully remembered.

“ I remain, my dear Madam,
“ Your affectionate, and ever obliged servant,
“ CAROLINE HUNTLY.”

That she should remain on purpose to aid and comfort Mrs. Anguish, on the present emergency, appeared to Caroline so indispensable an act of friendship, that she had no doubt of its being approved of by Mrs. Nevile.

Some days after this, however, while Caroline was sitting with Mrs. Anguish and Edward, who was now allowed more freedom than formerly by Mr. Sound, a letter was delivered to her, which she knew, by the direction, came from Mrs. Nevile. After reading it, she seemed a little disturbed, and was about to retire to her own apartment, when she was prevented by the sudden appearance of Mrs. and Miss Barnet.

As soon as those Ladies entered, Edward, forgetting the injunctions of his Surgeon, flew into the arms of the former.

Mrs. Anguish reminded him of his wound.

“The presence of this Lady,” said he, “has ever proved a cordial to my heart, and a balm to my severest wounds.”

Mrs. Barnet expressed the greatest satisfaction at seeing him so well. The satisfaction of her daughter was also very evident. They having heard of Edward's being greatly better, had become impatient to see him, and wished to know whether he might not be transported with safety to Barnet-hall. After some conversation, Mrs. Barnet asked Edward, whether he had ventured to take an airing in the carriage?

He answered, “that he had not, but that he imagined he might safely.”

Mrs. Anguish observed, that the shaking of the carriage might retard the healing of the wound.

“Perhaps,” said Miss Barnet, “a long journey might ; but his being carried slowly to Barnet-hall could not.”

Miss Huntly threw at Miss Barnet a look devoid of that sweetness and benignity which her countenance usually expressed.

“That point,” said Mrs. Anguish, in answer to Miss Barnet, “must be left to Mr. Sound.”

“I believe Mr. Sound declared that the motion of a carriage would be *prejudicial*,” added Miss Huntly, addressing Mrs. Anguish.

“He certainly did so,” replied that Lady, who looking to Mrs. Barnet, added, “I hope there is no intention of depriving us of the pleasure of Mr. Edward’s company, before he can be removed with safety.”

Mrs. Barnet, having bowed to Mrs. Anguish, said, “Well, my dear Edward, my husband’s desire and my own to have you with us again must not oppose Mr. Sound’s directions ; but I hope the hospitality of this family will not prevent your coming to us as soon as you can with safety.”

“The

“The danger is greater, that Mr. Edward will be inclined to leave us too soon, than that he will stay too long,” replied Mrs. Anguish; “as he will find nothing here to compensate his absence from your family.”

The eyes of Edward, which had been fixed on the ground during this speech, glanced instantaneously at Caroline at its conclusion; and meeting with her's, which had at the same instant been involuntarily directed to him, the collision was felt at the heart of both. The crimson suffusion that this occasioned over their faces did not escape the observation of Louisa Barnet, to whom it fully explained the angry look that Miss Huntly had given her. Louisa had taken an affection for Caroline, and had a great desire to be on a footing of intimacy and friendship with her. Caroline, on the other hand, from a motive which the young Lady herself was unconscious of, but which the reader may suspect, received her advances with some degree of coldness. Prevented by this unknown sentiment from having for Louisa all the esteem

and affection she merited, and which that young Lady professed to have for her, Caroline was too ingenuous to affect what she did not feel ; yet, through all the coldness she was able to assume, the native sweetness of her disposition was seen ; and from the moment that Louisa suspected the cause of her reserve, she became more anxious than before to remove it, and to acquire Caroline's friendship.

When Mrs. Barnet rose to go, and while the usual compliments were passing between her and Mrs. Anguish, Louisa said to Edward, so as to be heard by Miss Huntly, " After what Mr. Sound has declared, it would be madness in you, Edward, to move from this, till your wound is perfectly healed. My mother has told you she does not expect you sooner ; and I now tell you neither does your *sister*." She then paid her compliments to Mrs. Anguish, and took her leave of Miss Huntly with an air of frankness and cordiality, which seemed, in a great measure, to subdue the reserve of that young Lady.

Mrs. Barnet and her daughter arrived at Barnet-hall just time enough to dress before

fore dinner, at which there was a good deal of company, particularly one Lady, who had been considered as the greatest beauty of the county, until Louisa Barnet divided the public opinion on that subject. As Louisa was some years younger, and at least as handsome as her rival, the majority of suffrages began to be in her favour. Of course Miss Pine, which was the name of the Lady, hated Louisa more than any handsome woman in the county, although she hated all the others very much. Her father, who was an old acquaintance of Mr. Barnet, had brought his daughter with him that particular day, notwithstanding the reluctance she had often shewn at being in the company of Louisa Barnet.

Miss Pine had seen Miss Huntly at the ball, and in the course of that single night, she conceived fully as much aversion against her as she had accumulated against Louisa in the course of two or three years. What made her consent more readily to accompany her father at this visit, was her being persuaded that Louisa must have as great a dislike of Miss Huntly as she had herself,

and would assist in abusing her, an amusement in which she took peculiar pleasure.

When the Ladies withdrew after dinner, Miss Pine, who had refrained from mentioning Caroline hitherto, because she found the men prejudiced in her favour, did not finish her first dish of tea till she said, "Pray, Miss Barnet, what do you think of this Miss Huntly that is come among us?"

"I think her a very beautiful, elegant, and accomplished young woman," replied Louisa.

"That I am convinced is precisely her own opinion," said Miss Pine; "I was not so certain of its being your's."

Miss Barnet. It is assuredly my opinion, but I never perceived any thing in that young Lady's manner or conversation that led me to suspect that it was her own. I am, therefore, at a loss to know, how you come to be convinced that she thinks so highly of herself.

Miss Pine. O, it is quite evident; the men have turned the girl's head; they tell every woman, as you know very well, my dear,

dear, that she is elegant, beautiful, and accomplished.

Miss Barnet. If the men tell this to women whom they do not think beautiful and accomplished, it is not surprising that they should hold the same language to Miss Huntly, whom they must think so in the highest degree.

Miss Pine. I am by no means convinced that this is the men's real opinion, although they tell her so.

Miss Barnet. Don't you remember how loud all the Gentlemen were in her praise, when she danced at Mr. Anguish's ball?

Miss Pine. Well, for my part, I do not think the men half such good judges of female beauty as the women; and I heard several Ladies object both to Miss Huntly's person and face at the ball; besides, she has too great a quantity of hair, considering how small her head is.

Miss Barnet. What fault did they find with her person?

Miss Pine. She is too tall.

Miss Barnet. She is not above an inch taller than yourself.

Miss Pine. I do not pretend to say she is a great deal too tall.

Miss Barnet. Can you pretend to say she is too short?

Miss Pine (peevishly). She is neither one thing nor the other; one does not know what to make of her.

Miss Barnet. That settles the point of her height; let us now proceed to her face. Do you not find something very engaging in her countenance?

Miss Pine. Engaging do you call it?

Miss Barnet. Yes, I call it engaging. What do you call it?

Miss Pine. She is apt, indeed, to smile; but that is to shew her teeth.

Miss Barnet. She would not smile for that purpose, however, unless she had good teeth; and they are certainly the finest I ever saw.

Miss Pine. What signifies teeth?

Miss Barnet. Well, let us come to her eyes. What do you think of them?

Miss Pine. They are not black.

Miss Barnet. No; but they are the sweetest blue in nature.

Miss

Miss Pine. Blue eyes have been long out of fashion ; black are now all the mode.

Miss Barnet. It will be fortunate for you and me, if that mode continues ; but I have some suspicion that blue ones are coming round again ; for those of Miss Huntly are much admired.

Miss Pine. Her fortune would procure her admirers among the men, although she had no eyes at all. I appeal to you, Madam, if it would not (addressing Mrs. Barnet).

Mrs. Barnet. Perhaps it would ; but that stroke lights entirely on the men, and misses the person against whom it was aimed.

Miss Pine. Aimed ! I have no ill will against Miss Huntly.

Mrs. Barnet. I am glad to hear it.

Miss Pine. Lord ! not I ; why should I ?

Mrs. Barnet. I am sure I cannot tell.

Miss Pine. She never did me any injury.

Mrs. Barnet. I was afraid she had.

Miss Pine. No, not the least that I know of. I dare say she is a good enough sort of a girl ; but as for beauty, I must acknowledge

ledge her pretensions to that are very moderate indeed.

Here the conversation took a different turn, and Miss Pine soon after took her leave, much mortified at being disappointed in the chief object of her visit.

Mrs. Barnet had not taken part in the preceding conversation, till Miss Pine directly appealed to her, because she was delighted to hear her daughter defend Miss Huntly, and to find that the superior beauty of that young Lady had produced no such effect on the mind of Louisa, as it had done on that of Miss Pine. No child was, indeed, ever more obliged to a mother than Miss Barnet was to her's; under less skilful management she would have turned out very different from what she now was. Her natural vivacity, encouraged by the indulgence of her father, would have rendered her violent and capricious, had it not been restrained and corrected by the counsels and example of her mother. The original impetuosity of her temper and impatience of control sometimes appeared, as in the instance when,
being

being prevented from going to Mr. Anguish's, she behaved with impropriety to Mr. Waller; but at that time her mind was greatly agitated with apprehension for Edward, for whom she had the purest friendship, founded upon a knowledge of his excellent qualities, and a strong sense of obligation. The capricious and disobliging manner in which she had spoken to Mr. Waller, while she was under the apprehensions above-mentioned, turned out advantageous for that Gentleman, for she was desirous of repairing it by the most winning attentions to him afterwards.

C H A P. LXXXI.

Who made the heart, 'tis he alone
Decidedly can try us ;
He knows each chord its various tone,
Each spring its various bias :
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it ;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted. BURNS.

MR. Anguish, who had been absent during Mrs. Barnet's visit, returned to his own house after she and her daughter left it.

Edward felt himself so well, and expressed so strong an inclination to remain with the company, that Mr. Sound consented to his dining in the parlour. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Anguish, Miss Huntly, and Edward. They continued long at the table. Mr. Anguish did not second his wife, when she admonished Edward to retire, because he was certain it would give him present pain, and not certain that it would be of future benefit.

Miss

Miss Huntly probably imagined that it would be unbecoming in her to take any part in the question, and although she had ordered her maid to have her writing desk in readiness, as she intended to write in her own apartment, yet she did not retire till the whole company broke up after supper. She then gave Mrs. Neville's letter a second perusal ; it was in the following terms :

“ My dear Caroline,

“ I AM concerned for the unfortunate affair that you mention, especially as the wounded Gentleman is of so estimable a character. While you say so much in his favour, you have entirely forgot to mention his name and family, which are probably known to the General, and perhaps to me. The attention paid by Mrs. Anguish to a person brought in such circumstances to her house is natural, and becoming one of her humane and hospitable disposition ; but I confess, my dear, that I should not have thought that this accident would have retarded your joining me at the General's ; because a guest extraordinary remaining in a house into which a wounded stranger has been unexpectedly

expectedly brought might be considered as an inconveniency rather than otherwise to the family. I must suppose, however, that you have been prevailed on by the earnest solicitations of Mrs. Anguish; yet you do not give this as a reason, nor do you mention what the other disagreeable incident is that makes your remaining with Mrs. Anguish necessary at present; but if it is not of a nature which renders your presence of peculiar use and importance, I hope you will set out the day after the receipt of this, as you are expected with impatience by the General, and, my dearest Caroline, by

“Your ever affectionate

“MARIA NEVILE.”

Miss Huntly had been disappointed at her perusal of this letter, in finding that the reasons she had given for prolonging her visits did not appear so strong to Mrs. Nevile as they did to herself. By repeated perusals of the letter, she carefully searched for some expression more favourable to her own wishes than she had observed on the first

first reading, but she found nothing which could be construed to that purpose, except this sentence, *I must suppose that you have been prevailed on by the earnest solicitations of Mrs. Anguish*; for by this, Mrs. Neville seemed to admit, that those earnest solicitations would have formed a good reason for her staying; but unfortunately she had never offered to go, and of course Mrs. Anguish had no cause to solicit her to stay. This reflection deprived Miss Huntly of the comfort she at first felt from the sentence in question, until it occurred to her, that *if she had offered to go*, Mrs. Anguish would unquestionably have solicited her very earnestly to stay: and it naturally followed, in the progress of the young Lady's reflections, that it was more friendly to remain spontaneously with Mrs. Anguish on such an emergency, than after putting her friend to the trouble of pressing her.

In composing an answer to Mrs. Neville's second letter, Caroline was somewhat embarrassed how to explain the *additional occurrence* to which she had alluded in her own letter, and which Mrs. Neville in her's

said she could not guess the meaning of ; for as this entirely referred to the accident which happened to the chamber-maid, she was at a loss to make out how she could be of any great utility to Mrs. Anguish on such an occasion. After throwing several unfinished letters into the fire, she resolved to defer answering Mrs. Neville's letter till the next morning. Caroline then went to bed, but not to sleep, the agitation of her mind kept her awake the greater part of the night. She had never before hesitated to acquiesce in Mrs. Neville's opinion. If the young Lady happened to be in doubt on any subject, the moment that Mrs. Neville declared her sentiments, Caroline's doubts were at an end. In the present instance, however, she could not help thinking her guardian unreasonable.

The sagacious reader, no doubt, has long since discovered that Miss Huntly's great inclination to comfort Mrs. Anguish by her company proceeded from the interest the young Lady took in Edward. And if the reader is of the feminine gender, and distinguished for the austerity of her maxims,
and

and perhaps of her countenance, she will declare that this very inducement, namely, the pleasure she took in the company of Edward, ought to have determined her to abandon the house in which he was. Could any thing be more improper, this Lady will say, than for a young woman in Miss Huntly's situation to take pleasure in the company of a young man in Edward's circumstances; or, indeed, for a woman in any situation to permit her thoughts to dwell on any man, young or old, without the approbation of her parents or guardians?

We agree in sentiment with the respectable Lady who makes these reflections, and moreover admit, that it would be *prudent*, on various occasions, to avoid what is most agreeable; and even to fly from particular persons the moment that we feel a desire to remain in their company. But while we acknowledge the wisdom of the Lady's maxims, we cannot help perceiving the difficulty of acting up to them; and although the Lady herself, no doubt, would surmount that and every other difficulty, yet we beg leave to put her in mind of the different situ-

situation in which she at present is from that in which Miss Huntly was. Pray be so good as to recollect, my dear Madam, that you are at present calmly reading in your closet, and making the most of whatever laudable resolutions come into your mind in this state of tranquillity and retirement. Whereas Miss Huntly was in the house of an indulgent friend, in the company of an amiable young man, of whom she had previously received a favourable opinion, and who appeared in a most interesting point of view, having just escaped an imminent danger, into which he had thrown himself from a generous impulse of mind. I will venture also to assert, that although the young woman whose conduct you so much condemn, was not able to *act* with the same prudence which you are certain you should have done, yet she might have had sufficient strength of mind to have given the same good advice. And without laying an improper stress on the difference of your age and Miss Huntly's, you must also admit, my dear Lady, that people of all ages are more quick-sighted to the faults of others than to their own ;

own ; for although your penetration has discovered the secret spell which fixed Miss Huntly to the house of Mr. Anguish, that young Lady herself was, in a great measure, unconscious of it, and imputed her unwillingness to leave it to friendship for Mrs. Anguish, and a pure desire of being of use to her at a troublesome period.

When she rose in the morning, Miss Huntly was still undetermined in what terms to write to Mrs. Neville ; she resolved, however, before she wrote at all, to mention to Mrs. Anguish, that she feared she would be under the necessity of leaving her the next day. This she did at breakfast, in the presence of Edward ; but assuredly she did not announce her resolution to go, with such a firmness of voice and manner as to preclude all hope of her being to be persuaded to stay ; not because she thought it likely that Mrs. Anguish would allow her to go without making some attempt to detain her, but she was not quite sure of being pressed with such earnestness as would fully justify her for delaying to comply with the request of Mrs. Neville. But Mrs. Anguish

E E 2 surpassed

surpassed the young Lady's expectation, and insisted on her staying, with such friendly warmth, as would have rendered it a difficult matter for her to get away, had she been really desirous of going.

Edward was not an unconcerned witness of this dispute between the two Ladies; and the satisfaction visible in his countenance, when Mrs. Anguish obtained the victory, was no way displeasing to Miss Huntly, who directly retired, and wrote to Mrs. Neville how extremely anxious Mrs. Anguish was for her stay, and how peculiarly distressing it would be to her to be left without a friend and companion at that time, without taking notice of every part of Mrs. Neville's last letter.

Having finished her epistle, Caroline returned to the parlour, where Mrs. Anguish and Edward still remained. Mr. Anguish had rode out before breakfast, leaving word that, as he would probably be detained to dinner at one or other of the houses where he meant to visit, he would not return till late in the evening.

C H A P. LXXXII.

— Securely I espy

Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.

SHAKESPEARE.

IT was about the middle of August, the weather was sultry; Venetian blinds excluded, in some measure, the ardent beams of the sun, and produced a kind of twilight in the room in which Mrs. Anguish, Miss Huntly, and Edward sat. The two latter seemed fully satisfied with their situation, and certainly had no wish to be any where else. Mrs. Anguish, although a friendly and well-disposed woman, was rather an inconvenient companion to people who were inclined to remain where they were; she was apt to disturb enjoyment, by proposing alterations, and generally thought she should be happier or easier where she was not, than where she was. “Lord!” said she, “I do not know why we should sit here mewed up in the dark, when we can be as cool, and more comfortable, in the new seat

I have made in the garden; for there we shall be equally screened from the sun, and shall also enjoy the breeze."

"I believe there is no breeze, my dear," said Miss Huntly.

"There will be some soon," rejoined Mrs. Anguish.

"Is it apt to rise about mid-day at this season?" said Miss Huntly.

"We shall be much better at my new seat. Come, Caroline, take my advice, and let us go," said Mrs. Anguish.

"Allons donc," cried Caroline, springing from her seat.

"As for this convalescent," said Mrs. Anguish, "perhaps it will be better for him to remain where he is."

"Pardon me," replied Edward, "I would rather enjoy with you a little of the *cooling noontide* air."

They proceeded gaily to the garden, and seated themselves in a kind of bower. Caroline and Edward, however unwilling they had been to move, were soon reconciled to their new situation; but Mrs. Anguish recollected that she had had no exercise that day,

day, and that exercise was good for nervous complaints, she therefore proposed a walk.

“I hope it will be a very short one, my dear,” said Caroline; “for the heat of the sun is unsufferable.”

“We shall have nothing to do with the sun,” said Mrs. Anguish; “for the avenue begins exactly at the back door of the garden.”

They accordingly went out at this back door, and immediately entered an avenue formed of rows of venerable trees, whose intermingling branches excluded the rays of the sun, except in a few spots distinguished by a scanty checkering of light and shade upon the ground.

“Ay, now,” said Mrs. Anguish, “we shall be better than sitting either in the house or garden; for here we can enjoy walking, without which it is impossible to keep free of nervous complaints.”

Having continued their walk a little way, Mrs. Anguish hinted, that, perhaps, a little exercise in a carriage would be more agreeable; but before any thing farther could be said on that subject, all of a sudden, a large
dog,

dog, with open mouth and foaming jaws, who had rushed from a neighbouring village, came running directly down the avenue. He was pursued by some cottagers, shouting as they ran, "A mad dog! a mad dog!"

Mrs. Anguish, who first observed him, immediately turned, and ran with all her might to the garden door, calling to her friend to follow her.

"O, Mr. Edward!" cried Miss Huntly, "what will become of us?"

"Follow your friend as fast as you can," cried Edward, "and you will soon be in safety."

"But *you*," cried she; "what will become of *you*?"

"This will defend me," said Edward, raising a kind of long staff or pole, which he held in his hand. "Pray, Madam, run! for Heaven's sake run!" added he.

Miss Huntly had scarcely taken six steps when, her foot striking against a clod, she fell to the ground, and the enraged animal pushed directly towards her. The staff with which Edward was armed happened fortunately to be one of those poles with an
iron

iron spike at one end, which are used in the country as walking staves. With steady attention he watched the motions of the dog, who, regardless of him, continued his course towards Miss Huntly, and had almost reached her, when Edward struck him with such force on the side, with the armed end of the pole, as broke one of his ribs and overset him at the same time. Before the wounded animal could recover his feet, Edward redoubled his blows so rapidly, that the dog was killed before the peasantry, who were in pursuit of him, came up.

Miss Huntly had sprung from the ground with agility; but throwing back her eyes, and seeing Edward engaged with the dog, instead of continuing her flight, she stopt short, as if by enchantment; her feet were motionless, but all the features of her countenance were in rapid variation, as her hopes and fears rose or fell.

“God Almighty be praised!” exclaimed she, as soon as she saw the furious animal stretched breathless on the ground.

“I hope you are not hurt by the fall,” said Edward.

“Dear

“ Dear Sir !” exclaimed she, “ how infinitely I am obliged to you !”

“ I am already overpaid,” exclaimed he,

“ Never ! never ! can you be overpaid, Sir ; you have more than saved my life,” continued she. “ In what a shocking situation might I have now been ; a situation far more dreadful than death. Merciful Heaven ! how I shudder to think of it. From this calamity, at your own risk, you have saved me. My dear Sir, I must be your everlasting debtor !”

Those and such like rapturous expressions burst from the lips of this young Lady, while her heart yet quivered with a sense of the danger she had escaped ; and as often as Edward attempted to undervalue the service he had rendered her, it drew a new effusion of grateful acknowledgments from the feeling breast of Miss Huntly. This young couple returned to the house in a state of such delightful enthusiasm, as none but minds of exquisite sensibility can form an idea of.

Before Miss Huntly and Edward reached the garden gate, they met the gardener and
two

two labourers running to their assistance; they had been sent by Mrs. Anguish as she passed through the garden. The moment she arrived at the house, she also hurried all the footmen to the protection of her guests; and soon after, being exhausted with fatigue and terror, she fell into repeated fits of fainting, in which state she was carried to bed. In the intervals of the faintings she bewailed the fate of her young friend, exposed to the fury of an enraged animal. Those repeated lamentations had such an effect on the terrified imaginations of the maid and housekeeper, who sat by her bedside, that they thought Miss Huntly must by that time be half devoured by the dog. They were very much alarmed, therefore, when they saw that young Lady rush into the room, and they both flew from her with precipitation.

The maid, rolling herself up in one of the bed-curtains, exclaimed, "For Christ's sake, come not near me."

"Nor me!" cried the housekeeper, from behind a large easy chair, which she kept between her and Miss Huntly.

"What

“What is the matter! Are you mad?” said that young Lady.

“We are quite the contrary,” said the maid; “but it is easy to see what *you* are, by your asking such a question.”

“You ought to get yourself three times dipped in the sea,” cried the housekeeper.

Miss Huntly, who had stopped short at their exclamations, now moved towards Mrs. Anguish, on which the maid addressed her in a pathetic tone of voice, “Pray spare my poor innocent Lady, Madam; consider, she was once your friend; and a bite of her will not cure you.”

Miss Huntly, smiling at this remonstrance, calmly assured them that nobody had been bit, and that the dog was killed. On which the maid, unrolling herself from the curtains, declared, “That she had not been half so much afraid on her own account, as on that of her dear Lady.” The housekeeper was making a similar declaration in more tedious terms, when Mrs. Anguish, recovering from the consternation which this scene had occasioned, desired them to withdraw.

Miss Huntly then related the circumstances with which her friend was unacquainted, insisting on the generous and intrepid behaviour of Edward.

The narrative exalted the spirits of Mrs. Anguish so much, that, rising from the bed on which she had hitherto reclined, she walked out of the room, exclaiming, "Where is he? O! where is the brave fellow?" And meeting Edward in the passage, she embraced him, and poured forth the most rapturous expressions of gratitude and admiration. Miss Huntly, who closely followed Mrs. Anguish, was witness, as well as some of the servants, to this scene, which surprised and confused Edward himself so much, that he was unable to pronounce an articulate sentence. Miss Huntly, although her countenance indicated that she partook of Edward's confusion, had presence of mind sufficient to conduct her friend into the drawing-room, where all the three in a short time recovered a greater degree of composure. They passed the rest of the day and the evening in the enjoyment of as pleasing recollections as human nature is acquainted

acquainted with. The hearts of two of them overflowing with benevolence and gratitude; the third, conscious of having, by a meritorious action, been the cause of their safety and happiness; and all of them rejoicing in the thoughts of having escaped a great and imminent danger.

Mr. Anguish was dining at the house of a Gentleman in the county, when the servant arrived with a confused, but alarming story of a mad dog having bit many people in the country, and in particular several of Mr. Anguish's family. He immediately started from the table, and returned home, under great apprehension of some very dreadful catastrophe; where, to his unspeakable satisfaction, he found Mrs. Anguish, Miss Huntly, and Edward, sitting together as above described. Mrs. Anguish flew into her husband's arms, and hardly giving him time to ask a question, with all the eagerness with which we tell those we love what we know will give them pleasure, related to him the history of that eventful day.

The

The transition from a state of the most painful apprehension to that full satisfaction he now felt, put Mr. Anguish on a level in point of happiness with the company he had joined.

Mrs. Anguish dwelt with rapture on the praise of Edward, while Caroline, though sparing of verbal panegyric, expressed in her countenance assent and approbation of all her friend uttered. In the fulness of her joy, Mrs. Anguish said, gaily, to her husband, "You never had reason to be jealous until this day; but I must tell you fairly, I do love this young man."

"Well, my dear, since it is so," replied Mr. Anguish, "I am glad, for your sake as well as mine, that you openly avow your love; and thus shall

Concealment, like a worm in the bud,
Not feed on your damask cheek."

"I hate concealment," Mrs. Anguish replied; "but were it otherwise, concealment is now out of my power; my passion is known to the whole family; for the instant I saw Edward, when he returned from preserving Caroline, I threw my arms
8 around

around his neck and saluted him, with as much cordiality as ever I saluted a man in my life."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Mr. Anguish; "but I hope this young Lady expressed her gratitude to the Gentleman in the same manner."

"If she did not, she shall," cried Mrs. Anguish, seizing Miss Huntly by the hand, and pulling her towards Edward.

The face of Miss Huntly was instantly covered with blushes—and resisting her friend, she said, with a disturbed voice, "Are you mad?"

"No, my dear, not quite," replied Mrs. Anguish; "but had it not been for this Gentleman, you might have been raving mad; so come, shew your gratitude, and thank your deliverer with your *own lips*."

"Then, I do thank you, Sir, from my soul," said Miss Huntly, with a burst of gratitude, which animated her voice, in some degree overcame her confusion, and made her advance her lovely face a little towards Edward, who, with rapturous emotion, seized the moment, and pressed his lips to hers.

"Now,

“ Now, my dear,” said Mr. Anguish to his Lady, “ as Caroline has given the same mark of gratitude that you did, I shall bear the passion you profess for Mr. Edward with a better grace ; for I have hopes, that at most you will be able only to divide his heart with her.”

Mr. and Mrs. Anguish continued this kind of sportive dialogue for some time, without interruption from Miss Huntly or Edward ; both of whom seemed entirely engrossed with their own reflections, and no way disposed to attend to or join in the conversation.

C H A P. LXXXIII.

— Quis enim celaverit ignem,
Lumine qui semper proditur ipse suo? OVID.

THE family of Mr. Anguish did not long enjoy this happiness and tranquillity. When Mr. Sound called the following day, he found his patient feverish; he imputed this to the irritation of the wound by the exertions which Edward had made in killing the dog, but expressed a hope that it would abate in consequence of repose and the regimen he recommended, after having taken some blood from the patient's arm.

The following morning, however, Mr. Sound was informed that Edward had passed a painful and sleepless night, and he found the fever greatly augmented, and therefore wished to consult with a Physician.

Mr. Anguish expressed much uneasiness on Edward's account, but added, "that no part of it would be removed by the attendance of Dr. Scribble."

Mr.

Mr. Sound said, "that as Dr. Scribble had already visited the young Gentleman, and was usually employed by Mr. Anguish, he should of course be sent for; but that the patient, on whose account he himself had come from London, was attended by a Physician of skill and integrity, and, if Mr. Anguish pleased, he would bring him also when he returned in the evening."

Mr. Anguish approved greatly of this proposal. He spoke lightly, however, of Edward's illness to his wife and Miss Huntly. This did not prevent the former from shewing concern for her young guest, whose amiable qualities she dwelt upon with gratitude and affection. The latter, unwilling, and, perhaps, unable to express what she felt, retired to her chamber.

Captain Gore, who had called to inquire after Edward, was sitting with Mr. and Mrs. Anguish, when the servant who had gone for Dr. Scribble, returned and informed them, that the Doctor refused to come, saying he was obliged to visit a Gentleman, whom he named, who was in great danger.

“I saw the Gentleman yesterday,” said Mr. Anguish ; “he has a slight complaint, and is in no manner of danger.”

“He might be in no danger, yesterday, when you saw him,” said Captain Gore, “but as the Doctor is now called, I am clearly of opinion, that the Gentleman is in very great danger.”

Mr. Anguish then informed his wife, that Mr. Sound was to bring another Physician with him. On his being named, Mrs. Anguish observed, “that he was celebrated only for his knowledge in the diseases of women.”

“If he understands the diseases of women,” said Captain Gore, “it is to be presumed he knows something of those of men also ; for after all, there is nothing so like a woman as a man, particularly some men of my acquaintance. But as for Dr. Scribble, I confess that there is only one disease which I would trust to his management, either in man or woman.”

“What disease is that ?” Mrs. Anguish asked.

“On

“On my conscience, it is not one of the diseases of women, Madam,” replied Captain Gore.

“Well, but what is the name of this same disease ; what is it called ?” repeated she.

“A locked jaw, Madam,” answered he ; “a disease for which Dr. Scribble may safely be allowed to prescribe, because in it the patient can swallow no drugs.”

Mr. Sound arrived sooner than was expected, accompanied by the Physician. After having visited Edward, and considered his case, he returned to the parlour, where Mr. and Mrs. Anguish waited with anxiety to know his opinion. Without having recourse to the equivocal language so often adopted to conceal ignorance, and suit either event, he honestly told them, that he could not speak with certainty, because he was himself doubtful ; that he had ordered some medicines, from which he expected a good effect, although it might not appear so soon as in the course of that night. That Mr.

Sound was to call in the evening, and would then determine whether another bleeding might not be necessary; and that he himself would visit the patient again the next morning.

Caroline met him as he was going away, and questioned him respecting the state of his patient; he candidly told his opinion. She returned to her apartment, where she remained during the rest of the day, being, as she said, and as she really was, a good deal indisposed.

Mr. Sound did not return till very late. He had accidentally heard of a poor man, whose leg had been broken and dreadfully lacerated, just as he was going to revisit Edward. Prompted by that humanity which never forsook him, he hastened, in the first place, to the cottage in which the poor man lay; and having ordered two of his own shirts to be cut into bandages, for the man's use, and given him every necessary assistance, he arrived a good deal fatigued at the house of Mr. Anguish, but found it necessary to take some more blood from Edward,

ward, and afterwards declared that he would remain with him that night.

Caroline's maid carried her intelligence of what had passed. When she heard of the second bleeding, she burst into tears. She took some pains afterwards to assure the maid, that she could not hear of any person whatever being brought into danger on her account without being so affected. She then took up a book, saying she would read a little to compose herself, and desired the maid to go to bed.

When the maid disappeared, Caroline threw down the book, and burst again into tears. Her bed-chamber was in the story beneath that of Edward, so that she could hear any uncommon movement in his. Between two and three in the morning his fever rose higher than before; he talked loud and incoherently; the symptoms became so alarming, that a message was sent to Mr. Sound, who went directly to Edward's bed-chamber, where he remained a full hour. He was returning to his own, when Caroline, who had waited

all that time, met him in the passage, and inquired how his patient did.

Mr. Sound told her that the attendants had been greatly alarmed ; but now there was reason to hope that the disorder was beginning to abate.

“ You leave him at a critical time,” said she.

“ I go to my own chamber for something that is wanted,” replied Mr. Sound ; “ but I shall return and remain in his through the rest of the night.”

“ You must then think him in a very dangerous condition,” added she.

“ That does not follow,” replied Mr. Sound ; “ but I do not choose to leave him at a time which his friends think critical.”

“ How good and humane you are !” said Miss Huntly.

“ I never was more interested in the recovery of any patient,” said he.

“ Ah,” cried she, “ had you the same cause that I have !”

“ I know the young Gentleman rendered you a great service,” said he.

“ He

“ He preserved me from worse than death, Sir. I should be a barbarian, were I not concerned for any person to whom I lay under such an obligation.”

“ The concern you shew is very natural,” answered Mr. Sound ; “ and the gratitude you expressed seems to have made a strong impression on *his* mind.”

“ On *his* mind !” said she.

“ He sometimes talks incoherently, Madam,” rejoined Mr. Sound ; “ and in his wanderings often pronounces your name.”

Miss Huntly’s face became extremely red ; her heart beat quick, and she attempted to say something ; but, perceiving a tremor in her voice, and that her tears were ready to flow, she turned from the Surgeon, and walked into her own bed-chamber. Mr. Sound soon after returned to that of Edward. He remained till the morning was far advanced, and left his patient much calmer than he had been in the night.

The Physician arrived about the hour of breakfast. Edward had fallen asleep after Mr. Sound had left him, and awaked cool
and

and refreshed a little before the Doctor came.

Mrs. Anguish and the attendants imputed this to the medicines which the Physician had prescribed, and which Edward had taken regularly.

“ Oh, Doctor!” cried Mrs. Anguish, the moment she saw him, “ what a blessed effect has your prescription had ! your patient is greatly better.”

“ He owes his life to you, and you only,” cried the nurse ; “ for he grew better from the moment he began to take the medicines you ordered.”

The Physician proceeded to Edward's bed-chamber, without making any precise answer. After examining the state of his patient, whom he found in all respects better, he desired the nurse to follow him to the parlour, where Mr. and Mrs. Anguish waited for him.

This Physician was a man of strict probity, as well as sense and professional knowledge ; he possessed that pride and dignity of mind which makes a man at once despise the praises of ignorance, and

disclaim merit which does not belong to him.

“ I am happy to be able to confirm your opinion—this young man is, indeed, greatly better.”

“ How fortunate it was that you chanced to be in the country at this time,” cried Mrs. Anguish.

“ It is so far fortunate, Madam,” said the Physician, “ that my attendance has made your mind easier than, perhaps, it otherwise would have been.”

“ I am persuaded you have saved his life,” cried Mrs. Anguish.

“ That is as certain as death,” cried the nurse.

“ Believe me, Madam,” said the Physician, “ we neither save nor destroy lives so often as it is imputed to us. But whatever benefit this young man has had from medicine in the present instance he would most certainly have reaped, whether I had been here or not. The medicines I prescribed, and the method of cure I advised, were what Dr. Scribble would have ordered, had he been here ; and exactly what Mr. Sound adopted

adopted previous to my arrival, though the good effects had not time to appear till now."

The Physician having said this, left Mr. and Mrs. Anguish delighted with his behaviour.

Miss Huntly was so much indisposed by the fatigue of the preceding night, that she kept her own apartment this and most of the following day; when, Mr. and Mrs. Anguish being in the parlour waiting for the Physician, who was with Edward, the arrival of an unexpected guest was announced. This was no other than Mrs. Nevile.

When this Lady was writing again to press Caroline's return, she had received an anonymous letter, advising her to remove Miss Huntly, with all possible speed, from the house of Mr. Anguish; insinuating, that she had a partiality for a young man confined there, who had been first received into the family of Mr. Barnet by the contrivance of his wife, an artful woman, who had the entire government of her husband; and that this pretended foundling

foundling was supposed to be more nearly related to Mrs. Barnet than she durst avow: but that she was obviously endeavouring to form an union between him and Miss Huntly, and had found means to engage Mrs. Anguish in the plot, over whom the young man was known to have great influence.

This friendly epistle was the production of Miss Pine, who had become infinitely solicitous that Miss Huntly should be removed from the county.

Mrs. Nevile thought it highly probable that malice had dictated this letter; yet it affected her so much, that having another reason for wishing Caroline in London, instead of finishing the letter she had begun, she determined to go herself for her.

Before Caroline knew of Mrs. Nevile's arrival, she informed Mr. and Mrs. Anguish that business of importance required Miss Huntly's immediate presence in London; and begged that they would not object to her setting out the following morning. She repeated this with such earnestness, that both agreed to her request.

Miss

Miss Huntly's maid, having at last heard of Mrs. Neville's arrival, went and told her mistress.

Caroline, who had not thrown off her clothes all the preceding night, sprang from the bed on which she was reposing, entered the parlour, and flew into the arms of her friend, who was struck with the young Lady's appearance, her bloom being considerably impaired by the fatigue and agitation of mind and body she had undergone. Mrs. Neville took no notice, however, of having remarked this.

Mr. Sound visited Edward in the evening. He confirmed the favourable report that had been made of him in the morning, and repeated the directions formerly given respecting the necessity of keeping his patient secluded from visitors, till the fever, of which there were still some remains, should be entirely removed.

Miss Huntly did not venture to ask any questions of the Surgeon before her friend; indeed there was no great necessity, as Mrs. Anguish asked so many. But a person of
half

half Mrs. Neville's penetration might have remarked in the expressive countenance of Miss Huntly, that she was in no small degree interested in the answers made to these questions by Mr. Sound.

Mrs. Neville had not yet given any hint respecting the time she intended to return to town. But she informed Caroline, when they retired after supper, that one of her relations, whom she respected the most, had lately come to London, and wished much to see her; that she herself intended to set out the next morning.

Miss Huntly made no immediate answer, but Mrs. Neville added, "I do not know how it has been with you, my dear Caroline, but your stay in the country has appeared an age to me."

Miss Huntly threw her arms around the neck of her friend, in expression of that affection and gratitude which she could not immediately utter. She afterwards, with some confusion and in broken sentences, mentioned the distress in which Mrs. Anguish would have been, had she left her alone on such an occasion; and

and then added, "Have you not a desire to see the person to whom I lie under such a weight of obligation?"

"I consider myself as under as great an obligation to that person as you, my dear; for I question whether your life is dearer to yourself than it is to me. I shall have opportunities of seeing him when he is recovered; at present, my seeing him could do no good, and I am positively engaged to be in town to-morrow, when, as you know, Mrs. Barnet is expected here."

"True," cried Miss Huntly, with quickness, as if a painful recollection had occurred; "she comes to-morrow, and is to stay till he is out of danger."

"She has written so to Mrs. Anguish," said Mrs. Neville.

"He is then in danger still?" rejoined Caroline.

"The Surgeon thinks not," said Mrs. Neville.

"But Mrs. Barnet fears he is," added Caroline.

"The Surgeon, my dear, is the most competent judge. Mrs. Barnet's regard

for this young man, makes her fear without cause," rejoined Mrs. Neville.

"Mrs. Barnett's regard," said Caroline, "is founded on gratitude; he once saved her life. She thinks it would have the appearance of ingratitude to fly from the house in which her benefactor lies dangerously ill. Nothing is so odious as ingratitude!"

Mrs. Neville had never before observed any opposition or even hesitation in Caroline to follow her advice. The reluctance which the young Lady manifested against leaving her present residence, made Mrs. Neville suspect that there was more truth in at least *one* of the insinuations in the anonymous letter than she had at first believed. This suspicion rendered her more anxious than ever to carry Miss Huntly with her to London.

"Our long separation," resumed Mrs. Neville, "while you were abroad with your uncle, I not only agreed to, but urged, my dear Caroline, for reasons which appeared to me irresistible. I was convinced, that if your excellent mother had been alive,

alive, she would have thought that measure expedient."

As Mrs. Neville spoke this with more solemnity than usual, Miss Huntly's eyes, which had been fixed on the ground, were quickly directed to the face of her friend, and Mrs. Neville continued—"But to remain separate from you any longer at present, I should think a proof of my disregard of the request of my beloved friend; I should consider it as a breach of that sacred engagement I made to your mother on her death-bed. Have you forgot how often, and how earnestly she entreated me never to separate myself from you, and the satisfaction she shewed at my assuring her I never would? Even when she had lost the power of speech, on my taking hold of your hand as a token of my intention of adhering to my engagement, can you forget that languid smile of satisfaction immediately before she withdrew her expiring eyes from us, and turned them up towards Heaven?"

"Oh, merciful God!" cried Miss Huntly; "I see her! I see my mother! Dear, dear Mrs. Neville, I ask your pardon, I will

I will do what you please—let us not be separated—if you must go, I will accompany you—to-morrow.”

Mrs. Nevile retired a little after to her own bed-chamber, leaving Caroline in a state of great inquietude, determined, however, to set out for London the next day, in case Mrs. Nevile persisted in her resolution of going, but not entirely without hopes that Mr. and Mrs. Anguish would prevail on her to stay a few days longer.

The Physician and Mr. Sound called pretty early the next morning. After having visited Edward, they gave a favourable account of his state of health to the company assembled at breakfast, and concurred in opinion, that he was in a fair way of recovery, but that it was still requisite that he should be kept quiet, and see no company.

Mrs. Nevile ordered her carriage a few minutes after they were gone. Caroline looked at Mrs. Anguish, and was equally surprised and disappointed, when that Lady said, she was sorry that Mrs.

Nevile was obliged to leave them so soon, especially as Caroline was to go with her.

After this cold remark, so different from what she expected from the affectionate and hospitable disposition of Mrs. Anguish, she had no doubt but that Mrs. Nevile had previously prevailed on Mr. and Mrs. Anguish not to oppose her going. Dropping all hope, therefore, of being pressed to stay, she sorrowfully followed Mrs. Nevile to her carriage.

C H A P. LXXXIV.

Say, that you love me not ; but say not so
In bitterness ; the common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon.

SHAKESPEARE.

VERY little conversation passed between Mrs. Nevile and Caroline on their journey to London. The latter still thought Edward in danger : her fears conjured up to her recollection every instance she had ever heard of medical men being mistaken in their prognostication ; the number was formidable. Caroline was not satisfied with being thus hurried to town ; she imagined that Mrs. Nevile thought too lightly of the important service which Edward had rendered her ; and was not sufficiently sensible of the gratitude she owed him ; for the inexperienced young woman still believed that gratitude to a benefactor was the only sentiment she harboured in her breast in favour of Edward.

The reason hinted above, which, independent of the anonymous letter, made Mrs. Nevile wish for Caroline's return to London, it will now be necessary to mention. Among the numbers of young men who seemed solicitous to gain the favour of Miss Huntly, although there were several who would have been considered by the world in general as very advantageous connections, none would have had the approbation of Mrs. Nevile. A short time, however, after Caroline's return to England, Lord Brighton arrived also from the Continent. He was of an estimable character, agreeable in his person, amiable in his manners, and powerfully connected. He had frequently visited Mr. Morton when he resided in France, and had been equally struck with the beauty of his niece, and delighted with the sprightliness of her conversation. Lord Brighton was about the age of thirty-three when he first saw Caroline; his father was still alive, a venerable Nobleman, who having spent his youth, and many years of his manhood, in a manner honourable to himself and useful to his country,

country, now in his old age, enjoyed in retirement all the tranquillity of virtue. Lord Brighton lived on the most confidential footing with his father, who, at an early period of the young man's life, had one day said to him, "I have not the smallest inclination to control you in the subject of matrimony. If I were certain that you would consent to be the husband of the woman I approve of the most, I would not desire it, unless your heart dictated the same choice; but as young men are apt, on this subject, to think their happiness depends on what often turns out to be the source of their greatest misery, I should wish to have your promise, my dear Brighton, that you never will propose marriage without first acquainting me. It is more than probable that I shall approve of your choice; but if I should not, I will state my reasons; and thus I shall, at least, have the chance of suggesting something that may make you alter your intention; for those who take this important step unknown to their parents, in the hope that they will be conciliated to what they detest because it cannot

be mended, act, in my opinion, from the most ungenerous motives. But after you have heard and reflected on what I may urge, should you continue in the same mind, and if there is nothing disgraceful in the connection, which can hardly be supposed, then I promise that you shall have my consent."

The son agreed very readily to those conditions, and most fortunate was it for him that he did so ; for very soon after, he was so intoxicated by a worthless woman that he would have yielded to the desire of marrying secretly, had it not been for the word of honour he had pledged to his father ; who, on being informed of his intention, stated his objections to the connection with such truth and energy, that the young man dropped his purpose, and was afterwards sensible that in so doing he was saved from endless remorse.

It may be said, that this Noble Lord's plan can only be of use to young men who have a sacred regard to their engagements. This is true ; but it is equally true, that those young men who have not that regard

are not worth keeping out of any scrape whatever.

Long after he had returned from his travels, Lord Brighton became acquainted with Mr. Morton. During a short excursion which he made to France, he visited that Gentleman frequently, and was particularly pleased with the appearance of Caroline. He had seen her formerly with Mrs. Neville ; but as she was then a child she had made no impression on him ; whereas now she made a great deal. This he endeavoured, however, to conceal, both from the uncle and the young Lady herself. But perceiving that Mr. Morton began to suspect what was really the case, and that he seemed pleased with the idea, Lord Brighton became more sparing of his visits, and soon after returned to England, being too much a man of honour to encourage expectations which he had not yet determined to fulfil. He previously had perceived, from the frank gay manner of the young Lady, that she had no suspicion of the same nature with that of her uncle.

He

He returned to England, and on finding that absence seemed rather to inflame than cool his passion, he at last made his father a confidant in the terms of agreement which had been made at least ten years before.

The old Earl then declared, that he had made the treaty at a period when he thought it might be of use ; but that now he considered his son as a more competent judge than himself of whom he ought to marry, and that he would be happy to receive as his daughter-in-law any young Lady he was inclined to choose for his wife.

Lord Brighton had occasionally visited Mrs. Neville ever since her last return from France ; and having waited on her while Caroline was at Mrs. Anguish's, he avowed to Mrs. Neville the sentiments he entertained, and solicited her influence, informing her at the same time, that he had the Earl's approbation.

Mrs. Neville heard this declaration with great satisfaction. Of his Lordship's character she had long had a very high opinion, being

persuaded that he united more qualities suitable to Miss Huntly's disposition, and calculated for securing her happiness, than any man of her acquaintance. She made no secret of her sentiments to his Lordship, and assured him, that she would do all in her power to promote his suit; which, after all, she told him, must depend upon his pleasing the young Lady; "For, amidst the many obliging remarks made by your sex upon our's," continued she, "your Lordship must have heard, that what is in itself most *probable* becomes *uncertain* when it depends on the fancy of a woman." Mrs. Neville, however, had little doubt of his being agreeable to Caroline; because, to the advantages above enumerated in this Nobleman were united a great fortune and a birth so illustrious, as, even in Mrs. Neville's eyes, gave additional brilliancy to his character; for rank and birth, which have such infinite weight with the *many*, have also a considerable share with the most judicious of the *few*.

For some time after her return to London, Caroline understood that Edward's health

health was still in a doubtful state. At length she received a letter from Mrs. Anguish, which informed her that his wound was so nearly healed, that he had been transported to Barnet-hall, and that nothing of his illness remained, but a dejection of spirits, which the medical people imputed to his long confinement. And a little after she was informed that Miss Barnet had given her hand in marriage to Mr. Waller; that the marriage had been celebrated with much festivity at Barnet-hall; that Edward had shewn uncommon satisfaction on the occasion, but had afterwards relapsed into that melancholy which had been imputed to his late tedious illness.

Caroline found somewhat in this intelligence rather agreeable to her mind; and she seemed so much more chearful than she had been since her return to town, that Mrs. Nevile was persuaded that time, absence, and the dissipation of the capital, had produced the effect she expected; and that Caroline was now in a state of mind not unfavourable for the addresses

dress of Lord Brighton. On various pretexts she had hitherto prevented his making a formal declaration: She now hinted to him that he might.

When Caroline saw this Nobleman in France, she considered him entirely in the light of a friend and visitor of her uncle. She had, previous to that, seen him as a man, though a very young one, when she was a mere child. Many men have fallen in love with women, whom, at the age of manhood, they knew as children. But it rarely happens that a woman conceives the same passion for one whom she has known as a man when she was a child. Caroline met Lord Brighton frequently at Mrs. Neville's, on her return from the country, but she placed his visits to that Lady's account, and was a good deal surprised when, on Mrs. Neville's leaving her alone with him one day, he made her a declaration of love. The confusion which this threw her into gave his Lordship time to make it in the fullest manner. She remained silent for a minute, on purpose to recollect herself,

It

It was natural for him to construe this pause in his own favour; he was going to enforce his suit with more confidence of success, when, raising her eyes, which had been fixed on the ground, with a look of serious and calm determination, she said, "My Lord, I think myself highly honoured by the sentiments you express in my favour; for I esteem your character as much as I respect your birth; but it is not in my power to accept of the honour which you have condescended to offer. I hope the good opinion you have expressed of me will be sufficient to convince you that I am superior to disguise or affectation; and that the reasons which preclude me from accepting your proposal are of a nature not to be removed. I do therefore hope that you will drop your suit, because your continuing it will deprive me of the company of one, whose virtues I esteem, and whose friendship I wish to retain."

This answer was of such a nature, and delivered in such a manner, as put an end to all his hopes; he declared his regret, thanked

thanked her for her candour, and desired with earnestness that he might ever retain a share in her friendship.

Mrs. Neville was greatly surprised and vexed when she was informed by his Lordship of what had passed between her young friend and him. She even insinuated a fear that Caroline had some secret engagement. "She could not otherwise account," she said, "for the answer the young Lady had made to his Lordship."

To this the Noble Lord said, "that no such inference could be made merely from the circumstances of her having declined his proposal: But should it be as you suspect," added he; "if Miss Huntly's rejection of me proceeds from her partiality in favour of another, I am persuaded that the person so distinguished by her must be a man of merit, and that none of her friends will need to-blush at the connection; for a young Lady of more judgment and penetration than she seems to be, I confess I never was acquainted with; and I now declare to you, my dear Mrs. Neville, that even in re-
fusing

fusing my suit she has rather risen than sunk in my esteem."

The more Mrs. Neville admired the candour of this very distinguished Nobleman, the more did she regret the issue of the affair; being convinced, that her young friend neither gave a proof of judgment nor penetration on this occasion. And Mrs. Neville was strengthened in her suspicion, that Caroline was more deeply impressed in favour of Edward than she at first could have thought possible. She still abstained, however, from speaking, or even giving her any hint about it,

C H A P. LXXXV.

Love's of a strangely open, simple kind,
And thinks none sees it 'cause itself is blind.

COWLEY.

MISSA Barnet's marriage with Mr. Wal-
ler was a most joyful event to her fa-
ther, and proved a source of lasting happi-
ness to Mrs. Barnet, as it secured that of
her daughter, on whose lively character the
early good sense, the generous conduct,
amiable manners of her husband had
happiest influence. The head-strong
perversity and haughtiness of her temper
been, in a great measure, corrected by
judicious attentions of her mother, and
coquetry fled entirely when she became
a wife, without carrying with it that spright-
liness which had first caught the fancy of
her husband, and which contributed greatly
to his as well as her happiness through life.
Amidst the festivity of Barnet-place
ward could not always conceal the me-
lancholy

lancholy which oppressed his mind. This was imputed to that weakness which is the natural consequence of a severe wound. Mrs. Waller, however, had seen enough to convince her that his sole malady was love. The friendship she entertained for Edward was of the purest nature, founded on a sense of obligation, and a knowledge of his virtuous qualities. She could not see him thus sorrowful without a diminution of her felicity, and actually told him what she suspected to be the cause of his melancholy, asserting at the same time, that he had no reason to be so dejected, since she was convinced that he was by no means an object of indifference to Miss Huntly.

Edward expressed astonishment and regret at finding the secret of his heart discovered. He begged to know whether Mrs. Waller had communicated her suspicion to any other person; she answered, that she had not, even to her husband. He then said, that although he could have wished that his passion had remained unknown to all the world; yet he would not assert a falsehood, nor would he attempt dissimu-

disimulation with her, and therefore he acknowledged her suspicion to be well founded, asserting at the same time, that she had in Miss Huntly mistaken the natural gratitude of a benevolent mind for a different sentiment; that for his own part, he was determined to overcome or endure his anguish, without any presumptuous attempt which might render him odious to the Lady in question. He earnestly begged Mrs. Waller never to mention the subject of their present conversation to any other person; he concluded by declaring, that it was his invariable resolution never, by word or deed, to make any attempt in consequence of the absurd hope which Mrs. Walker had suggested; and although he was sensible of her friendly motive, yet he entreated that she would never again resume the subject.

Mrs. Waller said nothing in opposition to this request, but she continued in the resolution of serving him, when she could find an opportunity.

Edward had often remarked the ridiculous vanity with which some men interpret in their own favour the most common

piece of politeness, or the slenderest attention from a woman. Nothing appeared to him more contemptible than this coxcomical species of self-conceit. Although he was persuaded, therefore, that Miss Huntly had a just sense of gratitude, and, perhaps, over-rated the service he had rendered her, yet he did not indulge the idea that a young Lady of her fortune, who was eminently distinguished for beauty, and a variety of accomplishments, thought of him in the manner which Mrs. Waller expressed. He could not bear the idea of being ranked among those despicable adventurers, who, instead of seeking independence by the exertion of talent, or in some useful profession, endeavour to ensnare by marriage some unwary woman, on whose fortune, or by the means of whose connections, they rely through life for an idle and useless existence. After a great deal of uneasy reflection, he came to the resolution of leaving England, and tearing himself from a person who engrossed his thoughts, and rendered him incapable of every business, while his presence was also injurious

rious to her. From absence alone he expected the cure of his unfortunate passion, and while that should be his chief object, he wished to be considered by the world to be in pursuit of fortune. But as he expected his friend Clifton's return to England, he determined to wait till he should arrive, and then to communicate his decided plan to Mrs. Barnet and him.

While Edward was meditating this project, Mr. and Mrs. Barnet had formed the design of spending some months in London. Mrs. Waller had prompted them to this; and her husband having business in the capital, she set out with him some time before her father and mother, under pretence of preparing things for their accommodation. On this occasion she cultivated that confidential intimacy, which had begun to take place in the country, between her and Caroline. Mrs. Waller was of a disposition not to be at rest herself when she believed her friends to be unhappy. She was continually thinking by what means she could contribute to their relief. She was well acquainted with the sensibility of Edward's mind, and feared

that he might take some desperate course in consequence of a passion which *he* considered as hopeless, but which *she* thought would prove so only by his resolution of concealing it. As the mind of Caroline was engrossed with the same person who so much occupied that of Mrs. Waller, he was sometimes the subject of their conversation ; and Mrs. Waller, after having thrown out various insinuations of her own suspicions, that he was desperately fond of Caroline, at last made an avowal of what had passed between herself and him on that subject, adding, that she was certain he never would have mentioned his passion to her, if she had not previously discovered and spoken of it to him ; that he had interdicted her from ever speaking of it to him again ; and she was convinced he would die rather than reveal it to another. To all this Caroline, though much affected, made no answer.

From the time of Mrs. Huntly's death, until that in which Mrs. Nevile had left Caroline in the country, at the house of Mrs. Anguish, that young Lady had hardly ever conceived an idea that she could not communicate

communicate to Mrs. Nevile, whom she loved with the tenderest affection, and whom she respected as much as she loved. The case was now altered. Mrs. Nevile perceived that the natural cheerfulness of her young friend was converted into dejection, and her frankness into reserve; she had penetration enough to discover the real sorrow which preyed on the heart of Caroline through the affected ease which she sometimes assumed.

The refusal so decidedly given to a nobleman of Lord Brighton's merit, vexed and alarmed Mrs. Nevile so much, that she resolved to unfold all her suspicions to her young friend, and fully to acquaint her with her own sentiments on her late conduct. She had, however, delayed the execution of her project, for some time after she had resolved on it, from the reluctance she felt to begin a painful task. But when she understood that Caroline had frequently met the Barnet family at public places and assemblies, that she was on a very intimate footing with Mrs. Waller, that Edward was entirely recovered of his

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wound,

wound, and had been at an assembly where Caroline had also been, she determined to delay no longer.

One evening, on which they had agreed to remain at home, and to be denied to every visitor, Mrs. Neville, after a display of more cheerfulness than she felt, and some expressions of that affection which she actually did feel, said, with a frank air to Caroline, "Well, my dear girl, the number of your adorers seems to be augmented since you came to town."

From the jocular manner in which Mrs. Neville spoke, Caroline had no suspicion to what point she was aiming. She answered, without emotion, "Those you are pleased to call my adorers, I can assure you, my dear Madam, interest me so little, that I have never thought of their number."

Mrs. Neville. That powerful Baronet, Sir James Plumber, who has an immense fortune, and is considered as a man of good sense, how would you relish him as a husband were he to ask you the question, as I have a notion he intends?

Caroline.

Caroline. I think I should not have been influenced by great riches in the choice of a husband, even although I had remained poor; but my uncle's partiality has rendered additional wealth so very superfluous, that for me to marry from that consideration would be despicable indeed.

Mrs. Neville. But, besides his riches, I mentioned his good sense and his power; he puts several members into parliament.

Caroline. That is a power, as I am told, that no man ought to possess. Be that as it may, I am certain he does not possess the power of making me happy; and as for his good sense, I call no sense so that is not connected with benevolence.

Mrs. Neville. What do you think of young Mr. Dashly? He has paid you a good deal of attention of late.

Caroline. I think that he drives a phaeton with great address, but of every thing else, I am told, he is extremely ignorant. And I have heard you say, that, except marrying her groom, nothing can be more mortifying to a woman of any sentiment, than to be the wife of a gentleman who is as ignorant as her groom.

Mrs. Neville. You cannot make that objection to Mr. Ivey; he was educated for the church; until on the death of his elder brother, he succeeded to the family estate, since which he seems inclined to pay his court to you, and is thought a man of learning.

Caroline. I once heard your friend the General observe, that neither the pride of high birth, nor even purse-pride, were so disgusting as the pride of a pedant. I have suspected that Mr. Ivey deserves that name, ever since I heard him criticise a grammatical blunder of a young man with such supercilious malignity, as offended the whole company. I should be afraid to open my mouth before such a man.—*La douce egalité* for me.

Mrs. Neville. I am glad you have adopted that as a rule; because, although by observing it you will never make a choice above your own sphere of life, it will also prevent you from sinking beneath it.

The apparently careless and cheerful stile with which Mrs. Neville had begun and carried on this dialogue, had made Caroline forget

forget the source of her anxiety, and produced a temporary return of her natural gaiety, which gaiety this last remark of Mrs. Neville seemed, in some degree, to check: Caroline coloured. This did not escape Mrs. Neville's observation: resuming a careless air, however, she named another person as an admirer of the young Lady, more exceptionable than any of the former. "Nay," cried Caroline, "now I am certain you jest; for nobody would be more concerned than yourself, if you imagined I could ever have any connection with such a man."

Mrs. Neville. What would give me pleasure, or concern on this subject, is of no consequence.

Caroline. Of no consequence! What can you mean?

Mrs. Neville. Have I reason to believe that my opinion, with respect to your choice of a husband, would have any weight with you?

Caroline. Can my dearest and best friend believe that it would not have the greatest?

Mrs.

Mrs. Neville. Has no man lately made proposals of marriage to you, my dear Caroline, whom you were convinced I wished you to accept of?

Caroline. You allude to Lord Brighton?

Mrs. Neville. And why did I wish him success, my dearest girl? Was it not from a conviction that he would have made you happy?

Caroline. Of that I am most thoroughly persuaded, but——

Mrs. Neville. But what, my dear Caroline? speak openly whatever is on your mind.

Caroline. Then, my dear Madam, I will venture to say, that the only thing in the world which I think I know better than you is, what will make me happy.

Mrs. Neville. Your mother was not of that opinion, Caroline.

Caroline. My beloved mother's opinions, and above all her dying requests, will be ever sacred in my eyes. She desired that I might never marry without your approbation; but I did not understand that she meant that I should marry whomever you approved.

Mrs.

Mrs. Neville. Certainly not. And had she actually meant and expressed herself so, it would have made no difference; because I should approve of your marrying no man but one whom you yourself loved. But shall we be open, my dear, as we used to be?

Caroline. I am sorry it is made a question.

Mrs. Neville. Have you, my dear girl, been in reality as open as you used to be to the friend of your lamented mother, to her to whose care she consigned you with her dying breath?—Have you?—Speak.

(Caroline remained silent, with her eyes fixed on the ground.)

Mrs. Neville. I see I distress you;—but have you not first distressed me? Do you imagine, that it has not severely distressed me to observe that your bosom has been shut up from me; to find myself excluded from the confidence of the person I am most interested in—I had almost said the only person on earth in whom I *am* interested—the child of my dearest friend, for whose sake I have been able to support life?

to see my place in her esteem occupied by another—that other a stranger, an acquaintance of yesterday ! A young man whose—

“ Ah ! spare me, spare me, for mercy’s sake ! ” cried Caroline, covering her face with her hands—she remained silent for some time without speaking.

Mrs. Nevile thought proper to leave her; and Caroline retired soon after to her own apartment, in a state of confusion she had never before experienced. The last expressions of Mrs. Nevile had wounded her mind so severely, that she was unable to see her again that evening.

In the course of those reflections in which this young Lady passed the night, she viewed her own conduct in a more unfavourable point of light than it will appear, perhaps, to many of the readers.

C H A P. LXXXVI.

La sincérité est une ouverture de cœur; on la trouve en fort peu de gens.

ROCHEFOUCAULT.

CAROLINE, having come to a final resolution in consequence of much reflection, went into Mrs. Neville's apartment as soon as she understood that she was dressed.

"My dearest girl," said Mrs. Neville, embracing her, "you are pale, and I fear unwell; I have slept as little as you since we parted."

Caroline, who had prepared herself for this meeting, and intended to have addressed her friend as soon as she entered, found herself unable to speak; the words she attempted to utter stagnated in her throat, and impeded the power of breathing. After a few convulsive sobs, her head sunk on Mrs. Neville's neck, and she burst into tears. Mrs. Neville, knowing the relief they would afford, allowed them to flow without interposing a word.

When Caroline found herself able to speak, and had fully recollected herself, she said, " Now, my dearest and best friend, I will endeavour to lay open my whole soul to you ; but your penetration and friendly attention has, in a great measure, already discovered what I ought never to have attempted to conceal from you. Yet with what face could I avow that my affections were placed on a young man unknown to you, and known only very lately to myself? I might urge in extenuation, that this young man had fixed a very great obligation on me, and that love had slipped into my heart in disguise of gratitude ; but I have resolved to be sincere, and were I to make that plea, I should be a dissembler: I do confess, therefore, that my heart was his, even before he had laid me under that obligation. I have endeavoured to recollect the progress of the attachment which has given you so much uneasiness: While I was in France, I heard of an adventure greatly to his honour, in which he had been engaged at Paris. The impression in his favour which this made on my mind, was

was increased by his appearance and conversation when I met him at the house of Mr. Anguish; but when I afterwards beheld him wounded in consequence of a duel with Sir Charles Royston, and heard of the generous motive he had for engaging in that quarrel, and the gallant manner in which he behaved, my heart was no longer my own. Without attempting to justify my not having communicated the first impression to the person whom my mother prevailed on to be my guide and adviser, or denying the weakness of permitting my affections to escape from my own control, all I shall venture to urge is, that they have been fixed on one who has given proofs of generosity, courage, and humanity, and who has shewn that, whatever his birth may be, his mind is exalted. But in the world's opinion, in the opinion of my own proud relations, and perhaps in your opinion, obscurity of birth overbalances every accomplishment. I am not certain that I should have yielded to the opinion of the world at large, or to that of my own relations, fond as I am to

live on terms of kindness with them, but I submit to the judgment of my best friend and beloved guardian; and although it is not in my power to control my affections, she may rely upon it, that my actions shall be conformable to the injunctions of my mother."

In consequence of this open and candid declaration, Mrs. Neville said every thing she could think of to soothe the mind of Caroline, insinuating, "that the young Lady put more stress on this attachment than there was occasion for; that it would not prove of so durable a nature as she imagined; that the young man would have rendered the same service to any woman in the same circumstances; that it required, however, as ample a return on her part as generosity, under the restraint of a sense of propriety, could exact; and in this return he would see nothing but the natural effect of gratitude, and consider that as the sole source of her regard for him."

To all this Caroline replied, "that it would be fruitless to dispute about the nature or probable duration of the attachment

ment which she had avowed; she would only say, because of that she herself was the only judge, that it was very different from *gratitude*, or any other sentiment she had ever experienced; that as for what Mrs. Nevile had hinted, of the young man's ignorance of her sentiments regarding himself, she even doubted of that, because," added she, in some confusion, "the concern and agitation of mind which I suffered during his illness could hardly fail to betray the real sentiments of my heart. As to the return which I ought to make to him for the great obligation under which I lie, I wish to be directed by you; the generosity of your mind, and your notions of propriety, will be my guides."

Mrs. Nevile then informed her, that having heard that the young man had once had a prospect of an establishment abroad, she had spoken to the General, who had considerable interest, not only with Administration, but likewise with the Directors of the East India Company, with a view to procure——

“ The East Indies!” interrupted Caroline.

“ I thought, my dear,” said Mrs. Neville, “ something of that nature, procured through the interest of your friends, would be more acceptable to a young man of spirit than any pecuniary reward whatever.”

“ I am convinced it would,” said Caroline, pleased with the compliment to Edward.

“ But,” resumed Mrs. Neville, “ what the General observed is just; it will be necessary to know from the young man himself what would be most to his own taste, and I intend to have him sounded on that subject by a friend.”

“ Why cannot you speak to him yourself?” said Caroline.

“ If you wish it, I shall, my dear,” replied Mrs. Neville.

“ Have you not some desire, my dearest Madam, of seeing a person who has rendered me so very great a service before he leaves Europe—perhaps for ever?”

Caroline’s voice underwent a very evident alteration as she finished the sentence.

“ You are in the right, my dear girl,” said Mrs. Neville, taking Caroline affection-

ately by the hand, "and I shall certainly take that task on myself."

Miss Huntly was desirous that Mrs. Neville should see and converse with Edward, because she imagined his appearance and conversation would be a better justification of her own attachment, than all that could be said in his favour; and perhaps she cherished the romantic expectation, that Mrs. Neville would behold him in the same light in which he appeared to herself.

The solemn manner in which Caroline had expressed and conducted herself on this occasion, affected Mrs. Neville very much. She plainly saw that the impression made by this young man on the heart of Caroline was of a more deep and serious nature than she had apprehended. That a young woman entitled by fortune, birth, beauty, and accomplishments, to the hand of any gentleman in the kingdom, should fix upon a man in Edward's situation, she thought a very great misfortune. She foresaw that it would expose her to the censure of the world, and the indignation of all her relations. She imputed it to the fervour of

Caroline's mind, kindled into enthusiasm by a display of zeal and intrepidity in her defence. She had comfort, however, in the recollection that enthusiasm was more powerful than permanent, and that when it began to lose its influence, Love, and its other associates, like the friends of a tottering minister, would soon disappear. On the other hand, in case Caroline's affection remained fixed on this young man, and if his character was found good, and his conduct through life meritorious, she felt herself at a loss and undecided how she should act. For while Mrs. Neville was sensible that many women have made most unhappy marriages by mistaking a transient fancy for a permanent passion, she also knew that many have been rendered miserable for life by the tyrannical opposition of parents to the affections of their children, even when fixed on objects of the most intrinsic worth. "Heaven forbid," said she, "that I should make use of the authority and influence which my friend transmitted to me over her child in such a manner as to render her unhappy!"

While

While the mind of Mrs. Nevile, ever anxious for the permanent happiness of Caroline, was thus undecided by what measure or conduct on her part it was most likely to be promoted, a message was sent to Edward; in consequence of which, he called at her house the next day. Mrs. Nevile had desired that she might be refused to every body else; but the General happening to call a little before Edward, the servant considered his intimacy and alliance with his mistress as sufficient reasons for making him an exception, and admitted him. This Gentleman was half-brother to Lord Torpid, being the son of the late Lord by a second wife. After the death of the present Lord's mother, he had entered into the army very early in life, had seen a great deal of service, and was the only one of the family who had shewn any kindness to that sister of Lord Torpid and Lady Lofty, whom they renounced, as was formerly mentioned, on account of her marriage.

The General had long served abroad, and being of a character very different from that of his brother, they never had lived in great intimacy, and were now on rather a colder footing than ever. His Lordship had for several years entertained a woman in his house who had the entire government of him, and on that account might with propriety be called his mistress, though, in other respects, she was by no means *his* exclusively. A numbness, similar to that which from his youth had affected his brain, began a little before the General's return to extend to his Lordship's limbs, and now confined him almost entirely to the house. What rendered this peculiarly unlucky was, that at this very time there were great hopes of the Noble Lord's being appointed to an important office in Administration. The Lady who lived with him lamented this as a public loss, because "his Lordship had promised," she said, "to provide for several very deserving men of her acquaintance as soon as he should be in place, and that the weakness in his limbs, although

although it was made the pretext, was no good reason for keeping him out of the office, because his head remained as vigorous as it had ever been; and," (but that must have been the effect of mere peevishness at her disappointment,) she added, "that his understanding was still equal to that of some members of the Cabinet."

The General having heard that his brother was weaker than usual, and that this Lady had formed a plan for taking the advantage of it in a matter of great importance, called on Mrs. Nevile on purpose to consult with her on the proper measures to be taken on such an occasion. But when she informed him who she was then in expectation of, the General said he would take another opportunity of talking to her on the subject that had brought him, but as he had some curiosity to see the young man, he would just stay till he came, and then leave them together.

As soon as Edward was introduced, Mrs. Nevile betrayed signs of emotion and surprise. She surveyed him in the most earnest manner,

manner, and then looked at the General, who, as he was going out of the room, had stopped short with his eyes rivetted on Edward, and on directing them to Mrs. Neville, meeting her look of astonishment, "By Heavens!" cried he, "it strikes me as strongly as it does you."

But to account for the extraordinary way in which both the General and Mrs. Neville were affected at the sight of a person whom neither had ever seen before, it will be necessary to acquaint the reader with more of the story of that half-sister to the General, formerly mentioned.

C H A P. LXXXVII.

Ergo ut miremur te, non tua, primum aliquid da,
Quod possim titulis incidere præter honores. JUVEN.

THIS Lady, although she was full sister to Lord Torpid and Lady Lofty, had more affinity to her half-brother than to either, being of a most benevolent disposition. Her countenance gave the promise of much beauty until she was somewhat more than eleven years of age. She had been inoculated for the small pox in her infancy, and an accidental sickness having then been mistaken for the eruptive fever, although no pustules followed, it was imagined that she would never more be susceptible of the disease. Under this mistake her relations, and the young Lady herself, remained until she was seized with the small-pox of a confluent kind at the age abovementioned; she recovered with difficulty, and with the loss of her beauty.

It is observable, that women who have no pretension to beauty are either uncommonly

monly accomplished and agreeable, or peevish and censorious. Those who have natural good sense and energy of character, perceiving that their only chance of pleasing is by the cheerfulness of their temper and their talents, are at pains to exert the one and cultivate the other, and become always more estimable, and often more esteemed, than the most beautiful women who rely on their beauty alone. But those women who, while they are devoid of beauty, are also deficient in temper, and incapable of any exertion to please, are sure of being unhappy in themselves, and peculiarly disagreeable to others. Beauty and deformity thus operate on the characters of women, as riches and poverty on those of mankind; beauty and riches being apt to lull the mind into indolence; deformity and poverty, to instigate it to exertion.

The good sense and engaging manners of Lady Loft's sister were so conspicuous, that they would have procured her respect even from the fashionable young men of the capital of Great Britain, where old women in general, and young ones destitute

tute of beauty, are treated with more neglect than in any civilized country on the globe. This, however, was never put to the proof; for a relation of the young Lady's mother took her to the country at a distance from London immediately after her recovery. This relation was a woman of sense and benevolence, who lived cheerfully on a moderate income, keeping up a friendly intercourse with the most respectable families in her neighbourhood. In this retreat the young Lady acquired a taste for reading, and the habit of reflecting; she lost all desire of returning to the capital. Among those who visited the relation with whom she lived was a young clergyman of the name of Nevile, agreeable in his person, amiable in his manners, and whose mind glowed with the benevolence of the religion he taught. Pleased from the first with the ingenuous conversation and mild deportment of the young Lady, he became every day more fond of her company. This attachment grew into love of the purest and most permanent nature; it is not surprising that such a man should

should gain the affections and obtain the hand of such a woman. Her relations in London, who had so entirely neglected her, that it was natural to think they never more intended to trouble themselves about her, affected to be mightily offended at this marriage. Lord Torpid and Lady Lofty were distinguished by the airs they gave themselves on the occasion. They exclaimed against it as a stain on their family, and a disgrace to themselves and their illustrious ancestors, without once thinking of the disgracefulness of their own lives, and that Mr. and Mrs. Nevile possessed more virtue between them, than had ever belonged to themselves and all their ancestors put together.

Mr. Nevile's living was but moderate, and however willing his wife was to accommodate herself in all respects to her husband's circumstances, *he* could not bear that she should be deprived of certain distinctions to which she had been accustomed. The greatest error of his life was, that he lived after his marriage at a greater expence than he could support;—he concealed

concealed this from Mrs. Neville. Unaccustomed to house-keeping, she was easily deceived; and from a weakness too frequent in human nature, he dreaded the consequence of his own conduct, without being able to alter it. Mrs. Neville bore him a son. After this event, her husband's uneasiness on account of his narrow circumstances increased, and preyed upon his spirits with deeper corrosion, because he concealed it from all the world, and more particularly from his wife, whom he continued to love with augmenting affection, and would have willingly suffered any personal inconveniency, and run any danger, to save her from the least mortification or uneasiness. This state of mind, perhaps, rendered him the more susceptible of a fever at that time epidemic in the country, and made the disease more malignant after it had seized him. He died after a short illness, leaving his widow in the deepest affliction, with little more left of her own moderate fortune than was barely sufficient to maintain herself and child in a very economical manner. The relation with whom

whom she had lived previous to her marriage had died a little before.

It was formerly mentioned, that Lord Torpid's younger brother the General went early into the army. His fortune was but small, and had it been larger he would probably have dissipated it, because he had then no idea of œconomy, and lent money to all his companions who asked him. When his patrimony was exhausted, and when he found he could recover little or nothing of the money he had lent, he applied to his brother, who, to the young man's astonishment, refused him all pecuniary assistance. Lord Torpid, on his part, was as much surprised at his brother's request, as the young Officer had been at his Lordship's refusal ; for this Nobleman thought nothing could be a greater mark of weakness than for a man, during his own life, to give any considerable sum of money to another. " You read of such things in books, particularly in romances," said he ; " but that does not make it the less absurd ; for in every man's own opinion he has too little money

money for himself. This being granted," said Lord Torpid, "and I never met with one candid man in my life who would deny it, he must be a fool who gives to others any of that of which he has too little himself." But although his Lordship was not such a fool as to part with his money to serve his brother, he wished him to reap as much benefit as possible from his family influence; in consequence of which, as well as of the personal merit of the brother, he was promoted with great rapidity, and obtained the rank of Colonel at an early period of his life. He had been on service abroad when his sister married Mr. Neville; and when he returned to England, he greatly disapproved of his brother's behaviour and that of Lady Lofly to their unfortunate sister, strongly urging them to wait on the disconsolate widow, and to assist her and her son with their influence and purse. Lord Torpid might have been persuaded to the first had not the second been linked to it; her Ladyship could never have been persuaded to either. She told the Colonel, in answer to what he urged in

favour of her sister, "that it was beneath any of their family to marry a Clergyman, even although he had been a Bishop; because," continued her Ladyship, "now, when religion is entirely out of fashion, men of family are averse to be of the profession, and therefore there is a necessity to create mean men Bishops, because it is better to have any kind of Bishops than no Bishops at all. But let me tell you, brother," added she, with an indignant voice, "for a daughter of Earl Torpid to stoop so low as to an undignified Clergyman is a thing never to be forgiven; and you may do as you please, but, as for my part, I am determined never to see her face either in this world or the next."

"Are you sure, sister," said the Colonel, "that it will not be a greater misfortune for you never to see her in the next world, than it can possibly be to her not to see you in this?"

Having said this, he left her abruptly, and set out the following day on a journey to that part of the country in which Mrs. Nevile resided. At the last stage he was informed, that she lived at a small neat house

house at no great distance from her former dwelling, which had been let to her at a very moderate rent by a gentleman of the name of Grafton, who resided in the same neighbourhood; he was also told that she was universally loved and respected, both on her own account, and from regard to her husband's memory. When the Colonel inquired the way to her house, a cluster of villagers, just returned from their labour in the field, all in one voice offered to conduct him.

"It is not," said the landlord of the inn, "in the hope of being paid for their trouble that they are so ready to shew you Mrs. Nevile's dwelling, but because they all wish to have an excuse for waiting on her; for, considering how little money she has to spend, it is wonderful to see how much she is honoured."

"Why wonderful?" said the Colonel.

"Because," resumed the landlord, "whatever may be the case in London, in this poor parish people are honoured just according to the money they spend."

The Colonel found Mrs. Nevile with her son. After spending three delightful days

with them, he proposed that she should reside for the future in London, as, without any inconvenience to himself, he could enable her to do so, having lately received a considerable legacy from a relation; "which, by the way," added this generous foldier, "if the old Lady had judged right, she would have bequeathed to you, my dear sister, or to my young friend here. But as she has left that duty to me, let it be divided between us while we live, and at our death it is fifty to one that he shall have it all."

Mrs. Nevile, after expressing a becoming sense of gratitude, gave such reasons for her declining to quit the country for the capital, where she knew the Colonel himself seldom resided, as satisfied him of the propriety of her choice. He waited on Mr. Grafton, with whom he had been long acquainted, to thank him for the attentions which that gentleman and his family had shewn to Mrs. Nevile. And assuring her that he would visit her as often as his affairs would permit, he took leave of his sister and her son, leaving them on a more intimate foot-

ing with the Grafton family than ever. Mr. and Mrs. Grafton had two daughters; the eldest was the favourite of the mother, whom she accompanied on all her visits to the neighbouring families. These visits sometimes lasted several days. On such occasions, Maria, the younger, was left to the care of Mrs. Nevile. This Lady soon discovered many amiable qualities in the child, who, as might have been expected, became more attached to that Lady than to her own mother.

Young Nevile also shewed an evident partiality for Maria Grafton. But what made a lasting impression on the boy's mind was, the excessive affliction she manifested at the death of his mother; an event which took place when he was about fourteen years of age, and Maria three years younger. He had been greatly shocked to see people, even those who had expressed much esteem for his mother, going about their business as usual very soon after her death, which he considered as the greatest of all calamities:—this was not the case with Maria. She seemed to have lost a relish for all her

former pursuits, and by shewing a degree of ~~serenity more in~~ unison with his own, filled his mind with gratitude and esteem. The Colonel was with his regiment in Ireland at the time of his sister's death. When he returned to England, he took his nephew from the school in which he had been boarded by his mother, and placed him in an Academy near London; and having afterwards obtained a commission in the army for the youth, he sent him to join his corps, recommending him to the particular attention of an old Officer, a friend of his own, who at that time commanded the regiment.

Mr. Grafton was extremely fond of the country, and had he followed his own inclination, he would have past three-fourths of the year on his estate; but his Lady had a decided taste for a town life. She generally went to London with her eldest daughter a month or six weeks before her husband, and he returned to the country about the same space of time before his wife. During the two last years of his life his young daughter, Maria, remained in the country, and returned to it with him.

The different tastes of Mr. and Mrs. Grafton respecting the town and country, disturbed the husband much more than the wife. She could enjoy the amusements of the capital without once troubling herself how he passed his time in the country; but he was not possessed of the same degree of indifference respecting her; and endeavoured sometimes to prevail on her to remain with him after the period fixed for her return to the capital. He seldom succeeded; for Mrs. Grafton declared, that she never could breathe with freedom in the country, whereas the air of the town always agreed with her.

During the last illness of her husband, however, she was detained full two months longer than usual with him in the country; but she set out for London immediately after his death, because, as she said herself, the preparations for his funeral would have given additional distress to a mind so overwhelmed with affliction as hers.

In the capital, Mrs. Grafton seemed as sorrowful as the deepest weeds could make her; but although she avoided public amusements for some time, she could not

help condemning a custom which deprived people in her situation from what was so well adapted for alleviating their grief. When the mournful period was over, she plunged into fashionable dissipation with a degree of keenness that proved destructive to her constitution, which had always been rather delicate. Her physicians advised her to go to Nice; and she set out accordingly, accompanied by both her daughters.

C H A P. LXXXVIII.

Juravi quoties rediturum ad limina nunquam ?

Quum bene juravi, pes tamen ipse redit. TIBULLUS.

FROM the time that young Nevile entered the army, he applied himself to the duties of his profession, and to whatever could tend to accomplish him as an Officer, with diligence and success. By the interest of his uncle, he was, in a few years, promoted to the rank of Captain in a regiment at Gibraltar, which he directly joined. When the regiment was ordered home, Captain Nevile was prevailed on by a young Nobleman who had visited that garrison to accompany him to England through Spain and France. Soon after their arrival at Paris, the Captain received a letter from his uncle, advising him to remain two or three months at that capital; because, since accident had thrown him there, he would be sorry to see him return without being a little acquainted with the manners and disposition of its inhabitants. He sent him
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at the same time a sufficient remittance to enable him to fulfil what was expected of him. The Colonel had no fondness for the married state, which he thought almost inconsistent with the duties of a military life. In his letters to his nephew, he warned him against a folly, "which," he said, "had blasted the glory of many a hopeful Officer." He placed the condition of a soldier, entangled with a wife and children, in a hundred ridiculous points of light; and assured his nephew, that if he fell into that snare before he had obtained a regiment, he must lay his account with losing his friendship for ever.

As Captain Nevile's predominant wish was to acquire knowledge in his profession, and as he had not the least desire to be married, he assured his uncle that he would not accept a regiment to-morrow, if a wife were to be clogged to it.

A very short time afterwards, however, he was informed, that Mrs. Grafton, with her two daughters, were at Paris in their way to Nice. The eldest Miss Grafton was much of her mother's disposition, fond
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of dissipation, continually flying from place to place, and preferring that which was most crowded. Her favourite *solitary* amusement was dancing before a looking-glass.

Mrs. Grafton, at her first arrival in Paris, usually spent the forenoon in driving to various public places in that city and its environs; in the evenings she took her daughters to the Opera, or some other of the Theatres. A young English Gentleman generally accompanied them; he seemed to have a partiality for the eldest of the young Ladies, which she returned with less equivocal marks of attention to him.

As Maria Grafton had been quite a child when Captain Nevile left her in the country, the attachment he had to her could not be called love, yet he had ever retained a very tender remembrance of her; and when he met her on the present occasion, the improvement of her looks, and the rising beauties of her person, were most likely to communicate to his breast all the warmth of that passion. Her complexion was pale, her eyes sweetly penetrating; there was much mind in her countenance, which, on
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the whole, had a melancholy cast, exciting a desire in all who saw her to know the source of her melancholy, and a strong wish to remove it.

As this young Lady had a great inclination to improve herself in the knowledge of the French language, she sometimes declined driving out with her mother and sister, and staid at home to read, or to converse with the landlady of the hotel and her daughter, both agreeable women. This was the usual way in which she spent the forenoon previous to the arrival of Captain Nevile at Paris. He called one morning after Mrs. Grafton had driven out, and found Maria with the landlady and her daughter. He passed two hours with her, although they did not remain half the time. When Mrs. Grafton returned, Maria, with her usual ingenuousness, mentioned her having had a long visit from Captain Nevile, who had promised to breakfast with them the following day. Mrs. Grafton received him with kindness, and after breakfast, when the carriage was announced, she said, that as she had promised

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promised to call for a gentleman and lady to carry them to St. Cloud, she could not take Maria and the Captain in her carriage. So saying, she left them together, and went away with her eldest daughter; in the same manner she left them in the evening, as often as the English Gentleman above-mentioned attended them to the play or opera; but when he was not to be of the party, she invited Nevile to accompany her with both daughters. This, however, happened seldom, and few days passed in which he did not spend several hours with Maria. The pleasure he took in her company and conversation augmented every day.

Nothing can more strongly mark how much the love of dissipation can deprive a woman of reflection and every sense of duty, than the conduct of Mrs. Grafton, in leaving her daughter, in this manner, on the most slippery of all declivities, down which so many young women inadvertently slide to irretrievable ruin.

With every opportunity of visiting and being with Maria alone, while Nevile's expressions marked the most devoted attachment,

ment, and his looks all the ardour of love, his behaviour was under the restraint of delicacy, the laws of which were in his eyes the more sacred, because he was convinced that, with every virtuous sentiment, love was intermingled in her breast, and because he saw that her confidence in his honour was unbounded.

But while the thoughtlessness and levity of Mrs. Grafton exposed her daughter to the most imminent danger, Captain Neville began to reflect on his own situation, and that of the woman whom he loved. He plainly perceived now, that he would have no reluctance against accepting a regiment burdened by Maria for his wife. But his sole dependance being on his uncle, whose favor he was persuaded would be lost for ever by his marrying, he could not think of making so rash a proposal. How then could he answer for continuing this intimacy, and playing with the affections of a virtuous woman? He resolved to withdraw from her, and to do it with delicacy, and by degrees. But he executed this resolution with so very great delicacy, that

Maria

Maria herself had no suspicion that he had ever formed it. Every day, however, as he was on his way to visit her, he determined that he would not go so early the next, and that he would not go at all the day following; yet the next day, and the day following, and the day following *that*, he regularly found himself at the gate of the Hotel, a little after the carriage drove from it with Mrs. Grafton and her eldest daughter. So far from being able to diminish the number, or shorten the length of his visits, he became more impatient every day till the hour of his visit should arrive, and was as unwilling to end each, as he had been impatient to begin it. At length, entirely forgetting the injunctions of his uncle, he made a proposal of marriage.

Maria was not ignorant that Neville's fortune depended on his uncle. She well knew the Colonel's prejudices against marriage. She remembered to have heard her father repeat some of his sarcasms against the state in general, and the peculiar ridicule which attended young Officers of the army who were entangled in it. She put
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the Captain in mind of all this, and while she avowed her regard for him, she stated that her own fortune was at best but small, and, from what she had heard, not quite secure. She concluded by saying, that she was convinced her mother would be as averse to his proposal as his uncle.

When the young Lady stated those reasons against their marrying, she was sensible they could not be answered; yet she was pleased to hear him attempt it. The imprudence of what they were about to do was too obvious for either not to perceive it; they proceeded notwithstanding. In this instance, therefore, the head was not the *dupe*, but the *victim* of the heart. They were privately married by a young English Clergyman who happened at that time to be at Paris, who was bound by the strongest engagements to keep it secret until he should have liberty from one or other of the parties to divulge it.

Captain Nevile had obtained six months' leave of absence from his regiment; but long before it was expired, he received a letter from his uncle, in the presence of
Maria.

All his endeavours to conceal the contents from her were fruitless. By this letter he was informed, that the Colonel was appointed to a command abroad with the rank of Brigadier-General, and proposed to take him as his Major of Brigade. He concludes in these words:—"I will frankly tell you, my dear Edward, that I once intended another for that office, who has more experience than yourself; but being just informed that he has been blockhead enough to marry, I have fixed on you; for, in my opinion, no experience can compensate the folly of a soldier's adding a wife to his baggage. I know how happy this news will make you; for there is every reason to believe from the present appearance of public affairs, that we shall soon be in action, and that you will have early opportunities of distinguishing yourself as you have long wished."

No man delighted more in the "neighing steed, the shrill trump, the spirit-stirring drum, and ear-piercing fife," than Captain Neville; but his passion did not stop there. He was not one of those who vapour in the trappings, knowing that they are not to be

exposed to the dangers of war. With a breast panting for military renown, *laudum-que immensa cupido*, he would have had no pleasure in praise, except he had been conscious of having deserved it.

Maria had from her childhood known that such was his turn of mind. This was, perhaps, one source of her love; for she herself was somewhat of an enthusiast. When she saw him silent and pensive after perusing the letter, "Fear not any opposition from me, my dearest Neville," said she. "The part I have to act is painful, but it requires no hesitation. I knew what I was liable to be exposed to when I gave you my hand, but I had given you my heart before; and I believe I should not have been able to prevent myself from taking the nearest interest in you, even although I had not been your wife. On the present occasion I think as you do. Your honour is dearer than your life to me; and I am clearly convinced, that it is now more necessary than ever that our marriage should be concealed from your uncle, and for that reason from all the rest of the world."

Neville

Nevile said every thing that love could dictate in answer to this; encouraging her with the hope of reconciling the mind of his uncle to their marriage as soon as the war should be ended, and putting her in mind that they must have been separated during its continuance at all events. But a little afterwards, seeing tears falling from her eyes, he said, "My dearest love, if, on reflection, you wish that our marriage should be immediately declared, I will inform my uncle, and it is not impossible but he may be persuaded to——"

"My friend," said she, interrupting him; "my regretting the necessity of concealing our marriage does not imply that I wish it revealed, neither is my sorrow at the thoughts of your leaving me a presumption that I wish you to stay. I would pluck this fond flutterer from my breast," added she, laying her hand on her heart, "rather than endeavour to influence you to any measure contrary to duty and honour."

A short time after this, having arranged a plan of corresponding by letters, they separated. Those who with equal love and

sensibility have been in a similar situation will have a just idea of the agony of this separation.

The Colonel and his nephew embarked a very short time after the latter arrived at London. It happened fortunately for Maria, that at this time Mrs. Musgrave, a widow lady and elder sister of Mrs. Grafton, came to Paris. She had left England on hearing that her sister was worse, with the design of accompanying her to Nice. This was by no means agreeable either to Mrs. Grafton or her eldest daughter. They were meditating by what means they might make her change her resolution, when Maria being seized with occasional fits of sickness, attended sometimes with fainting, the physician declared that the journey to Nice would be improper for her. On which Mrs. Musgrave proposed, that her sister, with her eldest daughter, should proceed directly to Nice, and that she herself would remain at Paris with Maria until she was fully recovered, and then either go to Nice or return to England, as it might be judged proper. This was precisely what Mrs.

Grafton and her eldest daughter wished, and they set out on their journey accordingly.

To save her husband from additional uneasiness, Maria had concealed from him that she had reason to believe herself with child; but on her complaints continuing, and some alteration in her shape being discernible, Mrs. Musgrave was alarmed. She questioned her niece, who being incapable of prevarication, her real situation was discovered. During this humiliating scene, Maria never dropped an expression that could give reason to believe that she was married. The heart of Mrs. Musgrave, therefore, was wrung with anguish at the ruinous condition to which she thought a relation, whom she had hitherto held in the highest esteem, and for whom she still had the most tender affection, was reduced. She allowed no upbraiding expression, however, to fall from her lips, but said every thing that she thought could tend to soothe her niece's mind, and alleviate her affliction. "I am too well acquainted with your virtuous inclinations, my dear Maria," said she, "to have any doubt but that the

most perfidious art has been employed against you; I am convinced you must have been seduced by the snares of some perjured villain."

"Ah, no, no, cried the ingenuous girl; there was no seducer but my own heart. I am connected with no villain, but with the most honourable of mankind."

"Heaven be praised! you are then married!" exclaimed the aunt.

"I do not say so," replied Maria; "I will say nothing unless you promise, unless you swear to me in the most solemn manner, to conceal what I am to declare from my mother, and never to divulge it to any of the human race without my consent."

Mrs. Musgrave having given her all the assurances she exacted, Maria informed her of the whole, and thereby infinitely relieved the distressed spirit of her aunt, who had the best opinion of Nevile, knew how he was circumstanced with respect to his uncle, of whose being reconciled at some future period to the marriage she had little doubt. She turned her whole attention, in the mean time, to the arrangements

ments necessary for concealing the state in which her niece was, and adopted in all respects that conduct and behaviour she thought most likely to support her spirits. She hired a house in the neighbourhood of Paris, without giving up her lodgings in town, she went to the one or the other, as was most conducive to the end she had in view. When Maria was removed to the house of an *accoucheur*, it was believed at her lodgings that she was in the country, and in the country it was thought she was in town. She was delivered of a boy; a wet nurse had been previously provided, who carried the child to her own house. When it could be done with safety, Maria was transported to the country, and did not appear in town till she was fully recovered; the *accoucheur* and nurse not knowing the name, connections, or even the country of the Lady; indeed they imagined her a native of Germany, because the person who was Mrs. Musgrave's principal agent in the whole transactions was a German. The house of the nurse was in a healthy situation in the

skirts of the city. Mrs. Musgrave and Maria went there frequently; at their first visit they were introduced by the German as friends of the child's mother, who would call occasionally to see him. He was christened by the name of Edward, by the same Clergyman who had married his parents. This ceremony was performed at the house of the German, who was a Protestant, none being present but the mother, the aunt, and him. The nurse returned with the child, without knowing what had happened.

Notwithstanding all the precautions that were used to conceal from the nurse that the young Lady who visited her was the mother of the child she suckled, yet the frequency of Maria's visits, the looks of melting fondness she threw on the infant, the rapturous manner in which she caressed him, the tears that sometimes fell from her eyes on leaving him, must have given her the strongest suspicions. This reflection gave uneasiness to Mrs. Musgrave, and she earnestly advised her niece to go to the child seldomer, and to conduct herself with greater

greater circumspection when she went; Maria was not able to observe her aunt's injunctions in either of these points; she persisted in visiting the child, and the real character of a mother was always bursting through the assumed personage of a mother's friend. Mrs. Musgrave proposed sending the child to England; Maria would not agree to this, until they received a letter from Mrs. Grafton, informing them that instead of proceeding, she was about to return, and desiring them not to leave Paris till she should arrive there. Maria becoming apprehensive, that what she was so anxious to conceal would be discovered, agreed to Mrs. Musgrave's proposal. That Lady had already written, concerning the child, to a confidential person who lived in a remote part of England, and had received a satisfactory answer, that every thing would be arranged as directed for the child's reception. The next important measure was to find a proper person to conduct the nurse and child to England. The German, who had hitherto been Mrs. Musgrave's confidential agent, could not leave Paris at that particular

particular time; he heard however of a person who acted as butler to an English family lately arrived. This family was going to the South of France, where they intended to reside two years on a plan of œconomy. The master had reason to suspect his butler of fraudulent practices, which although he had not a complete proof of, inclined him to get rid of the man. This fellow, whose name was Grimstone, had been engaged for a year, but being aware of his master's suspicions, conscious that they were well founded, and at the same time hearing that the German had been inquiring after a person to execute a commission in England, he informed his master, that if he would give him a very good character to the German, he was ready to leave his service on his paying his wages till that day.

The master did not hesitate to subscribe a declaration prepared by Grimstone himself, that he was a *diligent and honest servant worthy of all trust*. Had this declaration only asserted that Grimstone was just as honest a man as his master, the latter might have signed it with a safe conscience.

The

The German having shown Mrs. Musgrave this paper, Grimstone was engaged and ordered to prepare for the journey.

Maria had employed a Jeweller to engrave in cypher the initial letters of her husband's name and her own on a small plate of gold, and afterwards to cut it in such a manner, that one half of each letter remained on each division of the plate; the two divisions, with some of her own hair interwoven with the child's, were enclosed in two golden cases of the shape of hearts, one of which she kept, the other she suspended to the neck of the child, desiring the nurse to be particularly careful of it. Maria's chief amusement for some time had been making and preparing clothes for the child; what part she thought would be needed on the journey, she delivered to the nurse, to be put into her own trunk, the remainder she put with twenty guineas and some other things into a box of a particular construction, strengthened with hoops of brass, and grammatizing the surname Nevile, she ordered the words *Edward Evilen* to be engraved on the lid, as the
name

name of the proprietor. The key of this box, being enclosed within a letter and sealed, was directed to the person to whose care the infant was to be consigned, and delivered to the nurse along with the box, which was not to be opened until they were at the end of their journey. The German repeatedly recommended to the nurse in Grimstone's hearing to be particularly careful that this box should not be stolen, insisting a little too much on its value.

On the day of their setting out, Maria having wept over her child, and embraced him a thousand times, put five louis into the nurse's hand, telling her that the mother of the child sent them, with a promise to give her much more after her return; but when she began to caress the infant anew, Mrs. Musgrave, fearing that the nurse might suspect what in reality she was already convinced of, forced her away, sobbing as if her heart had been ready to break.

C H A P. LXXXIX.

The love of wicked friends converts to fear,
That fear, to hate; and hate turns one, or both,
To worthy danger, and deserved death.

SHAKESPEARE.

A VERY short time after the departure of the child, Mrs. and Miss Grafton arrived at Paris; the former was evidently in a worse state of health than when she left it, her strength had rapidly declined; she was quite unable to attend public amusements, and staid mostly at home; but her eldest daughter's strength was unimpaired, and her taste for all kinds of dissipation being as violent, she indulged it as much as ever: she said her own health required exercise just as much as her mother's needed confinement. While Mrs. Grafton had enjoyed good health, and carried her eldest daughter to every scene of public or private amusement, she found her a most complying child and agreeable companion; but when
weakness.

weakness and distemper obliged her to keep her bed-chamber, and when she had no resource but this daughter's company, the unhappy mother discovered that the young Lady was quite the reverse. This discovery shocked her greatly, and she would have written to Mrs. Musgrave to join her at Geneva, had she not taken a notion, that her disease had become worse by the ill treatment of foreign Physicians, which determined her to return at all risks to Paris, in the view of having her sister's and Maria's company to England, the only country, as she firmly believed, in which the art of Medicine was at all understood.

Maria was exceedingly moved at the emaciated and sickly appearance of her mother, to whom she behaved with an affectionate solicitude and attention, that the unhappy woman had of late been little accustomed to.

This contrast in the behaviour of her two daughters, joined to the remorse she now felt for her own conduct to a very indulgent husband, stung her conscience severely; at one time she was so overpowered

ered with those painful reflections, that in the presence of Mrs. Musgrave, just as her eldest daughter, dressed for the Opera, was entering the room, she threw her arms around the neck of Maria, and exclaimed, "Oh, my child, my *only* child, how ungrateful have I been, how blind! to prefer the most unfeeling of women to thee?"

This produced a new glow of affection in the breast of Maria, and fresh effusions of tenderness from the eyes of both.

Miss Grafton, who had distinctly heard her mother's exclamation, stood for some moments speechless, and being quite at a loss how to behave, she slunk out of the room, leaving her mother and sister, neither of whom had perceived her, locked in each other's arms. The elder sister returned a good deal confounded to her own room, her heart vibrated between remorse and self love; she tried to find caprice and injustice in her mother's conduct, to palliate the ingratitude of her own. She hesitated whether she should go to the Opera; but a servant announcing, that the person who was to carry her waited in a carriage at the gate,

this decided the contest; she went to the Opera.

In the mean time, Grimstone proceeded by short journies, as he had been instructed, to Calais; there he found a ship ready to sail, in which he embarked with the nurse and the child; they all arrived safely a few hours after at Dover. This fellow, as artful as wicked, although he was an entire stranger to the nurse when they began the journey, became too intimate with her before the end of it. London lay in the road from Dover to the abode of the person under whose care the child was to be put. As the nurse had been strongly enjoined to proceed with all convenient speed to the end of the journey, Grimstone found some difficulty in prevailing on her to pass a few days in the capital. He had often told her, that the amusements and public buildings, and wild beasts of London, were far more elegant, and magnificent, and finer than those of Paris; to prove which, he wished to carry her to Sadlers Wells, to the Monument, and to the Tower; but it was necessary to find a proper person to take care of the child.

child. He was informed of a woman, whose child, a few months old, had died that morning of a fit, and who wished to be engaged as a wet nurse. Grimstone went to her directly; she was a healthy looking woman. When he told her the object of his visit, she fell a crying; he said something to comfort her for the loss of her child; she told him that it was not so much the death of the child that distressed her, as her not having money sufficient to defray the expence of his burial, for although she did not scruple to receive charity herself, yet she could not bear the thought that her child, who was now a saint in heaven, should be buried at the expence of the parish. Grimstone assured her that he would spare her that mortification, and immediately settled the affair of the burial with an undertaker. This quite consoled her; and the French nurse devolved the care of her infant on this woman, when she herself happened to be on parties of pleasure with Grimstone. The imprudent hints that had fallen from the German, respecting the value of the box, had made a deep impression on Grim-

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stone, which was augmented by his having heard the nurse say, that besides the necessaries for the child, she had seen the Lady put a purse of louis into the box, immediately before she delivered her the key sealed up. He determined to be master of the box, and for this purpose, persuaded the nurse to remain for some days at London. As this box had been consigned to her particular care, it was placed in a press of which she had the key. One day the box was missing; when, after much search it could not be found, Grimstone affected great uneasiness for the loss, and some anger at the nurse for her carelessness, which he said would bring them to great trouble if they remained in England; he therefore proposed, as the only measure they could adopt with safety, that they should both return to Paris, and declare that they had been robbed of the box, which was true, and as an excuse for not carrying the child to its place of destination, pretend that he had died of one of those convulsion fits which infants are liable to.

“ But

“But what then is to become of the child?” said the nurse.

“He must be left with the woman,” replied Grimstone; “who will put him into the Foundling Hospital.”

The nurse, although in many respects, a worthless creature, was hurt at the idea of abandoning an infant, for which, from habit or perhaps from having suckled it, she had some affection. She therefore insisted on their proceeding to the person to whom they had been instructed to deliver the child, and to whom, she said, she would acknowledge that she had lost the box. Grimstone then swore, that he had lost the letter, and would have infinite difficulty in finding that person out, and, on seeing her still hesitate, “As to your pretending, that you have lost a box with which you were entrusted and warned of its value, that will not pass for any excuse; you will infallibly be considered as the thief; and by the laws of this country, a theft of much less consequence is punished with death. If you were an English woman indeed, or even a German, you might get off with the pillory,

or a whipping, but as you are a French woman, you may depend on being hanged."

The woman seeming astonished at this, he assured her with many oaths, that this, with a few other marks of distinction of the same nature, were the only privilege granted by the courtesy of England to the natives of France of either sex.

Grimstone would have made his own escape, without troubling himself about the nurse, had he not still looked for the reward that had been promised him at his return to Paris; but which he suspected the German would scruple to give, unless she was with him, to confirm the tale he had invented. And besides he had a certain attachment to the woman, which made him unwilling to abandon her so soon. Partly by threats and partly by entreaties, he at length prevailed on the nurse to agree to whatever he proposed.

A weak woman always becomes the passive tool of the man on whom she places her affections; he is able to persuade her into measures entirely opposite to the natural bent of her disposition; for although
there

there are more instances of men of sense, who act foolishly or ridiculously through the influence of women, than there are of women who behave in that manner through the influence of men, yet the instances of women being led into acts of great wickedness or atrocity through the influence of men, are more frequent than of men being impelled to deeds of that nature, by the instigation of women.

Grimstone wrote to the German an account of the sudden death of the child, dwelling on his own grief and that of the nurse; but postponing other circumstances until his arrival at Paris, which, he added, might be expected soon, as they had hardly money sufficient to defray the expence of their journey, which was to commence the day after that on which his letter was dated. Having secretly taken their places in the Dover coach, the French woman tied the little golden locket around the child's neck, telling the woman with whom she left him, that she would be absent the whole of that day and the following, but would return on the

M M 3

forenoon

forenoon of the third: she then gave her some money and departed.

Grimstone, as the reader no doubt would conjecture, was the person who removed the box; on examination he found nothing in it for his use, except the twenty louis above mentioned; its other contents consisted of clothes for the child, which he had not time to convert into money. When the nurse therefore had come to the inn from which the Dover coach sets out, stepping to the place where the box was secured, he sent it with the key by a porter to the poor woman. As Grimstone retained all that he could safely make use of, and sent back only what was of no service to himself, some may think the circumstance not worth mentioning, but as it was the most disinterested action of the man's whole life, it would have been unfair to have omitted it.

Finding that Grimstone and the nurse did not return at the time appointed, the poor woman's money being nearly exhausted, she applied to the overseers of the parish, who, when the circumstances of her story were confirmed by the landlord and others, relieved

relieved her of the child. The woman on delivering him to the Matron of the house in which he was placed, gave her the box with his clothes, and a small filken cape, on which was embroidered the same name that was inscribed on the box. She gave to the Matron also the golden locket, which she had been instructed to tie about the child's neck every day after he was washed.

The trustees or overseers of the house ordered the child to be registered by the name of Edward Evilen, and directed the Matron to be careful of the box and locket, as by them the child might be identified, in case his parents or relations should make any inquiry about him. From those circumstances, the Matron was impressed with the notion that the child belonged to people of fortune; and, in hopes of a future reward, she bestowed more care on him, than the share of humanity she possessed would otherwise have prompted her to. But year after year having passed without any inquiry being made, she began to think, that the future reward she expected was likely to

be postponed to a future state, which being a later period than she had calculated on put her into bad humour, and prompted her to treat the boy with harshness. His spirit revolted against oppression, and disdained that fawning behaviour which alone can conciliate the favour of the low minded, when they happen to be in power, whether in a Palace or an Hospital. The increased harshness of her treatment, though it could not break the spirit, it injured the constitution of the boy; he seemed in a declining condition, and was sent to the country for the benefit of a better air, under the care of that old woman with whom Mrs. Barnet found him in a stage coach on the high road. For the reader has no doubt long since conjectured, that this son of Captain Neville was the very Edward whose story we have been narrating.

When Grimstone and the nurse arrived at Dover, they were detained several days on account of the violence of the weather, which prevented the packets from going to sea. During this interval, he took pains to instruct her respecting her behaviour
when

when they should see the German, and suggested the answers she should make to the questions he might be supposed to put. This pains however proved superfluous; for as Grimstone was walking one day in the street, he happened to see a person whom he had formerly swindled out of a considerable sum, and now supposed to have come to Dover for the purpose of arresting him; he returned to his quarters, unseen by the man he dreaded, and hearing of a vessel that was directly to put to sea, for the weather, though still boisterous, was somewhat calmer than it had been, he agreed for their passage, and went aboard. But soon after the vessel had got out of the harbour, the winds arose to their former fury, and after struggling many hours, the vessel was wrecked, the crew were saved, some by swimming, and some by a fisher-boat, which came to their assistance. Grimstone attempted to get into the boat, leaving the nurse behind, she laid hold of him, as he made a last effort, he endeavoured with all his might to shake her off, and in the struggle, they were both drowned.

C H A P. XC.

——— I pray thee cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water into a sieve.

——— Men

Can counsel, and give comfort to that grief
Which themselves do not feel; but tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptual medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm aches with air, and agony with words.

SHAKESPEARE.

BEFORE the letter which Grimstone had written came to the hands of the German, Mrs. Grafton received a new shock from the conduct of her eldest daughter, who ran off with a young Englishman without fortune, and equally destitute of understanding; the same who had so assiduously attended her when she first arrived at Paris. Had Mrs. Grafton been in good health, the idea of the impending misery of one who had behaved with so much ingratitude would not have given her great or lasting uneasiness. ' But her heart was now softened

softened by misfortune, her vanity was at an end; but the feelings of a mother remained, and the thoughts of that unhappiness which awaited her ungrateful child brooded over her mind, and increased her disease. Maria, who hardly ever left her mother's chamber, palliated the errors of her sister, and endeavoured to soothe the sorrows of her mother by every means she could devise. Mrs. Musgrave was continually endeavouring to assuage the afflictions of both.

The German called one morning and read her Grimston's letter, announcing the death of the infant. Notwithstanding that her mind was then much engrossed with the approaching fate of her sister, she felt this acutely on account of the shock it would give to Maria. She desired the German to keep out of her sight, being determined to conceal the news for some time at least from her. While she was speaking to him, she received a message to go to her sister who was worse. When she entered the bed-chamber, she perceived the head of Mrs. Grafton reclined on the breast
of

of Maria, who was sitting on the bed behind her mother. She had been supporting her in this manner for some time, when the sick Lady becoming suddenly pale and fainting, her head fell back on her daughter's breast, and occasioned the alarm which made Mrs. Musgrave be called for. Mrs. Grafton in a short time revived.

All the fatigue which Maria Grafton underwent in attendance on her mother did not preclude a thousand anxious thoughts concerning her infant. Mrs. Musgrave cautiously avoided speaking to her on that subject. On Maria's asking one day, whether the German had heard lately from Grimstone, Mrs. Musgrave said she supposed he had, but that her mind had of late been so entirely occupied with her poor dying sister, that she had hardly been able to bestow a thought on any other subject; so saying, she burst into tears. Maria felt something like a reproach in these words, for being more occupied with her child who was in no danger, than with her mother who was in the utmost; and she imputed her aunt's
tears

tears to a quick recollection of her sister's danger; whereas they really flowed from reflecting on the death of the infant, and the sorrow which awaited Maria on that account. Mrs. Grafton continued in a languishing state; her chief consolation was the presence of Maria, who never left her except when she was asleep. One day she fell into a slumber, in which, as she continued longer than usual, Maria leaving her to the care of the maid, stepped into her aunt's bed-chamber, and being almost exhausted with watching, and dejected with grief, she said, "Oh, aunt! What a wretched world is this! How many and how permanent are the sources of sorrow; how few and transient those of happiness! In my opinion, those who depart from life are more to be envied than those they leave behind. Many who enter life amidst the smiles of fortune, and pass through it with every means of enjoyment, confess that they have more solicitude than happiness. What, then, has my child to expect, whose hardships begin at his birth, and who must be so much exposed to the neglect and
insults

insults of an unjust and unfeeling world?"

Mrs. Musgrave before this had been informed by the German, that an English vessel had been shipwrecked on the coast, and all the crew saved, except one man and woman, whose description indicated Grimstone and the French nurse; having no hopes therefore of learning more particulars respecting the child's death, Mrs. Musgrave had been striving to muster up strength of mind sufficient to acquaint her niece with that fatal event; for it occurred to her, that Maria would support it better at a period, when her views of life were gloomy than at any other time. Yet as often as she had hitherto attempted to execute what her reason dictated, a sudden pang pierced her heart, and made her shrink from her purpose; but being encouraged by hearing her niece express herself in this manner, Mrs. Musgrave said, "Since you are of that just way of thinking, my dear Maria, I will venture to inform you, that *the hardships of your child's life are over.*"

Maria, who while she thus borrowed the language of philosophy, and allowed her fancy to soar a little beyond its natural sphere, had a full conviction that her child was in perfect health, no sooner heard this sentence, than her whole thoughts were recalled from the clouds to the earth, and her heart throbbed with all the feelings of a mother; she stood motionless, her eyes fixed on her aunt, as if they implored an explanation of what her tongue was afraid to repeat; "Yes, my dear niece, resumed Mrs. Musgrave, the sufferings of your child are ended, and his felicity is begun, his pure and innocent spirit enjoys the happiness of Heaven."

Starting from the rigid posture she had before retained, and seizing the arm of her aunt with both hands, her eyes still fixed on Mrs. Musgrave's countenance, she pronounced with a trembling voice, "What! dead?"

Mrs. Musgrave at that moment bursting into tears, Maria uttered a wild and piercing scream, and fell senseless on the floor. In this state she was put on the bed, and when her aunt perceived that her recollection

tion was returning, she dismissed the maids who had placed her there. After looking wildly around, Maria's first exclamation, as Mrs. Musgrave had foreseen, regarded her child; every soothing consideration was suggested by the humanity and prudence of that good woman; they were frequently interrupted by messages from Mrs. Grafton, who on awaking, called impatiently for her daughter; on hearing these messages, Maria beseeched her aunt to go to her mother, and leave one whose anguish could not be alleviated, either by the sympathy she felt or bestowed.

Filial affection and sentiments of duty however prompted her, after a short interval, to resume her attendance on her dying mother, whose sufferings increasing, commanded Maria's compassion more and more, and by preventing her mind from brooding entirely on *one* object, saved it perhaps from lasting derangement.

At the end of a few weeks, Mrs. Grafton expired in the arms of her daughter. After which Mrs. Musgrave returned to England with her niece, who retained her
maiden

maiden name, though she kept up a constant correspondence with her husband. His letters were so replete with affection, and, after he was informed of the child's death, so full of every suggestion which could convey comfort, that they proved the best balm to her wounded heart.

On their return to England, Mrs. Musgrave chose to go directly to Bath, where they resided in a private manner, until hearing of a convenient house in the delightful vale of Towy in South Wales, she proposed to her niece to take a journey thither. Mrs. Musgrave was pleased with the situation, and Mrs. Neville delighted with the idea of enjoying that complete retirement, in which she wished to live until the return of her husband. She had enjoyed it almost without interruption for two years, when a Lady of the name of Huntly, with her daughter of nine or ten years of age, took a neat cottage in the neighbourhood. An intimate friend of Mrs. Musgrave, in one of her letters, mentioned this Lady in such advantageous terms

as induced the aunt and niece to pay her a visit. What particularly inclined the latter to this step was, the circumstance of the Lady's husband being an officer at that time on foreign service, and as the place was mentioned in the letter, Mrs. Nevile knew that he must be in the same army with her own husband. In consequence of this visit, Mrs. Huntly and Mrs. Nevile were mutually inspired with a fondness for each other, which was the commencement of a friendship that lasted for life.

Mrs. Huntly was the wife of a Scottish Officer, and of the same country with her husband; both were of families more distinguished for antiquity than opulence,—a circumstance not very unusual in their country. Her relations thought that her beauty and accomplishments entitled her to a husband possessed of riches as well as rank, and his being of opinion that although he stood in need of wealth, the family to which he belonged required no additional lustre from that of his wife, the adherents of both houses were highly dissatisfied, when

when they understood that the young couple had married without considering any circumstance but their mutual love. He was at that time a Captain in the army, and her portion was but moderate; strict economy they considered as the price they paid for the pleasure of living together, and they both thought they had a cheap bargain. Their income being known and avowed, they contrived to live gaily and happily within it, esteemed by all their acquaintance, and highly respected by the officers of the regiment to which Captain Huntly belonged. When that regiment was ordered abroad, she accompanied her husband to that part of the English Coast at which the troops embarked, and then separated from him for the first time since their marriage. On her coming to London, Lady Northerland, an amiable and accomplished woman, invited her in the kindest manner to live with her till Captain Huntly's return. Although Mrs. Huntly had much regard for this Lady, who was the only one of her own relations who had kept up a friendly intercourse with her,

since her marriage ; yet the melancholy of Mrs. Huntly's mind ill accorded with that gaiety which her friend had the rare art of uniting with the magnificence in which she lived. This consideration determined Mrs. Huntly to refuse an invitation, which at another time would have been highly agreeable ; but instead of returning to her native country, she set out for Carmarthenshire, according to a plan which she had formed with the approbation of her husband. After she and her daughter were settled at the cottage where Mrs. Nevile first met them, Lady Northerland often renewed her invitation, and urged it with so much kindness and warmth, as nothing but the charm of Mrs. Nevile's society and friendship, joined to that of sympathy from similarity of situation, could have enabled Mrs. Huntly to resist. They would have selected each other as friends, had they become acquainted in the capital, amidst the bustle of numerous assemblies ; no wonder, therefore, that two women, nearly of the same age, in the same circumstances, both of benevolent and enlightened minds, though

though somewhat of different tempers, should form a friendship in this sequestered spot.

Mrs. Nevile informed her husband, who had now obtained the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, of the pleasure she enjoyed in the society of Mrs. Huntly, the wife of an officer serving with him, and with whom he was unquestionably acquainted?

In answer to which Colonel Nevile acquainted her, that the gentleman she had mentioned had the rank of Major, was his intimate friend, that both had been highly gratified with the knowledge of the friendship subsisting between their wives, that Major Huntly and he were on such a confidential footing, that he had acquainted him with his marriage: at the same time he informed her, that he had written a circumstantial narrative on the same subject, which he intended soon to lay before his uncle, being fully convinced that he now enjoyed so much of his good graces, that he ran no risk of losing them by the discovery.

Mrs. Nevile, who had been known to her friend hitherto by the name of Miss Maria Grafton, now gladly acquainted her with all her story. A knowledge of the friendship subsisting between their husbands was a new bond of union between those virtuous women, in whose fond imaginations many structures of happiness were reared, and many plans of enjoyment sketched in expectation of their being verified at their husbands' return. The hopes of Mrs. Huntly were the least intermingled with fears, her temper being naturally more gay, and her spirits higher than those of her friend. To the former, not only were the hopes of the future more cheering, but the recollection of the past was likewise more pleasing. She had spent her childhood and the early part of her youth in continued good humour and gaiety; the only man who ever inspired her with love was equally fond of her; the first sorrow of a permanent nature that had ever sensibly touched the gay heart of Mrs. Huntly, was her separation from her husband, and even then her spirits were supported by the company

company of her daughter, whose person and disposition promised whatever could flatter the hopes of a mother.

The youthful years of Mrs. Neville, had been spent differently; she had undergone many mortifications in the lifetime of her mother, and much affliction during her illness and at her death; memory could supply her with few happy recollections; the most delightful was that of her union with Colonel Neville; but that was intimately linked with the death of her child, an event too recent to admit of undisturbed enjoyment from the happiest sources that memory could supply, as is finely expressed by the Poet.

For not till time has calm'd the ruffled breast,
Are those fond dreams of happiness confest,
Not till the rushing winds forget to rave,
Is heaven's sweet smile reflected on the wave*.

The afflicted mind of Mrs. Neville began to acquire some degree of tranquillity, when it was again disturbed by the death of Mrs. Musgrave. All that this worthy woman had

* The Pleasures of Memory, a poem.

to leave, she bequeathed to her niece; although this was no great sum, it put Mrs. Neville in easy circumstances. Some time after this event, she begged of Mrs. Huntly to quit the cottage, and with her daughter to reside entirely at her house, at least until both their husbands should return. This proposal was made with such cordiality, and urged with such earnestness as might have satisfied delicacy and overpowered refusal. Mrs. Huntly could not long withstand the solicitations of her friend; they lived as one family, and the young Caroline seemed as much the child of Mrs. Neville as of Mrs. Huntly.

C H A P. XCI.

Te spectem, suprema mihi cum venerit hora,

Te teneam moriens, deficiente manu. **TIBULLUS.**

THE active character of Mrs. Huntly and long habit rendered early rising and exercise highly agreeable to her; she found this practice conducive to her health, and had been at pains to give her daughter Caroline the same taste; they generally returned from a morning walk of two or three miles about the time that Mrs. Neville was dressed for breakfast.

During one of those walks which Mrs. Huntly had prolonged more than usual, she observed a woman with a child sitting under a tree by the side of the road; as Mrs. Huntly advanced, she heard the woman's voice; she was singing, and seemed to address the burden of the song in a pathetic manner to the child which lay on her knee. "O dear mamma, it is a Scotch tune," exclaimed Caroline, and sprung from her mother's

mother's side towards the woman, from whose eyes the tears dropt, as gazing affectionately on her child, she quavered the words, "*we'll may be return to Lochaber no more.*"

The poor woman was so much absorbed in tender feeling and reflections, that she did not observe the approach of Caroline, until she addressed her in these words, "Poor woman, are not you a Scotch woman?"

"Yes, my bonny bairn, that is what I am," replied the woman.

"And is this a Scotch child," resumed Caroline?

"That is more than he can quite pretend to," said the woman, for I bore him in Ireland.

"I wonder you did not rather bear him in Scotland!" replied Caroline.

The account which the woman gave of herself to Mrs. Huntly was, "that she had followed her husband to Ireland, after he had enlisted as a soldier; that when the regiment to which he belonged was embarked for foreign service, they were obliged to separate; that one of the officers had paid for

for her passage in a ship from Cork to Bristol, where she had a friend who could procure her the means of returning to Scotland; that the vessel had been obliged by stress of weather to put into Milford Haven, from whence, being terrified with the dangers of the sea, she had gone to Carmarthen, and was on her way to Landilo, where she expected to find an opportunity of going by the waggon to Brecknock, intending to remain with a relation she had in that town, until she could find means of being transported to Bristol and from thence to Scotland; that having set out very early that morning, and being fatigued, she had sat down, and had been trying to banish more painful thoughts by the pleasing melody of one of her own country's songs."

As the poor woman was much fatigued, Mrs. Huntly detached Caroline to desire Mrs. Neville to send the chaise. Meanwhile she herself remained with the woman and infant. But before Caroline could arrive at the house, the morning, which had been remarkably fine, began to overcast, and soon after it rained with excessive profusion.

fusion. In this emergency, Mrs. Huntly, taking the infant in her arms, desired the mother to follow her, and, in spite of all her remonstrances, persisted in carrying it until they met the chaise. They had been drenched for above a mile with the rain. The poor woman, although relieved of the weight of her child, had with difficulty been able to keep up with Mrs. Huntly, who had walked very fast. It would have been prudent for her to have continued to *walk* the whole way to the house; instead of which, heated by the exercise, she stepped into the chaise, where she was suddenly chilled by the cold of her wet clothes.

The soldier's wife and child were hospitably entertained by Mrs. Nevile for a week, and afterwards had their passage in the coach to Bristol paid, besides receiving a present of money.

The natural vigour of Mrs. Huntly's constitution, and her uninterrupted good health, had rendered her neglectful of necessary precautions respecting it. She had caught a slight cold a few days previous to her meeting with the soldier's wife, which
she

she had concealed from her friend. This was exceedingly aggravated by the incidents of that morning, and very alarming symptoms followed soon after. Whether they of themselves would have ended fatally cannot be known, because, while she still laboured under them, she and Mrs. Neville received the dismal news that both their husbands were killed in the same action.

Lieutenant-Colonel Nevill, with a detachment under his command, had been attacked by a greatly superior body of troops. The action continued several hours, the detachment maintaining their post with the most obstinate valour. Major Huntly, after receiving two severe wounds, continued to encourage the men by his words and example, until sinking from the loss of blood, he died on the field. The soldiers were animated to fresh exertions by their spirited commander; but the instant before the enemy gave way, he received a wound of which he died the same evening in the arms of his uncle, who, as soon as he received intelligence of the attack, had set out with reinforcements; but after a very rapid

rapid march, he had not arrived till after the enemy were repulsed.

It would be painful to describe the sufferings of these two unfortunate women. The shock was equally felt by both; but Mrs. Huntly perceived that her sorrows would soon be ended. Mrs. Neville, in the bitterness of her grief, often declared that she abhorred the idea of prolonging a miserable life, and her conduct proved that she wished for death with ardour. Maternal affection would have reconciled the former to the thoughts of living, but she felt the hand of death upon her; leaving her beloved daughter friendless included all that was painful to her mind in dying.

A worthy and sensible woman of the name of Nielson, in whom Mrs. Musgrave had placed great confidence, happened to be in the house, and took upon herself the entire management of the household affairs for some time. The two widows were so overwhelmed with grief, that they kept their separate apartments, and did not see each other until they were brought together by the address of Mrs. Nielson, who
naturally

naturally thought that the presence of each would be of use to the other. They had several meetings, however, without being able to converse; the time they were together being spent in weeping, sighs, and ejaculations. But Mrs. Huntly, conscious of her own approaching dissolution, spoke at last in the following terms:—"I feel, my dearest friend, that I must leave you very soon. I know you envy me, and wish to accompany me in death; that however is not in your power; for you have too just a sense of religion to draw upon yourself the guilt of contributing directly or indirectly to your own destruction. Perhaps I am not free from blame, in having through carelessness shortened my life, especially as the happiness of my daughter was so intimately connected with it. You, my sweet friend, who excel me in many things, will not imitate me in this; you will live to be the guide and protector of my child, who loves you as dearly as she does me, and who will soon have no mother but you."

Mrs.

Mrs. Nevile was too much affected to make any answer. Having attempted in vain to articulate a few words, with a look of inexpressible affection, she gently squeezed the hand of her friend, and retired to her own bed-chamber. The following morning she was informed, that Mrs. Huntly had been insensible through great part of the night, and that when she endeavoured to speak she was not understood. Mrs. Nevile hastened to her dying friend, who had fallen into a slumber which seemed of a less lethargic nature than her dozings in the night. This continued some time, and when she waked she saw Mrs. Nevile watching with composed sorrow, and her daughter weeping bitterly by the side of the bed. Although her recollection had returned, the powers of life were so much enfeebled, that she was unable to answer some questions put by the attendants otherwise than by looks. Mrs. Nevile, remarking this, made them desist, and, in a most affectionate manner laying hold of Caroline's hand, raised it before the eyes of her mother, who, with a look of gratitude surpassing

passing the eloquence of words, seemed to give thanks to her friend; and then slowly turning her failing eyes from Mrs. Neville to Caroline, she moved them back, and again rested them with the same grateful look on the countenance of the former. Mrs. Neville in exquisite emotion threw her arms around the neck of Caroline, pressed her with fervour to her breast, and, in reply to the expressive look of her dying friend, exclaimed, "Precious as my own soul shall this dear pledge of your love ever be to me!"

A ray of delight seemed for a moment to play on the countenance of the expiring Lady. She then raised her eyes to Heaven—there they seemed to fix;—the white only appeared, and she breathed her last without a groan.

A paper was afterwards found in her escritoir addressed to Mrs. Neville, in which she was conjured to be the guide and guardian of Caroline; with admonitions to the latter, as she regarded her own happiness, and the dying request of her mother, to attend to Mrs. Neville's advice, and particularly not to marry without her approbation.

In the letters which Mrs. Neville received from her husband's uncle the General, he addressed her by the appellation of his beloved niece, assured her that he should ever consider her as such ; that he regretted having been kept ignorant of her marriage so long ; that he had heard it with satisfaction ; and as it was now known to his nephew's friends in the army, and had been communicated to their correspondents in England, it would be proper for her to assume the name of Neville. He enlarged upon the military conduct of his nephew with exultation, and did the fullest justice to that of his friend Major Huntly ; saying, they had both died a death to be envied by soldiers, fighting in the cause of their country, covered with glory, admired and regretted by the whole army ; adding every suggestion that he thought could alleviate her affliction, or give her the least consolation.

The last request of her friend, and a sense of duty, were the incitements which enabled Mrs. Neville to struggle successfully against that benumbing melancholy which often threatened to overpower her. Al-

though

though she remained a considerable time in the country, and avoided all societies, except that of Caroline, which, alone threw occasional rays of satisfaction across the gloom which overcast the afflicted Lady's mind, and at length roused and enabled her to remove to London, in the sole view of finding the best means of improving the taste and talents of her young ward. There Mrs. Nevile received the visits of a few friends, and assumed an air of more cheerfulness than she felt. While she thus sacrificed her inclination to what she thought her duty, the engaging manners, and amusing conversation of Caroline rendered the sacrifice smaller every day.

C H A P. XCII.

Apprenez que tout flatteur

Vit aux dépens de celui qui l'écoute. LA FONTAINE.

WHEN Caroline Huntly had nearly attained the age of sixteen, Mr. Morton, a brother of her mother, arrived from the East Indies with a large fortune, and a broken constitution. He was acquainted with the intimacy and friendship that had subsisted between his sister and Mrs. Neville, and expressed a great sense of obligation to the latter for the attention she had paid his niece; of whose beauty and accomplishments he became so vain, that he wished to have her continually with him. But as the number of company he entertained, and the magnificence of his entertainments did not suit the present complexion of Mrs. Neville's mind, and as Caroline never liked to dine at Mr. Morton's without her, he endeavoured to persuade the young Lady to live altogether with him; telling her, she should have a splendid equipage, a large sum for her

her personal expences, and the entire direction of his family. This she positively refused; but promised to use her influence with Mrs. Neville to visit him oftener than she had hitherto done.

Among Mr. Morton's most constant visitors was a Mr. Ruby, a man of immense fortune, and sufficiently handsome to make him, whose vanity surpassed even his wealth, think himself the handsomest man in England. This Gentleman lived in a stile of ostentatious hospitality that has hardly ever been equalled in this Island. He had a little before expressed an intention to marry, and as his most constant guests, whom he regarded also as his most sincere friends, had often assured him that no woman in the kingdom, and *in her senses*, would refuse his hand in marriage, it became a matter of great deliberation and nicety with him on whom he ought to bestow it. He hesitated between Lady ——— and Lady ———, two young women not only of the most illustrious birth, but the most admired for beauty of any in Great Britain. His preference of

those two was approved of by all the guests to whom he communicated it, but none of them would venture to advise on which he ought to fix, lest Mr. Ruby should have a bias for the other. When he first saw Caroline at the house of Mr. Morton, her beauty made a very deep impression on his fancy. He strove for some time against this sudden passion; he could not at once think of preferring a simple spinster to the highest connections in the kingdom. But he dreamt every night of Caroline, and he spoke of nobody else to his confidential guests. They no sooner perceived on what he was determined, than they told him, one after another, "that the unbounded friendship they had for him obliged them to declare, that the wisest measure he could adopt was to ask Miss Huntly in marriage; that she was without exception the prettiest girl in Great Britain, and evidently in love with him; that this was an essential point, and fell to few men's lot. What signified birth and great connections in comparison with mutual love and lasting happiness?" &c. &c. &c. Mr. Ruby was thus confirmed in
his

his resolution, and told his friends that “as he knew that Mrs. Nevile and Mr. Morton were sincerely desirous of Miss Huntly’s honour and happiness, he had no more doubt of their approbation than of the young Lady’s own; but he wished to enjoy the first sparklings of delight and surprise that would glow in the lovely countenance of Caroline on hearing his proposal, before he mentioned the glad tidings to them.”

Caroline, who inherited the ingenuousness of her mother’s character, was also distinguished for that kind of natural frankness which the French term *naïveté*. Mr. Ruby, who watched for an opportunity of explaining himself to the young Lady, found her one forenoon sitting alone in her uncle’s library. That the whole might be settled before Mrs. Nevile and Mr. Morton, who had walked into the garden, should return, he lost no time in declaring his passion, which he did in the most laconic manner; and while with an assured and smiling countenance, he said that he should be happy to receive her fair hand at the altar, he held forth his own with that gra-

sious air, which some people of great importance in their own eyes assume when they mean to be obliging to those they consider their inferiors.

Caroline, who had stared with some degree of astonishment in the man's face while he was pronouncing his short love-speech, no sooner perceived his approaching hand, than she threw her own, with great quickness, behind her back, saying, "I beg to be excused."

"I do assure you, Miss Huntly," said he, "that I am serious."

"Indeed, Sir," answered she, "so am I."

"What I mean, Madam," resumed he, "is a *proposal of marriage*."

"I understood it so," replied she.

"Do you mean to refuse my hand in marriage, Madam?" said he, with astonishment.

"Yes, Sir," answered she, without emotion.

"This seems quite unaccountable!—But pray, Miss Huntly," added he, after a minute's reflection, "have you formed a resolution never to marry?"

"No, Sir," replied she.

"Then,

"Then, Madam, permit me to ask if you have any particular reason for refusing me."

To this she answered in an humble tone, that she must acknowledge she had.

"May I presume to inquire," said he, with an ironical accent, "what that reason may be?"

She mildly answered, "he might if he pleased."

"Then pray, Miss, what in the name of wonder is it?"

"It is," replied she, "because I do not like you well enough to marry you."

"Not like me well enough! that seems very odd. But pray do you like any other man better?"

"Yes, Sir," replied the ingenuous girl, "a great many."

The suitor retired abruptly, and on joining his guests, who were assembled to wish him joy, he informed them that Miss Huntly was *out of her senses*, desiring they would ask no more questions on the subject.

In the mean time Mr. Morton's health continued to decline, he was advised to pass the ensuing season at Montpellier, and he earnestly

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EDWARD

earnestly requested that his niece might accompany him. Mrs. Neville at that time had expectations of the General's arrival in England, and in answer to the hint he had given of his intention, she had written to him that he might rely on finding her in London; but, after advising Caroline to comply with her uncle's request, she prevailed on Mrs. Nielson to accompany her. Soon after their arrival at Montpellier, Mr. Morton's health seemed improved by the journey and climate, but he was liable to relapse on the least irregularity, and a change of scene and variety of company was necessary to keep him in spirits.

The beauty of the niece and hospitality of the uncle rendered his house agreeable not only to the British, but to the best company of the towns in which they resided. They remained in France near two years, generally in some town of the South, except during three of the hottest months which Mr. Morton loved to pass at Paris.—About the end of the second year, he insisted on going there earlier than formerly; and while *winter yet lingered on the lap of May*, he

he was there seized with complaints of an alarming nature. Caroline wrote such an account of this to Mrs. Neville, as convinced her he was in imminent danger. Her relation the General had been detained abroad much longer than he expected, but had arrived in London a considerable time before she received this letter, which she immediately shewed him. He was then recovering from a severe fit of the gout; and he regretted that he could not attend her to Paris, where she was determined to go, in the view of being of use to her young friend on the present occasion. Mrs. Neville was accompanied however by a confidential friend of Mr. Morton, who had received the same account of his danger. On their arrival at Paris they found Mr. Morton in a very weak state, but still perfectly sensible; he informed them, that by a will which he had made before he came from England, and placed in the hands of trustees, Caroline was left heiress of all his fortune, burdened with certain legacies to some other relations.

Mr. Morton did not long survive this declaration. Mrs. Neville and Caroline returned

turned to England immediately after his death. Mr. Morton's friend, who was also named one of the executors of his will, remained to arrange certain affairs, and then followed them.

This great accession of fortune made no alteration in the manners or character of Caroline; she was as much disposed to submit to the opinions and act by the directions of Mrs. Neville as ever; the warmest wish of the young Lady's heart was to soften the sorrow, and her chief ambition to gain the approbation of the friend of her mother. The General had been prepared to love Caroline by his regard for the memory of her father, and by the affectionate style in which he had often heard Mrs. Neville speak of her: her appearance and behaviour soon confirmed the prepossession he had in her favour. After their return from France, Mrs. Neville took a very genteel house, and enlarged their establishment in the manner she judged becoming Caroline's fortune and situation. She also extended the circle of her own acquaintance, comprehending within it several of Caroline's relations;

ons; for she had remarked a strong desire in the young Lady to be on a footing of kindness with all of them, and a reluctance against maintaining reserve or coldness, even with some of whose conduct she had reason to complain. The friendship of Lady Northerland she was induced to cultivate by the pleasing manners and genuine worth of the woman. Mrs. Nevile and Caroline remained on the most pleasing and confidential footing from the time of Mrs. Huntly's death, until that on which Caroline was left at the house of Mr. Anguish. By looking back to the Eighty-sixth Chapter, the reader will see by what means Edward was brought into the presence of Mrs. Nevile and the General, and how very much both were surprised at seeing him. The cause of their surprise was an excessive resemblance, which both remarked in the youth to Colonel Nevile.

C H A P. XCIII.

Improvisa simul species exterruit utrumque;

Gaudeat, an dolcat; cupiat metuatne.

Hoc:

EDWARD was now about the same age that Colonel Nevile had been when he left his wife at Paris; the Colonel's height and shape likewise were much the same with those of Edward; those beloved features, and that elegant form which had remained imprinted on her mind since that time, seemed again to be presented to the eyes of Mrs. Nevile as soon as Edward entered. !

After looking on him with astonishment, she darted her eyes to the General, who rightly interpreting her look into a demand whether the resemblance did not also strike him, he answered that it did. But Edward not understanding this, and perceiving Mrs. Nevile to be grievously agitated, imputed it to the uneasiness which his presence imparted. After a considerable pause, he said, "I am afraid, Madam, that my presence

disturb you; perhaps I have been sent for through mistake."

"His voice also!" exclaimed Mrs. Neville.

"His very voice!" repeated the General.

Edward hearing this, and wondering what could be the meaning, remained in the room.

"Are you of this country, Sir?" said the General; "Were you born in England?"

"I know not by what right you ask, Sir," replied Edward, hurt at the abruptness of the question; "but as I wish to satisfy this Lady in every thing in my power, I will answer all the questions ~~she~~ puts."

"Were you born in England!" said Mrs. Neville.

"It is my misfortune, Madam," answered Edward, "not to know where I was born, nor who are my parents; but the earliest thing I can remember, is my being in England."

"Your name is Edward?" said Mrs. Neville.

"Edward, is my Christian name, Madam."

"I understood it to be your surname," rejoined she.

"Many

“Many have understood it so,” said he; “because by that alone I have been usually called; but my surname is Evelin.”

“Evelin!” repeated she, and then with great agitation she continued—“But you say you never knew your parents—do you know how you came by that name?”

“My story, Madam, is a miserable one, perplexed with obscurity; how you come to take any interest in it I cannot conceive; but I will tell you all I know of it myself. I have been informed, that I was abandoned by those who had the care of me when an infant, and left with a poor woman, who was under the necessity of delivering me into the hands of the parish officers, by whom I was put into one of the houses ordained for the reception and maintenance of destitute children; there I remained for several years, and have often heard what I have just told you from the mistress of that house and from others belonging to it, who also informed me that the name Edward Evelin was wrought on a cap.”

“Oh heavenly powers!” exclaimed Mrs. Neville, “Pray continue, pray continue.”

"The name Edward Evilen," continued he, "was embroidered on the cap I wore, when left with the poor woman, who delivered it, with many articles of an infant's clothes, to those who had the direction of the institution, and the same name was likewise engraved on the box that contained them, which I remember to have seen."

"Have you that cap? have you that box?" said Mrs. Nevile, with a wild and quick voice.

"No, Madam," answered he, "I have neither; all I have of what was delivered to the directors of the workhouse, as belonging to me, is a small locket which was tied around my neck, and which I have carefully kept."

"Where is that locket?" said Mrs. Nevile.

"Here it is," said Edward, opening the breast of his waistcoat, and shewing the small golden heart, which, from some idea that it had belonged to his mother, he constantly carried about him.

Mrs. Nevile with trembling hands seized it, pressed the spring, and when she discovered the little golden plate with half the cypher of the letters N. G. engraved upon

it, throwing her arms in extacy around the neck of Edward, she exclaimed, "You are, you are my long lost"—her voice failing, she fainted in his arms.

The General called for assistance.

Caroline was in the adjoining room, and had overheard part of what had passed; she rushed in, and was followed by Mrs. Neville's maid.

"Press not around her," cried the General; "let her have free air, she is overcome with joy,—she recovers."

Mrs. Neville opened her eyes, her recollection returned gradually, she saw Caroline, the General, and the maids; but Edward, having placed her on a couch, had moved behind when the General called to give her air, and was supporting her head, so that she did not see him when she began to recover. After looking at every face, she said in a plaintive accent, "Alas! it was a dream."

"I hope," said the General, drawing Edward forward, "it is reality."

Mrs. Neville gazed with delight in his countenance, and on a second glance of the locket, unloosing a ribbon that was tied around her neck, she drew from her bosom

the

the golden heart that contained the counterpart of the cypher, and applying the one half to the other, "They fit exactly," cried Caroline, who knew every circumstance of Mrs. Neville's story, and had often wept over the locket while they were related; "they fit exactly," cried she.

"They do, indeed," said Mrs. Neville, raising her eyes and hands to heaven.

"I remember your mentioning to me," said the General, "a mark resembling a mulberry near the elbow of the right arm of your son."

"That may be long since effaced," said Caroline.

"Such marks," resumed he, "never are effaced, they remain through life."

"Not always perhaps," said Caroline.

Edward, whose breast was agitated with tumultuous passions, and who had been on the stretch to seize the meaning of the mysterious scene in which he was an uninstructed actor, no sooner heard what fell from the General, than, unbuttoning the sleeve of his coat, he stript his right arm to the elbow, and the mark appeared, which, as soon as Mrs. Neville saw, she eagerly pressed

pressed her lips upon it; then throwing again her arms around Edward's neck, she exclaimed with rapture, and at intervals, "O my son, my son, whom I have so long mourned—what happiness! to find thee restored—to find thee thus—the image of thy gallant father—Ah, my Nevile! why art thou not present to share the joy of this blessed moment?" Every person present sympathised with the rapturous effusions of Mrs. Nevile.

Edward's ideas were absorbed in wonder and the most delightful sensations. But the recollection of her husband checked the joyful expansion of Mrs. Nevile's heart, and cast a cloud over the sunshine that had begun to diffuse itself over her mind. She profoundly sighed, and tears flowed down her cheeks. All perceived and respected the cause of her grief. At length the General wiping his eyes, addressed her in these words: "Lament not, dearest Lady, the glorious fate of my nephew; he and his intrepid companion, the gallant Huntly, exerting themselves like British Officers, fell on the field of honour,

and sunk to rest,

By all their country's wishes blest!"

This

This apostrophe roused the desponding spirits of Mrs. Nevile. With emotion she said, "Excuse, my brave and honoured friend, the weakness of a woman;" and then added, in a more solemn voice, and with her eyes directed upwards, "O ever wise and gracious Providence, forgive my repining at thy decrees, and render me ever thankful for thy mercies!" Having pronounced this, she again embraced Edward, and afterwards Caroline, who stood bathed in tears at the mention of her father.

The General, fearing the effect of such violent agitation, endeavoured to persuade Mrs. Nevile to go to bed, which, after a short conference with Edward, she agreed to, and retired with Caroline.

The General then accompanied Edward to Mrs. Barnet, whose joy was little inferior to that of the mother, when she was informed of what had passed.

The following day, Mrs. Nevile waited on Mrs. Barnet. This was the first time those two virtuous women had seen each other; the scene between them was affecting; the one pouring out blessings on the other as

the preserver and protector of her son; the other exalting the merits of that son, declaring that he had been a continual source of happiness to Mr. Barnet and herself, ever since they had known him; "which," added Mrs. Barnet, "would have overpaid all we have done, even although he had not saved our lives at the imminent risk of his own in the noble manner he lately did."

It was afterwards discovered, that the mistress of the workhouse in which Edward had been received when an infant, was still alive. Mrs. Nevile, Mrs. Barnet, the General, and Edward waited on her; Edward knew her immediately, and she soon recollected the features of the boy, who had been several years under her care. Edward had little to thank her for; but he was of a disposition to forgive injuries. Those who saw the manner in which he behaved to her, would naturally have believed that she had treated him with tenderness in his childhood. The woman burst into tears and wept bitterly, partly from a consciousness of not having deserved the kindness she received. She had carefully kept the box
which

which had been delivered to her with him, and which she now produced. Mrs. Neville seized the box with eagerness, and bathed with her tears the plate on which the name Edward Evelin was engraved, a name that gave birth to a thousand tender recollections; and making a present to the woman, which she had not merited, she took the box into the carriage with her.

Mrs. Neville was for some time indispensibly exposed to numerous visits and formal congratulations on this extraordinary occasion; but she found real comfort in the society of Mrs. Barnet, who met her advances with reciprocal esteem and cordiality.

In the mean time, the General became every day more pleased with Edward's company and conversation, the appearance and manners of the youth, in themselves captivating, derived additional charms in his eyes, by recalling the memory of a nephew whom he had loved affectionately, and whose death he deeply regretted. He at length declared, that as he had long formed the resolution never to marry, he intended to leave the greater part of his fortune to Edward.

C H A P. XCIV.

Facili sævitia negat.

Hon.

AMIDST this flow of prosperity, Edward's passion for Caroline was still a source of solicitude. Nothing is more distrustful and timid than sincere love.

In spite of the encouraging hints of Mrs. Waller, he still feared that the solicitude which Caroline had shewed for him during his illness proceeded entirely from a strong sense of obligation in a mind naturally benevolent. He was strengthened in this apprehension by remarking a greater degree of reserve in her behaviour to him from the time that the General spoke of him as his intended heir. This alteration did not arise from the spirit of coquetry, of which Caroline was devoid, but from the delicacy and becoming pride of the female character. Her sentiments were the same, but his situation was very different.

Mrs.

Mrs. Nevile remarked this alteration in Caroline's behaviour towards her son, and guessed the cause. She knew that he never had made any declaration of love hitherto, and thought he would now be restrained by Caroline's apparent coldness.—She hardly loved Edward himself better than she did the daughter of her friend; she thought them formed for the happiness of each other, was conscious that a great share of her's depended on theirs, and she saw both in a state of painful solicitude, from mistaking or not knowing each other's sentiments. She determined to put an end to this mistake and their solicitude.

She took an opportunity one day, when Edward was with her alone, to mention Caroline in a manner that would lead to the *eclaircissement* she wished.—He could no longer resist pouring the effusions of his heart into the breast of his mother; he declared his love for Caroline with all the fervour of passion and the openness of truth, enumerating her fine qualities with enthusiasm; avowing, that all the fair prospect that had been so suddenly opened before his eyes,

eyes, the honour of being the son of the most gallant of men, the felicity of calling Mrs. Neville his mother, and the friendship of the General, would not prevent him from being wretched without the heart of Miss Huntly.—

Here their conversation was interrupted by the General himself, who called for Edward to accompany him in his morning ride as he had promised.

Caroline had been writing letters in an adjoining room, when the conversation between Mrs. Neville and Edward began; she had heard the whole pretty distinctly, and with the most pleasing agitation.—But when the General was announced, she had stepped to a distant apartment, carrying her writing utensils with her; for though she had heard what passed by accident, she wished to avoid being thought a listener. When the General and Edward were gone, Mrs. Neville went to the room where she knew Caroline had been, and thought she still was. She was at first surprised at not finding the young Lady, but could not help smiling on perceiving that she had carried
away

away her pen, ink, and paper, and had left no trace of having been there that morning. A little afterwards, Mrs. Neville followed her into the room to which she had removed, and found her sealing her letters, and with an assumed air of tranquillity, endeavouring to conceal emotion.—She rose, to send a footman, as she said, to the post house with her letters, but in reality, that Mrs. Neville might not observe her agitation,—“There is no occasion, my dear, for your leaving the room on that account,” said Mrs. Neville, ringing the bell, “here comes Tom.”

After the footman had gone with the letters—“I wish to have some conversation with you, my dear Caroline,” said she, “about Edward; the air of coldness you have assumed to him of late renders the poor youth quite miserable. After having shewn him some *little* partiality, when nobody knew who he was, it would appear rather whimsical should you take a dislike to him merely because he is now known to be my son; you can have no doubts of his love, or if you ever harboured any, they would have been removed by the passionate declarations he

he made to me this morning—and which you would have overheard, had you been in the green room where you usually write; indeed I wish you had, my dear, because” —

Here Caroline perceived something in Mrs. Nevile's voice and countenance, which convinced her that she suspected or rather knew the real state of the case; on which, her countenance all glowing with blushes, she threw her arms around Mrs. Nevile's neck, and in broken sentences uttered: “ I did—I did overhear—you know I did—and well you know that Edward—that the son of my best and most beloved friend—possesses my whole heart.” —

When Edward next saw Caroline, all coldness and distrust was fled; her looks and manner were expressive of esteem and affection, and his tongue at length told her that tale of love which hitherto she had read only in his eyes.

It might have been feared, that the prejudice which the General had formerly harboured against matrimony might have formed an obstacle to the expected union of Edward with Caroline; but he had become almost

almost as fond of the latter as of his nephew; and his dislike to matrimony was so entirely subsided, that after he became acquainted with Mrs. Barnet, he declared, that if he had met with her when he was of a marrying age, he should certainly have proposed marriage to her, provided he had not been actually under orders for another service.

In this state of affairs, without farther detail, the reader must foresee that a marriage between Edward and Caroline would be soon determined on; but when every thing was arranged for that purpose, an unexpected, though not a very extraordinary incident made it be postponed for a considerable time.—Mr. Barnet happened to be invited by some of his old city acquaintance to a corporation dinner. At this sumptuous feast, he found in the same course his three favourite dishes, namely, Stewed Carp, Turtle, and Venison, any one of which, as he himself used to say, were sufficient with a few other plain dishes for his dinner at any time. But unfortunately on the present occasion, meeting with all the three at once, he indulged so much in each that he was

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seized

seized that same evening with an indigestion, of which he died next day.

Mr. Barnet had always had a horror at the idea of making a will—he thought that after such a measure, *it stood to reason* that he should immediately die. It surprised many, therefore, when a will was found among his papers, dated several years before his death. Mrs. Barnet had taken pains to convince him that a person's being prepared for a journey did not absolutely oblige him to set out directly. And that he himself, on the contrary, would have more comfort, and probably would live the longer, on account of having made certain arrangements which she pointed out as highly expedient; that he had only to mention them to his Attorney, who would draw up a deed accordingly, after which he would have no farther trouble than to sign it. Nothing could be a greater proof at once of Mrs. Barnet's address and benevolence, than her being able to carry this very delicate and difficult point. By this will, Mr. Barnet bequeathed five thousand pounds to Mrs. Temple, ten thousand divided in various proportions,

proportions, among several of Mr. Barnet's relations who were in narrow circumstances, and one thousand to certain families in his neighbourhood which were known to be in peculiar distress.—When it was first mentioned that a will had been found, every body, being persuaded that Mrs. Barnet only could have had sufficient influence to prevail on her husband to make one, many concluded, that she of course would be very well taken care of. “Yes, yes,” said some, nodding their heads, “let her alone; she is a sensible woman, she knows what she is about!” &c. &c. But when it was afterwards known that there was no legacy for herself, and that her jointure remained what it had been fixed by her marriage contract, without the least addition, though it had been always thought too moderate, those sagacious people were much astonished; and Sir Mathew Maukish was heard to declare, “that although many people passed, for a time, for more understanding than they had, yet they generally betrayed themselves by some foolish action at last. As for his own part he had always thought Mrs. Barnet a very weak woman.”

Without

Without troubling herself about what the opinion of others might be, and without a wish for a larger income, Mrs. Barnet was only solicitous to employ what she had in the most useful and benevolent manner. She lived respected by every sensible and virtuous person who knew her, happy in the affection of her daughter, in intimate friendship with Mrs. Nevile, Mr. Temple, the General; and in seeing the increase of Mrs. Waller's family and that of Edward, in which she took an equal interest.

Some time after Edward's marriage with Miss Huntly had taken place, Mrs. Barnet had a very interesting conversation with the former, in which many past scenes were alluded to; at the end of which, she expressed herself in these words: "You supported adversity, my dear Edward, even during childhood, with the steadiness of a strong and virtuous mind; I hope and trust that you will maintain the same in prosperity. Although you are now in sunshine, I hope you will never forget what your feelings were while you was in the shade.

I hope you will never forget that you were

once

ance poor and friendless; that you have experienced the bitterness of neglect; that your young heart has swelled with impotent indignation at the scorn of vanity, and the contempt of pride. Remember that many worthy people are now in the situation in which you were formerly; that one of the views of Providence in their being so situated is, perhaps, to give occasion for the exercise of benevolence, and of the virtues of charity and generosity, so acceptable to Heaven. That you will never be led by fashion into the paths of vice, nor allow indolence to obstruct the efficacy of your virtues, there is more reason to believe than ever, my dear Edward; because the best security for a man's good conduct, as well as happiness through life, is the possession of a good-humoured, sensible, accomplished, and virtuous wife."

The reader may have a curiosity to know what became of some of the other persons mentioned in this narrative. Lord Fillagree, having by the death of his father become Earl Torpid, returned to Italy, and to a woman who had lived with him in that

country as his mistress, but who was so attached to her own country and relations, that she would on no account leave them; whereas his Lordship having no partiality of that nature, but an unsubdued hankering for her, was obliged to go back to Italy, where he resides with the whole family, consisting of her grandfather, her mother, her brother, and two sisters; the three latter being all younger than his Lordship's mistress.

Mr. Carnaby Shadow having spent all the fortune he ever had in possession, and most part of what he had in reversion, having failed in all his projects of repairing his fortune, or even acquiring a maintenance by marriage, now laughs at the fools who are drawn into that snare, and declares that he is determined to die a bachelor. He is occasionally gratified by his being seen lounging with Men of Quality, a few young people of that rank still admitting him into their company; some from compassion, others from their need of a hanger on. From the latter he is exposed to frequent mortifications, which he bears on ac-

count of their coming from those who are also a source of his vanity. He is supplied privately with money by Edward and Clifton, neither of whom knows that he has applied to the other; but both are endeavouring to put him into some situation where he will be little exposed to temptation, and where he may exist in a manner less despicable.

Long habit has rendered the society and amusements of the capital necessary to Wormwood; yet he is continually railing against the noise and the smoke, *fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ*, and praising the tranquillity of the country, where, however, he cannot remain three days without being ready to expire with weariness. His most intimate acquaintance are Mr. Temple and Edward, who both discover much real benevolence beneath the apparent misanthropy of his conversation.

Mr. Clifton was detained longer abroad than was expected by an indisposition with which his mother was seized at Dijon, during which he behaved with the most affectionate attention; and after the danger was over,

over, while Lady Anne was confined by a long state of convalescence, he rejected all his usual amusements, and dedicated his whole time to her, conversing with her when it was proper, reading to her when she could listen, and striving by every means he could contrive to ward off that languor and depression of spirits to which she was at this time peculiarly subject. This had a happy effect on the character of both. By his continued endeavours to strengthen the mind of his mother, Clifton not only succeeded in that, but he himself became of a character more sedate and steady, without being less amiable. He had kept up a constant correspondence with Edward during his mother's indisposition, and did not leave the Continent until her recovery was complete.

They arrived in London a short time after Caroline's marriage; and, to the felicity of possessing the woman he loves, Edward joins that of finding in the generous and beloved companion of his childhood, the friend he can trust.

THE END.

ERRATA

VOL. I.

- Page 175, line 6, for *Beward* read *Edward*.
 216, ——— 22, insert *a* before *fancy*.
 231, Motto, for *bosom* read *bosoms*.
 292, line 9, for *an* read *a*.
 ——— 10, erase *improper*.
 342, ——— 10, and wherever the name occurs, for *Sir George* read
 Sir Charles.
 355, ——— 18, erase *himself*.
 384, ——— 27, place *a comma* after *see*, and erase the punctuation after *yet*.
 400, ——— ult. for *into* read *to*.
 410, ——— 19, for *land* read *landed*.
 463, ——— ult. for *sending* read *sensled*.

VOL. II.

- Page 21, Motto, for *caput* read *caput*.
 111, line 13, put *as* after *after*.
 151, ——— ult for *on* read *with*.
 208, ——— 37, put *friend* s after *his*.
 242, ——— 2, for *Marguerite* read *Marguerite*.
 320, ——— 5, for *that* read *because*.
 373, ——— 3, erase *and possibly can*.
 384, ——— 5, for *shall be read* is.
 394, ——— 5, after *as* read *for*.
 454, ——— 22, erase *when he first saw Caroline*, and substitute the words *at this time*.
 523, ——— 24, for *and grammatising* read *anagrammatising*.
 532, ——— for *privilege* read *privileges*.

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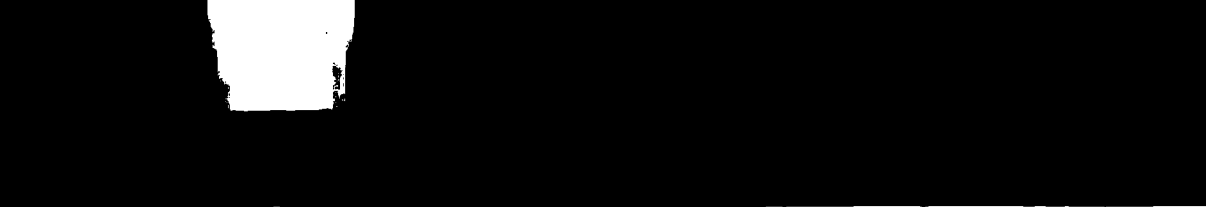
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